

MARCH

TARGET COMICS

64 Pages All In
Full Color

Featuring:

WHITE STREAK

BULL'S-EYE BILL

LUCKY BYRD

CITY EDITOR

T-MAN

2-R

And Five Others

Manowar's knife-like electrons cut the deadly bomb in two!

Vol. 1—No. 2



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Free Prizes



Target Comics

... wants you for a regular reader—so we are going to do something for you that no other comic magazine has done before. We are going to give you Free Prizes just for reading TARGET COMICS.

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Target Comics coupon

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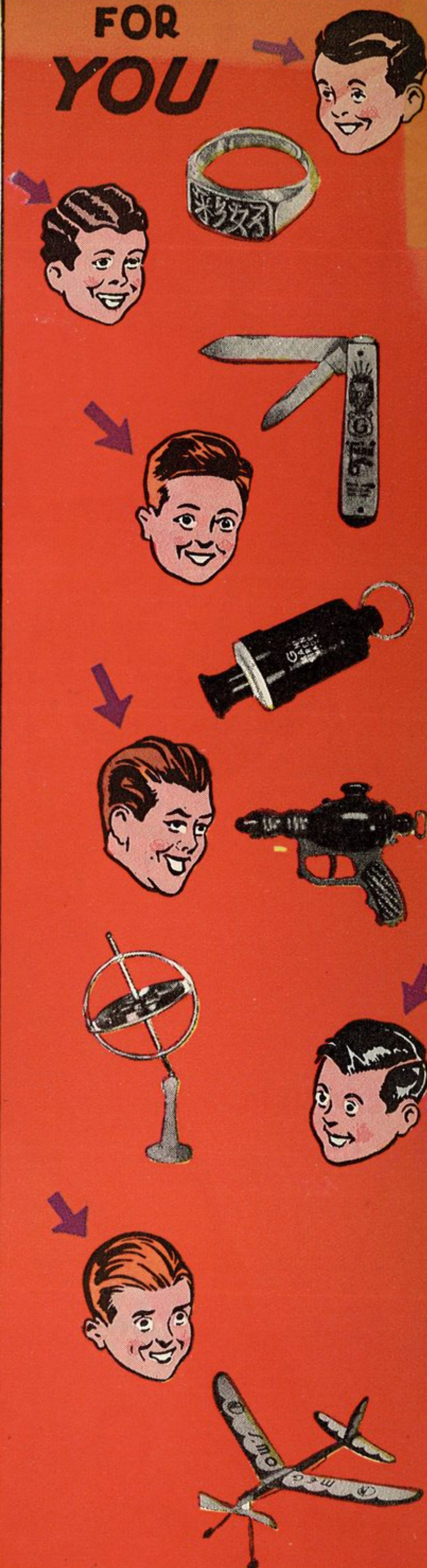
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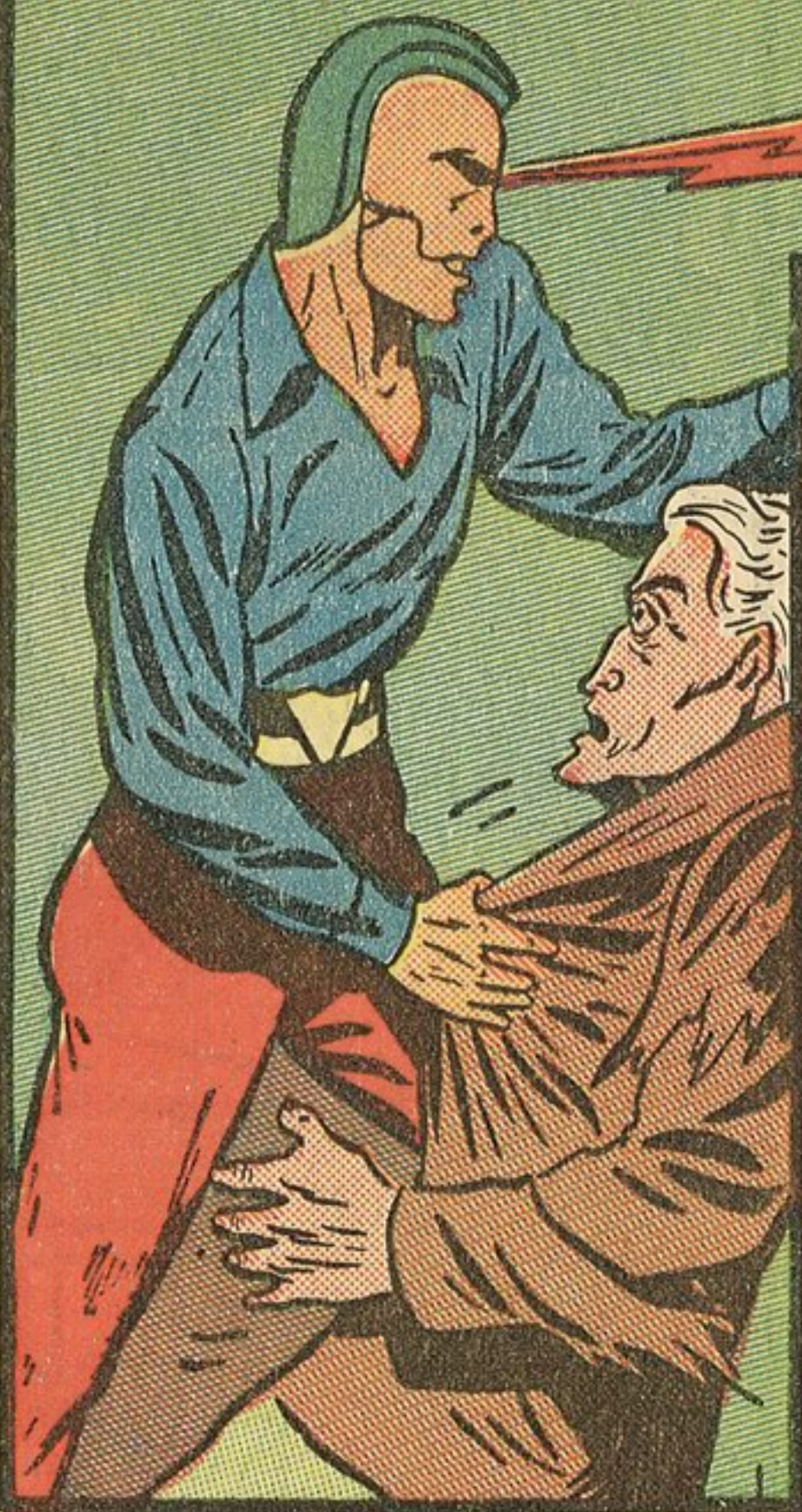
CITY or TOWN STATE

FOR
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Write For Your Prize List To
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MANOWAR, The White Streak



by
CARL
BURGOS

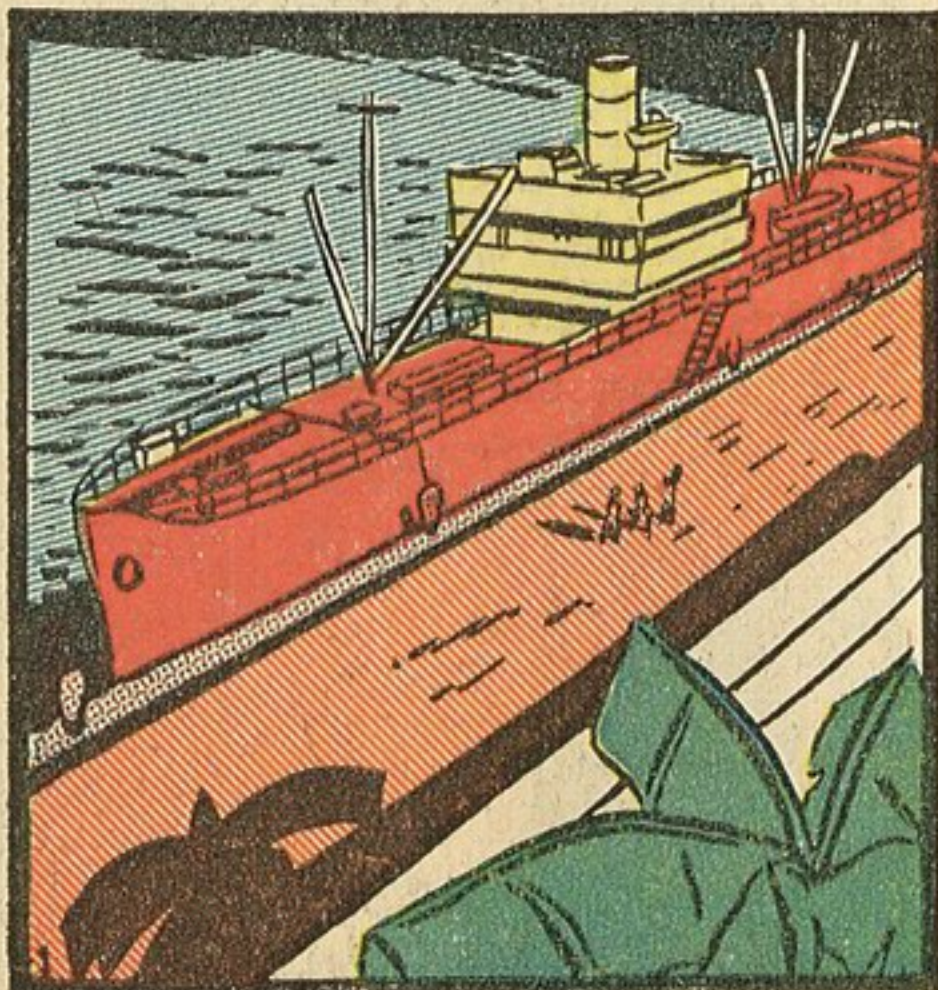
DURING THE GREAT WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA, A HILL ROSE FROM A DEAD VOLCANO DR. SIMMS INVESTIGATING THE PHENOMENON FINDS A CAVE AND MANOWAR, THE WHITE STREAK. AFTER CONVINCING SIMMS THAT HE MANOWAR IS THE LAST OF THE SERVANTS DEDICATED TO PRESERVE PEACE AND BREAKER OF WAR MONGERS, HE DEPARTS TO METE OUT JUSTICE TO THE DICTATOR DON RUIZEN WHO SENT INNOCENT MEN TO WAR BECAUSE HE WANTED MERE OIL WELLS. . AND NOW INSIDE MANOWAR'S CAVE. .

NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE, MANOWAR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES?

GOOD! IT MIGHT PROVE TO BE MOST INTERESTING SIMMS!



DAYS LATER, MANOWAR AND SIMMS REACH A SMALL TOWN AND BOOK PASSAGE ON A TRAMP STEAMER.



WE'VE ONLY TWO MORE DAYS TRAVEL, MANOWAR! YOU'LL LIKE THE UNITED STATES!

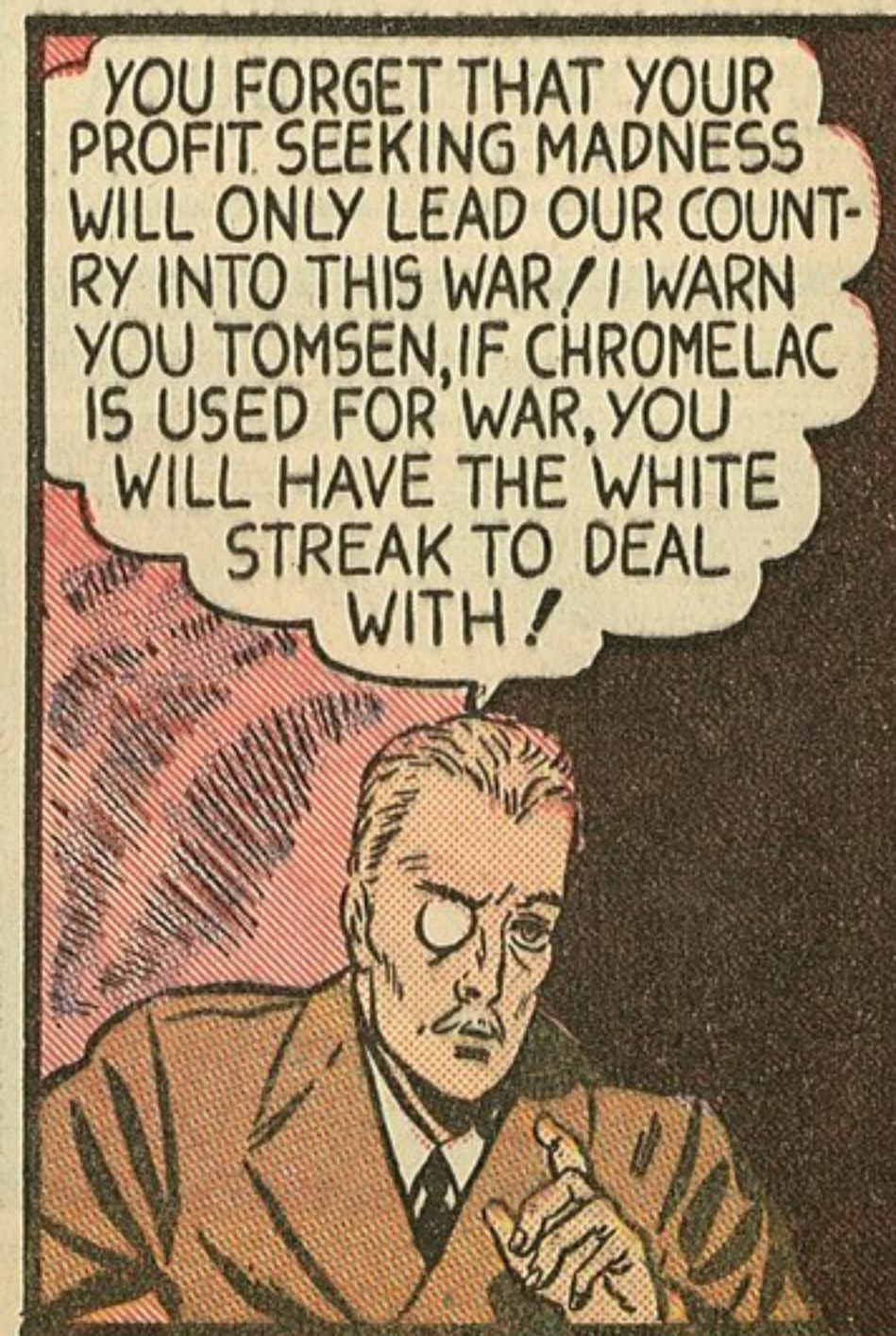
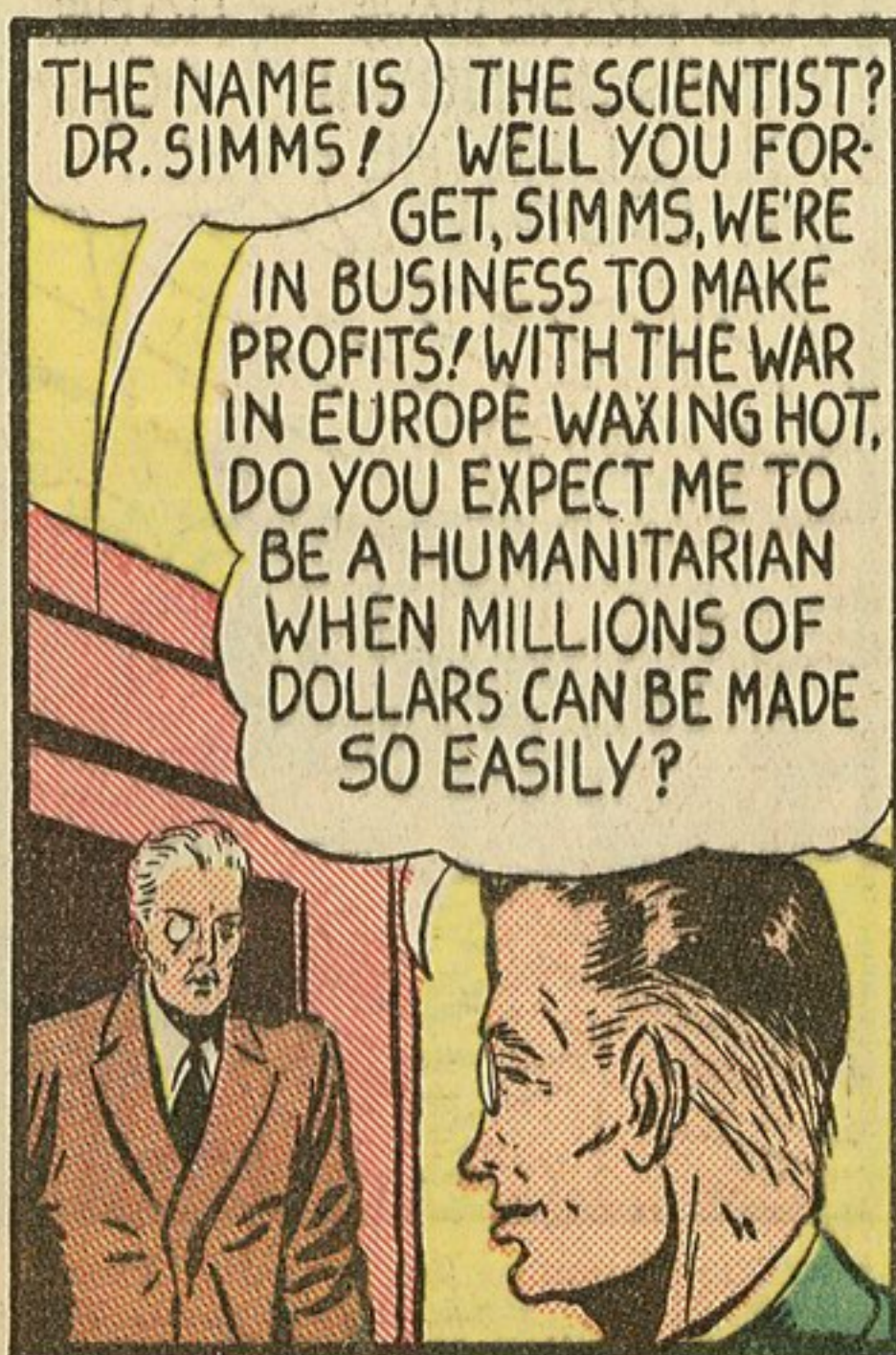
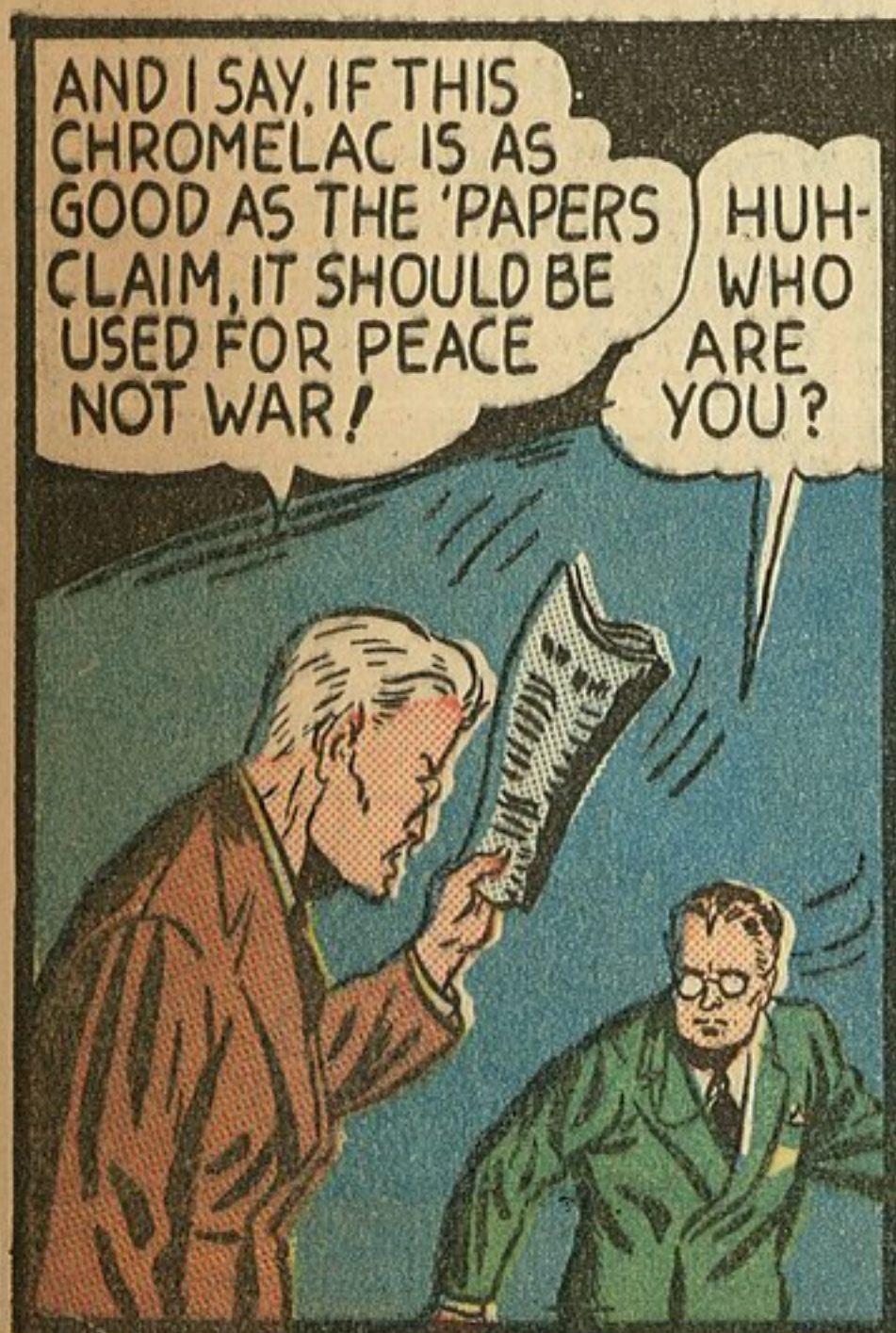
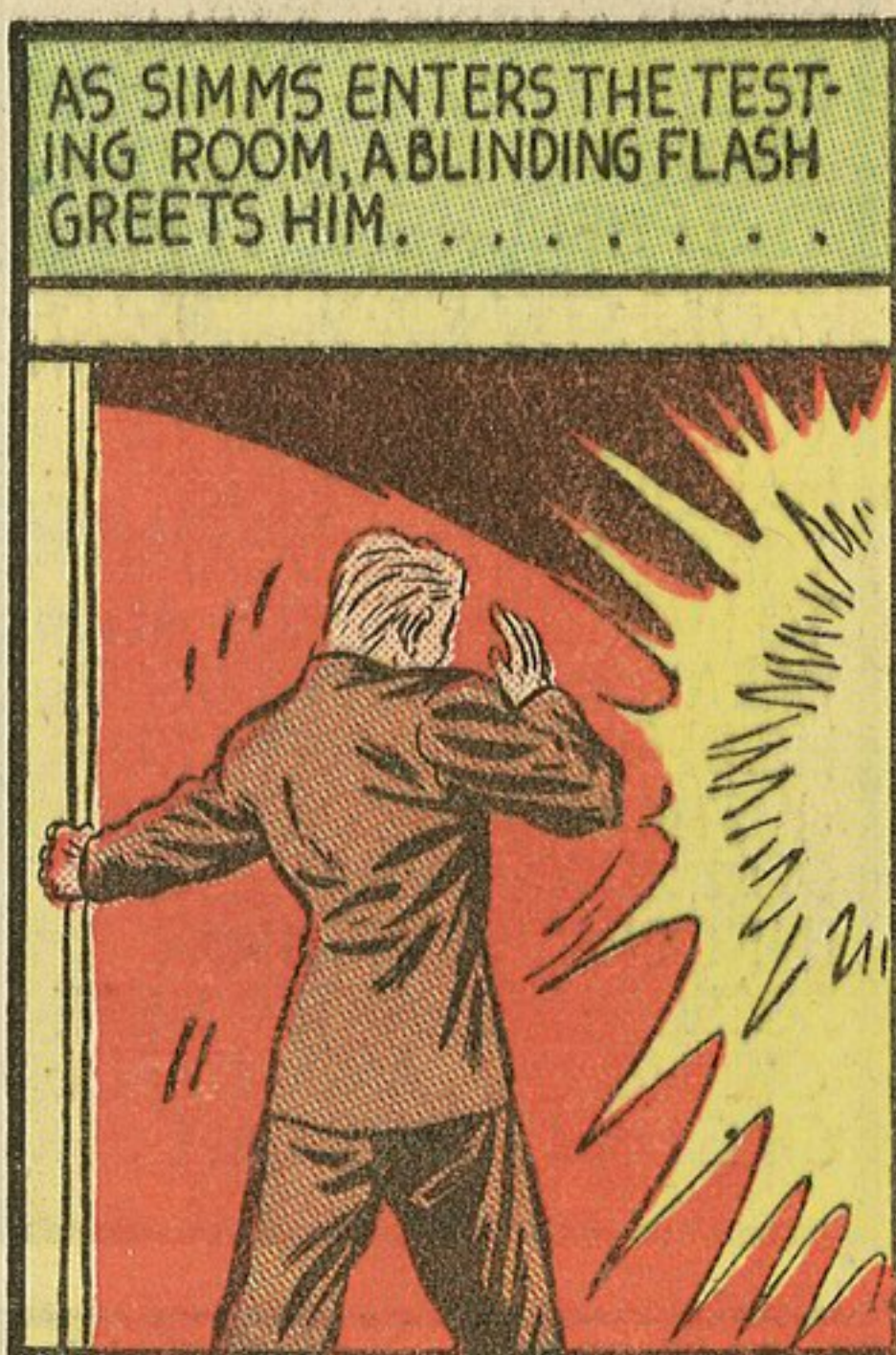
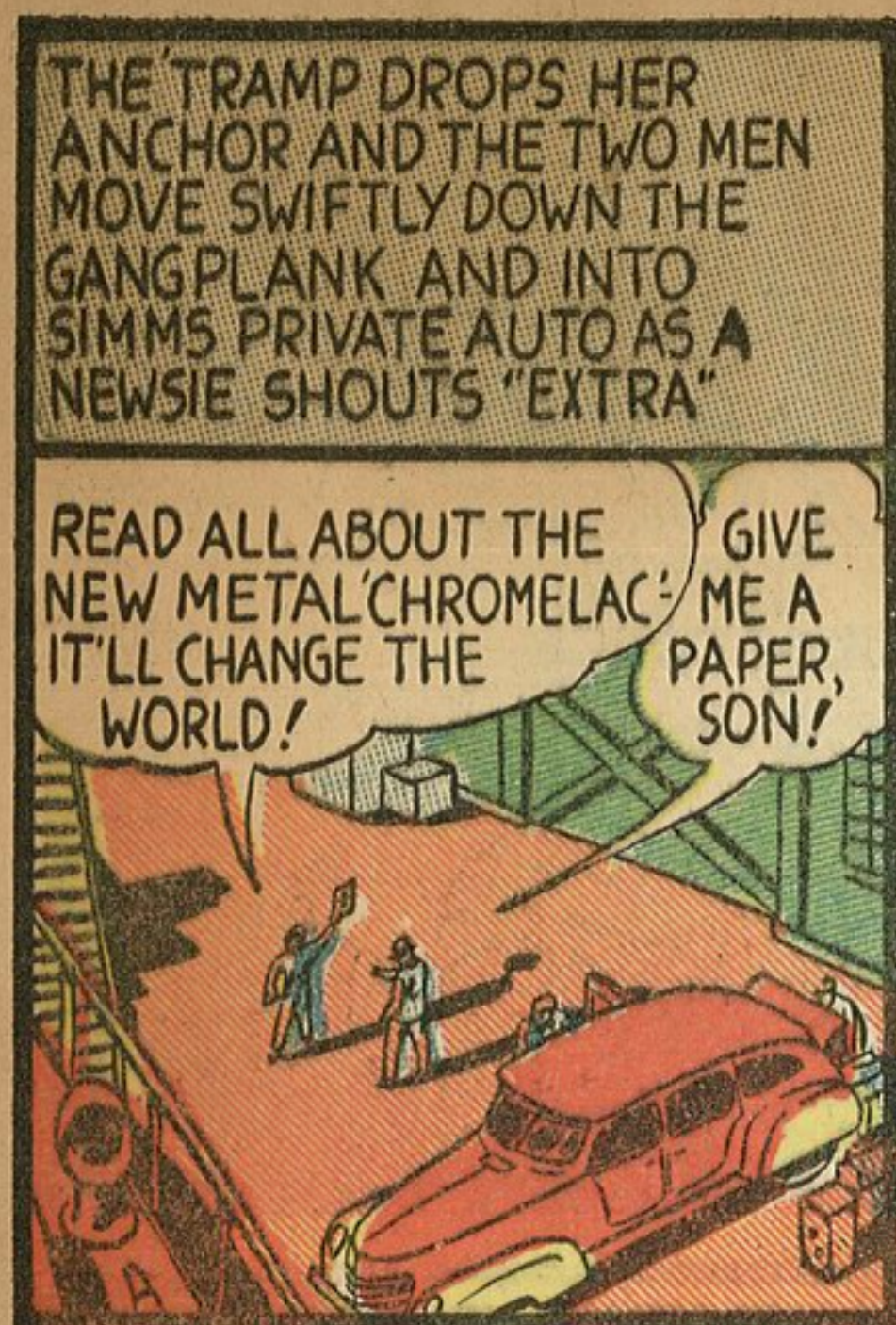
I HOPE SO, BUT-

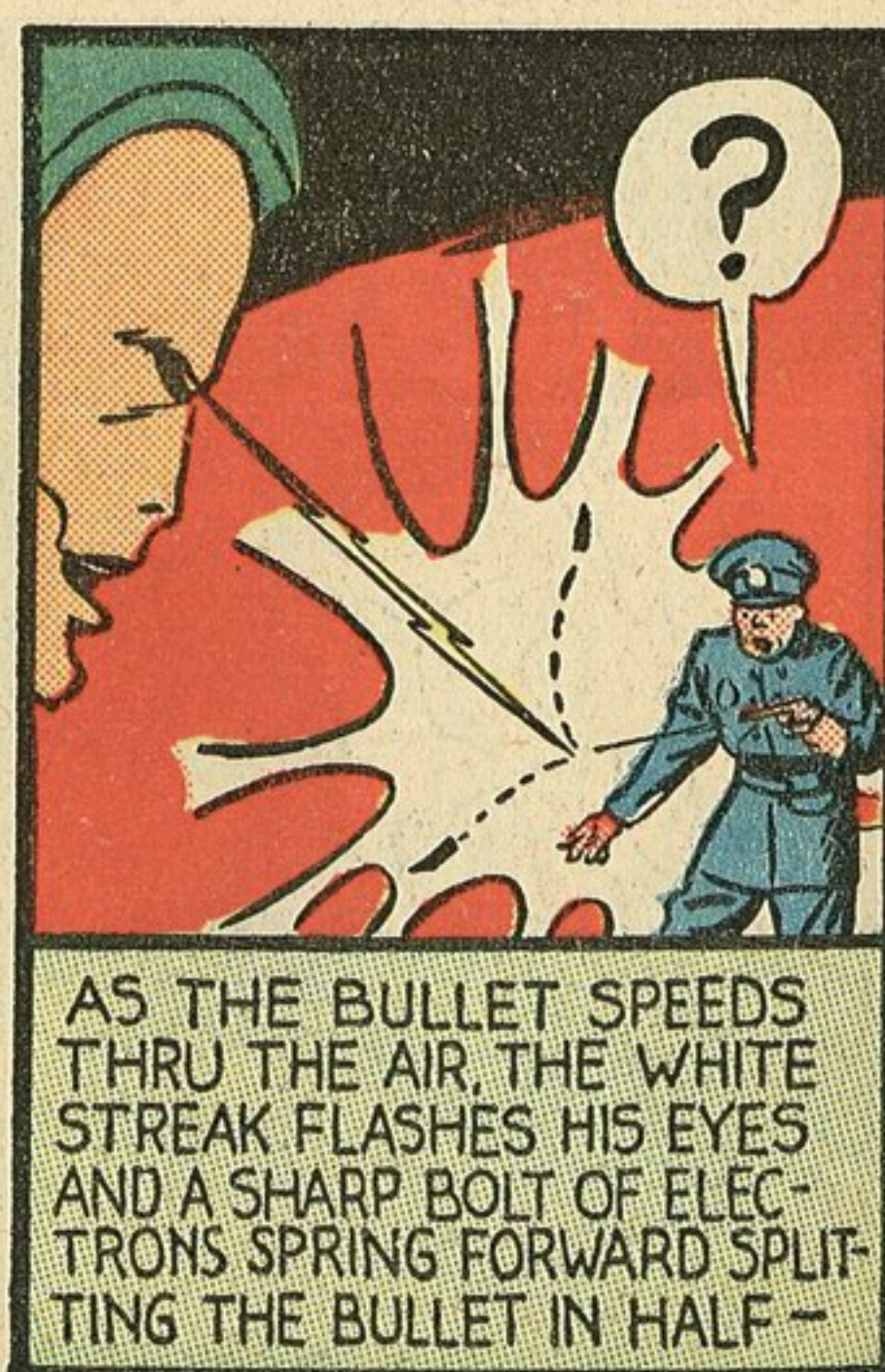
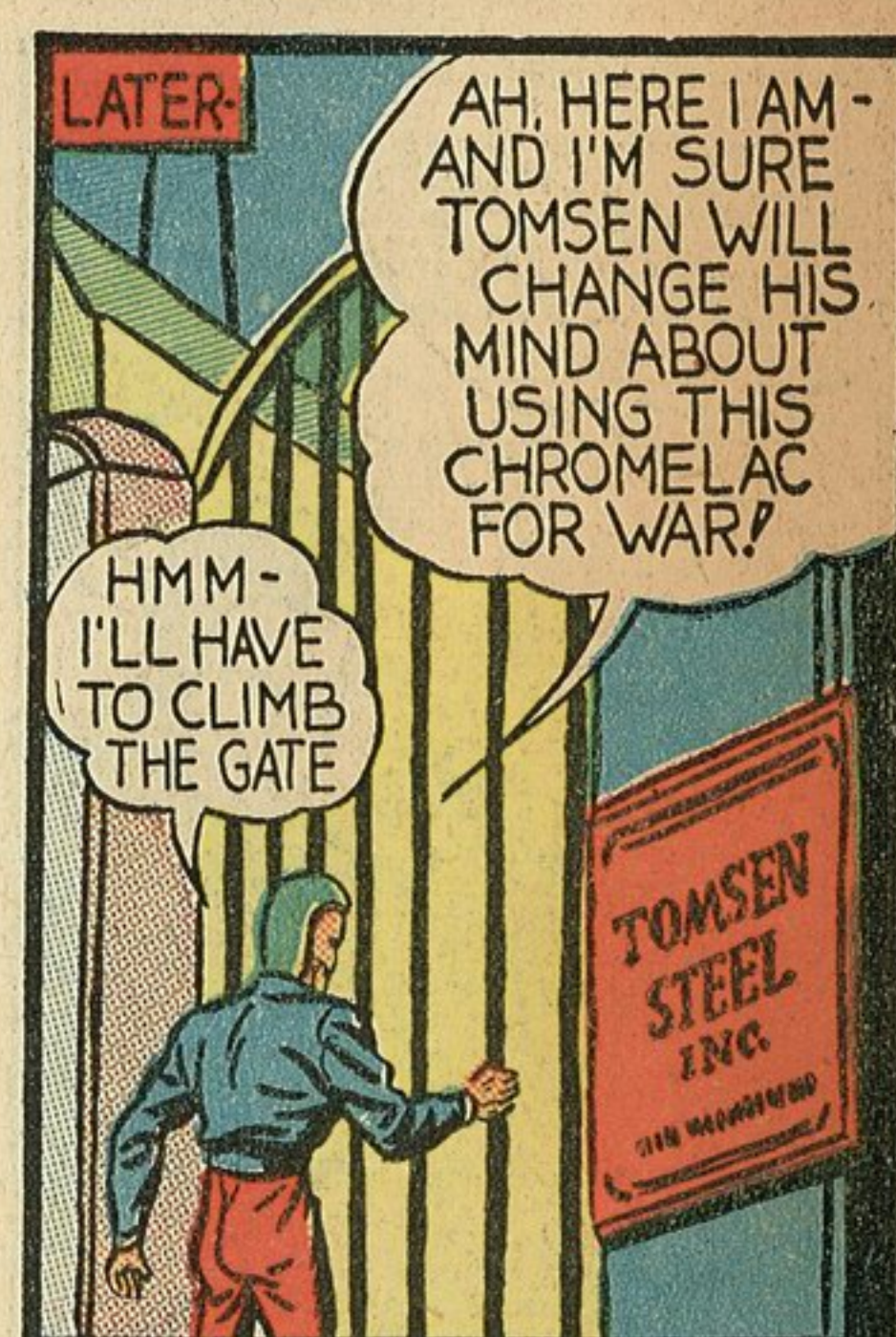
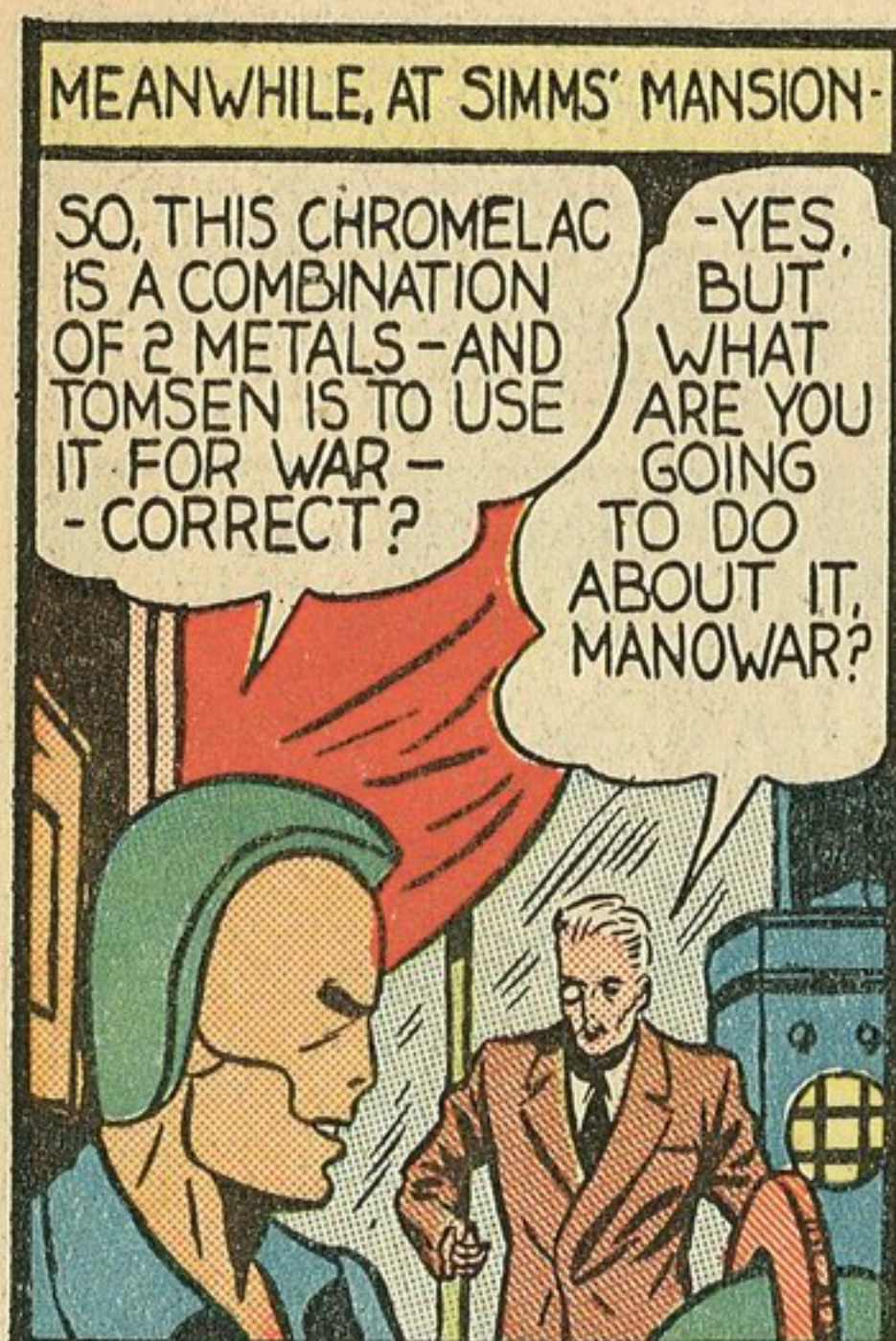


IN ANY GREAT CIVILIZATION, WE'RE APT TO FIND THOSE WHO THRU LEGAL METHODS SEND LEGIONS OF YOUTHS TO A MUDDY GRAVE! I FEEL THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD.

NON-SENSE THE WORLD IS AT PEACE!











AW-DON'T BE SCARED
OF DAT PANTY-WAIST!
I'LL FIX HIM!



I HAVE NO DESIRE
TO PUT YOU AWAY,
BUT, SINCE YOU
INSIST-



MANOWAR'S FIST CRASHES
INTO THE THUG'S JAW..



WHILE GUARDS SMASH THRU
THE DOORS AND START
BLAZING AWAY WITH THEIR
GUNS.



MANOWAR LAUGHS, SNAPS
HIS EYES AND ELECTRONS
FORCE THE GUNS TO LEAP
FROM THE GUARD'S HANDS



OH-H-H



SUDDENLY TOMSEN SLUMPS
TO THE FLOOR. . . .

H-MM-NO
BULLET MARKS!
MUST HAVE
BEEN HIS
HEART!
HE'S DEAD!

YEAH?
WHERE'S
THAT GUY
WITH THE
EYES? HE'S
GONE-BOB,
LOOK!



TOMSEN WAS A
WARMONGER
HIS DEBT IS PAID
IN FULL!



THE GUARDS WHIRL AND
SEE A BLAZING ELECTRO-
NIC MESSAGE. . . .

H-MM-TOMSEN
DIED OF HEART
FAILURE I
WONDER WHAT
WILL BECOME
OF THE
CHROMELAC!

IT WILL BE
USED FOR
BRIDGES,
HOUSES
AND OTHER
MORE IMPORT-
ANT THINGS
THAN WAR!!



NEXT MONTH ANOTHER
COMPLETE
WHITE STREAK
PICTURE ACTION
STORY

Bull's-Eye

BILL



OF THE TARGET RANGE - ARIZONA

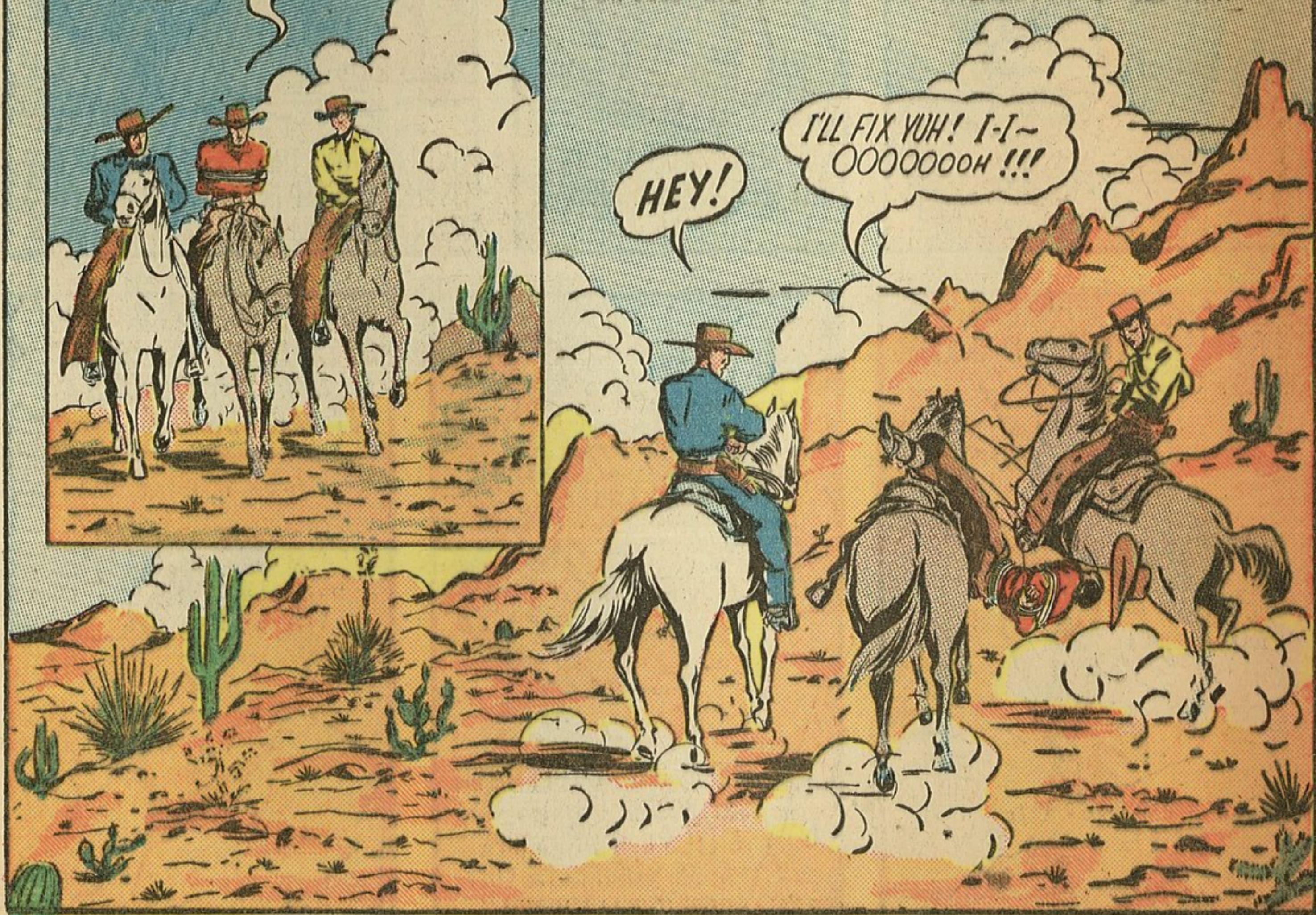
By
Everett
Blake

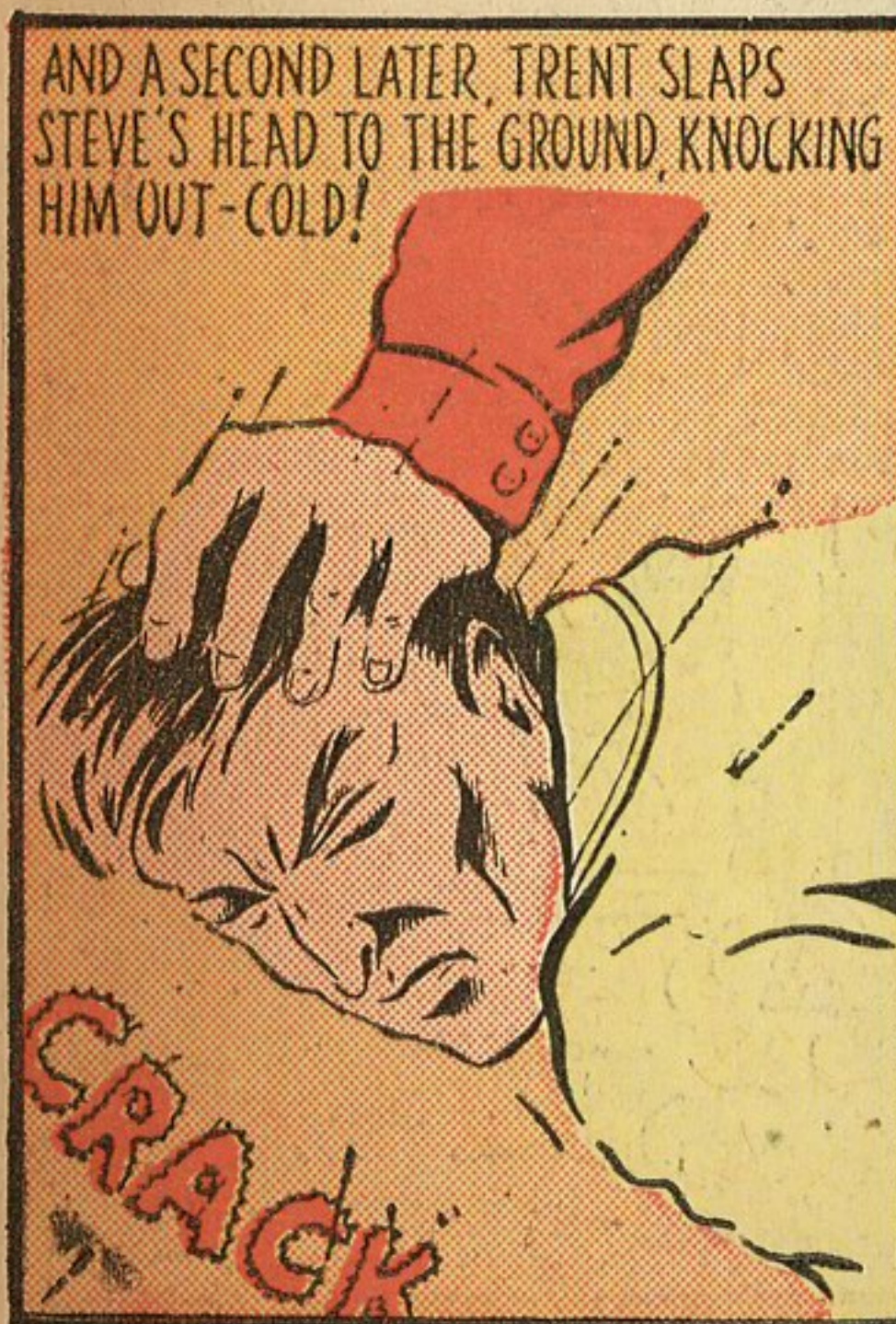
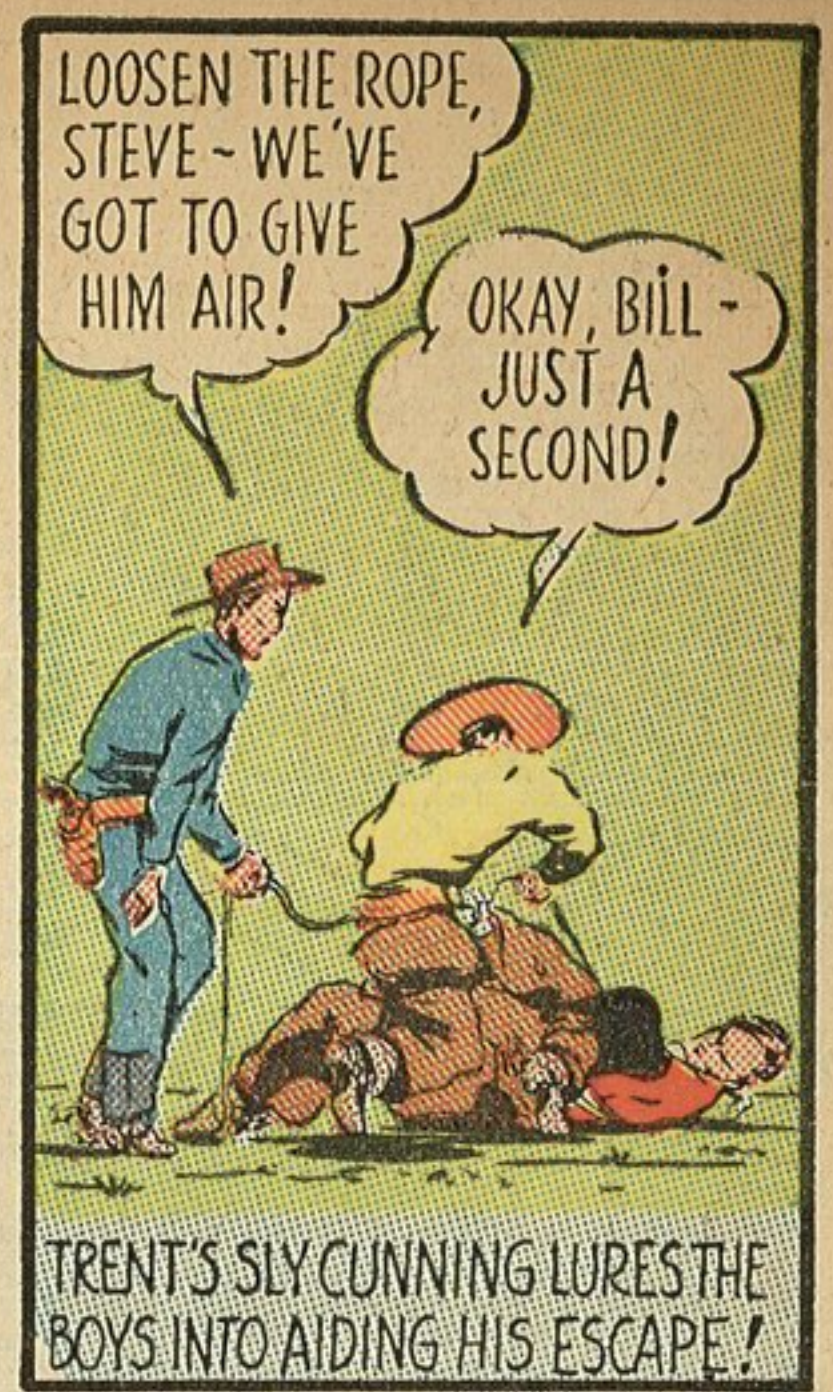
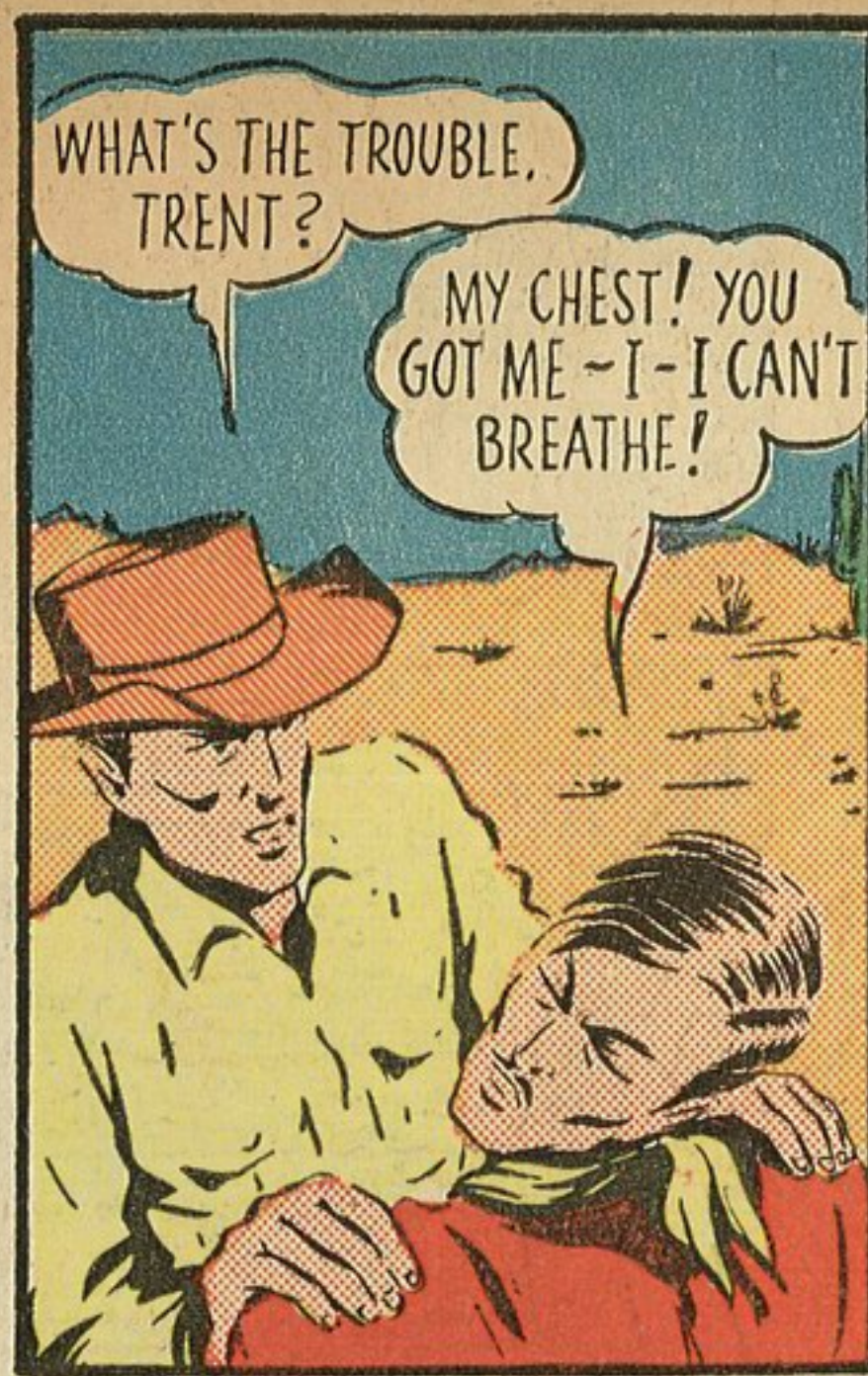
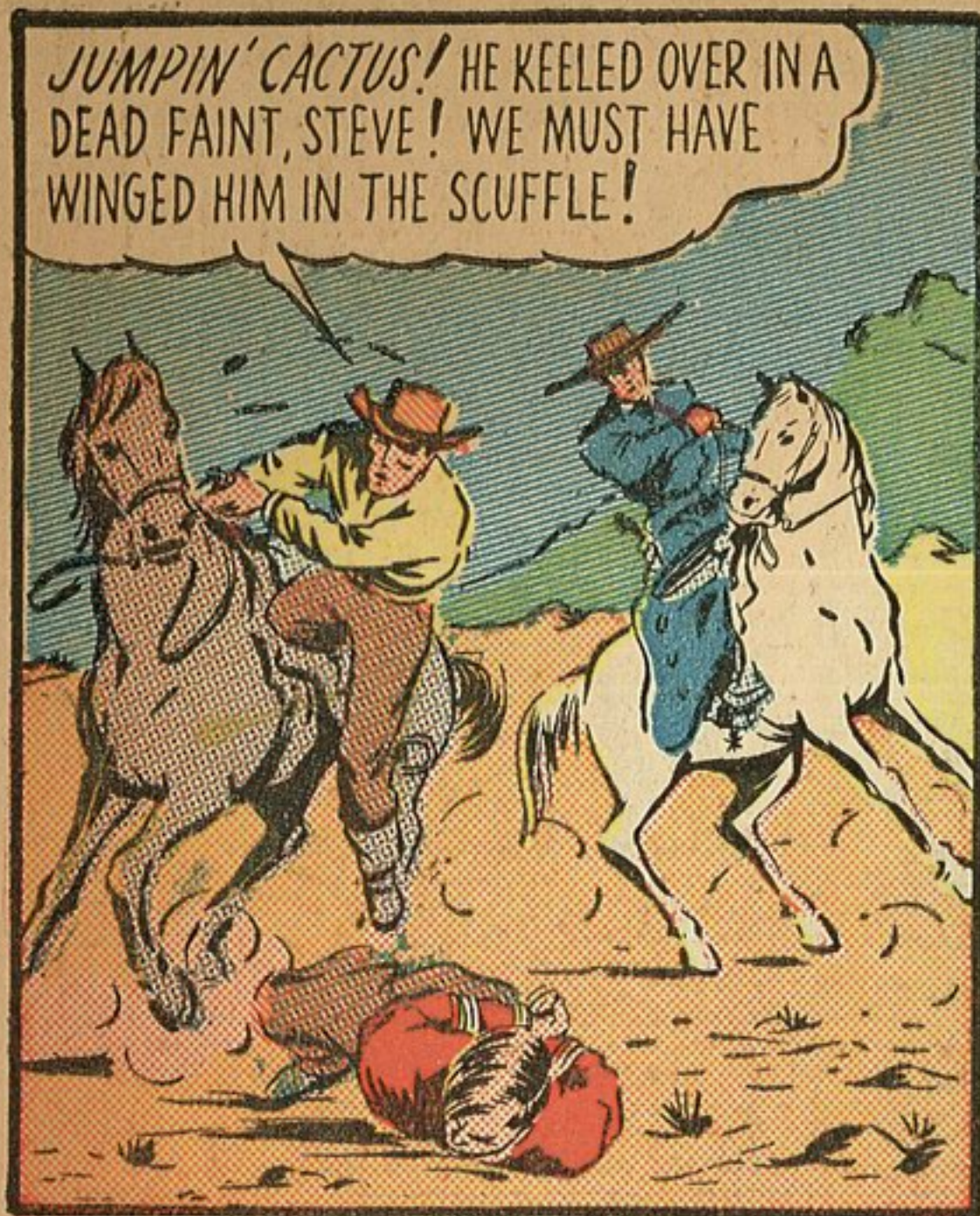
YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, BULL'S-EYE,
BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

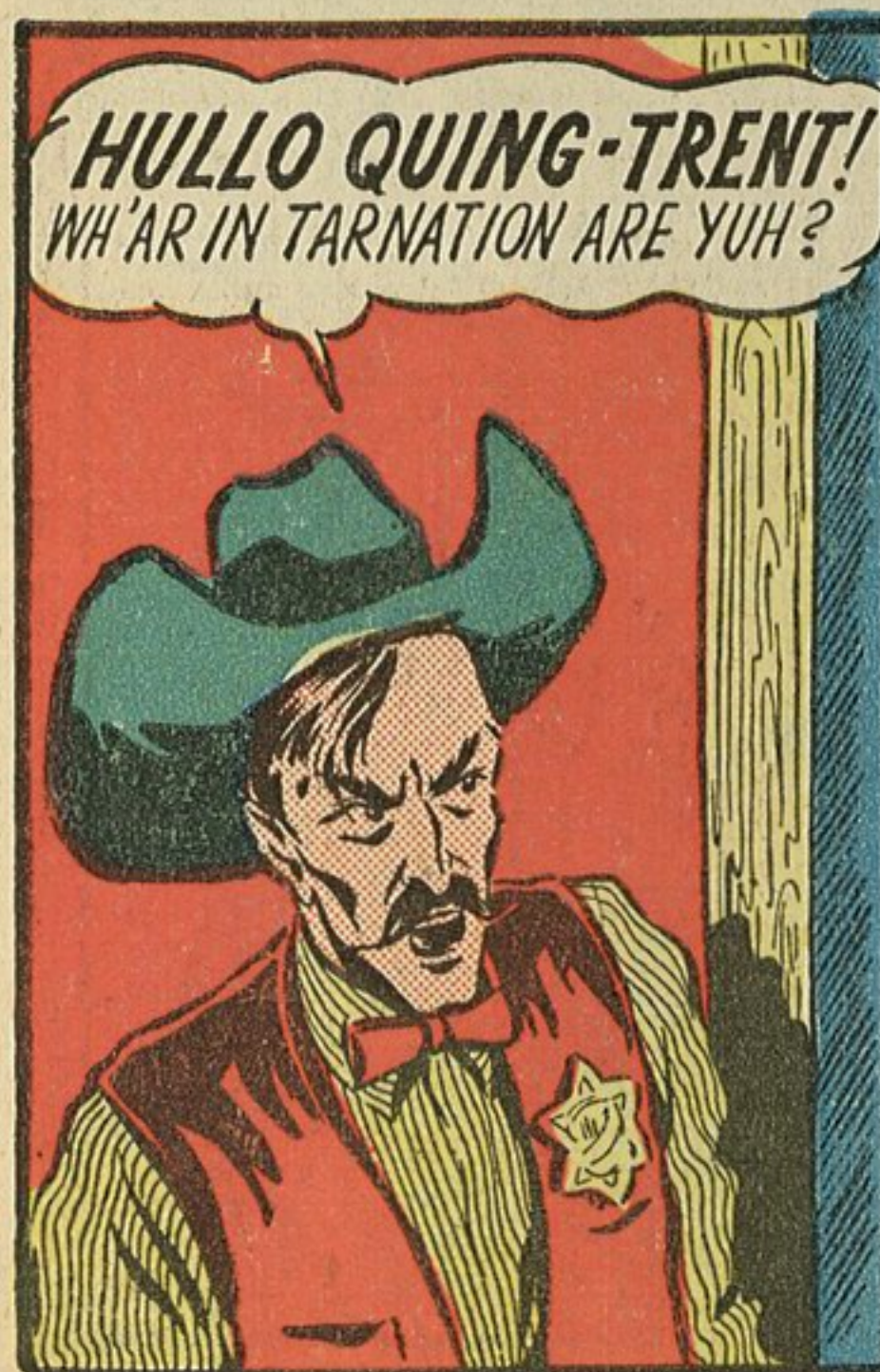
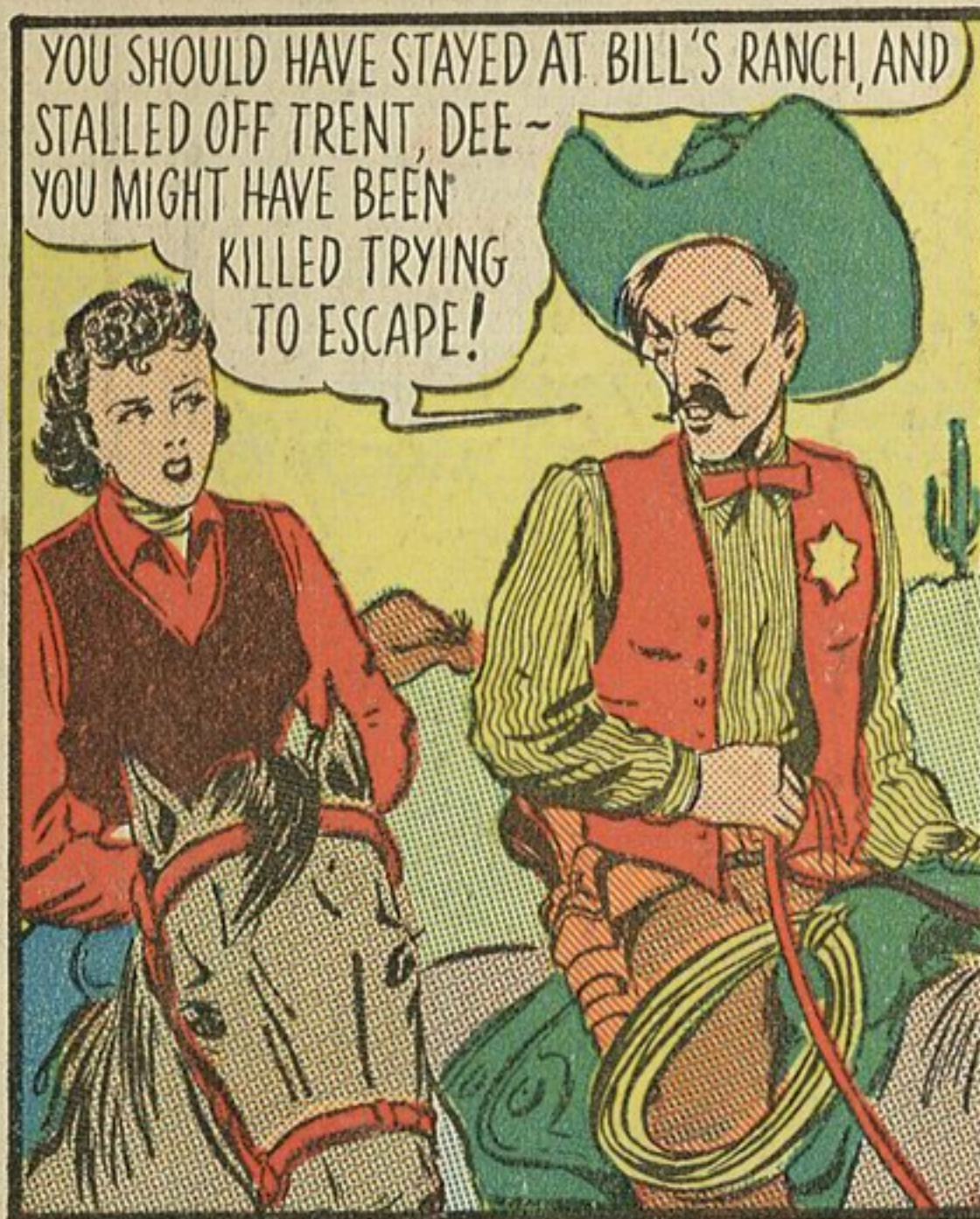
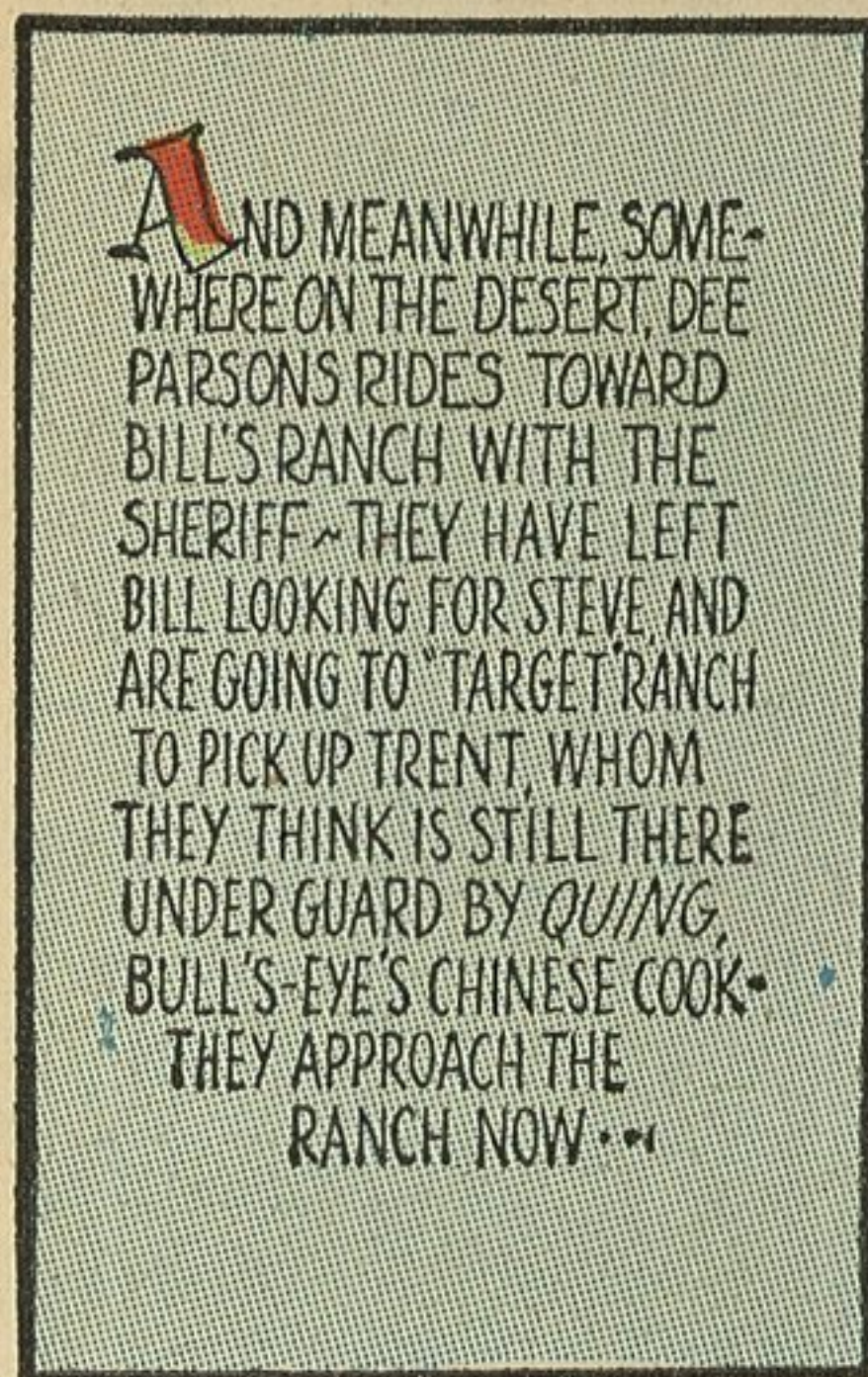
BULL'S-EYE BILL TARGET, OWNER OF THE **TARGET RANCH** AND **RANGE**, IN WENTON COUNTY, ARIZONA, WITH HIS PAL, **STEVE CASEY**, AN UNRULY AND MISCHIEVOUS COWBOY-PROSPECTOR, HAS JUST CAPTURED **TRAVIS TRENT**, RANGE-PIRATE, CLAIM-JUMPER, AND ALL-AROUND VILLAIN ~ TRAVIS IS IN LOVE WITH **DEE PARSONS**, A RANCHMAN'S DAUGHTER, WHO, A FEW HOURS AGO, CAPTURED HIM IN BULL'S-EYE'S CABIN ~ SOMEHOW, AFTER DEE HAD RIDDEN INTO THE HILLS LOOKING FOR BULL'S-EYE, LEAVING TRAVIS IN THE HANDS OF **QUING**, BULL'S-EYE'S CHINESE COOK, THE VILLAIN ESCAPED, AND IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE THAT BULL'S-EYE AND STEVE ENCOUNTERED AND SEIZED HIM -

HEY!

I'LL FIX YUH! I-I-
OOOOOOOH !!!









QUING! QUING!
WHAT'S HAPPENED,
BOY?

(THIS IS MORE OF
TRENT'S DIRTY
WORK, SHERIFF
BOY?)



OH-HEAD HURT!
MIST' TRENT-HE SLAM ME-
WOOGY! CATCHUM QUING'S
GUN-QUING FIGHT-HIM
SHOOTUM-UP ME
IN HEAD-HIM
GO! OOOOH!



LOOKS LIKE HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A
DOCTOR, DEE~ YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE
NOW, UNTIL BILL AND STEVE COME~ I'LL
RIDE INTO WENTON AND FETCH DOC
LARSON~ YOU TAKE
CARE OF QUING~

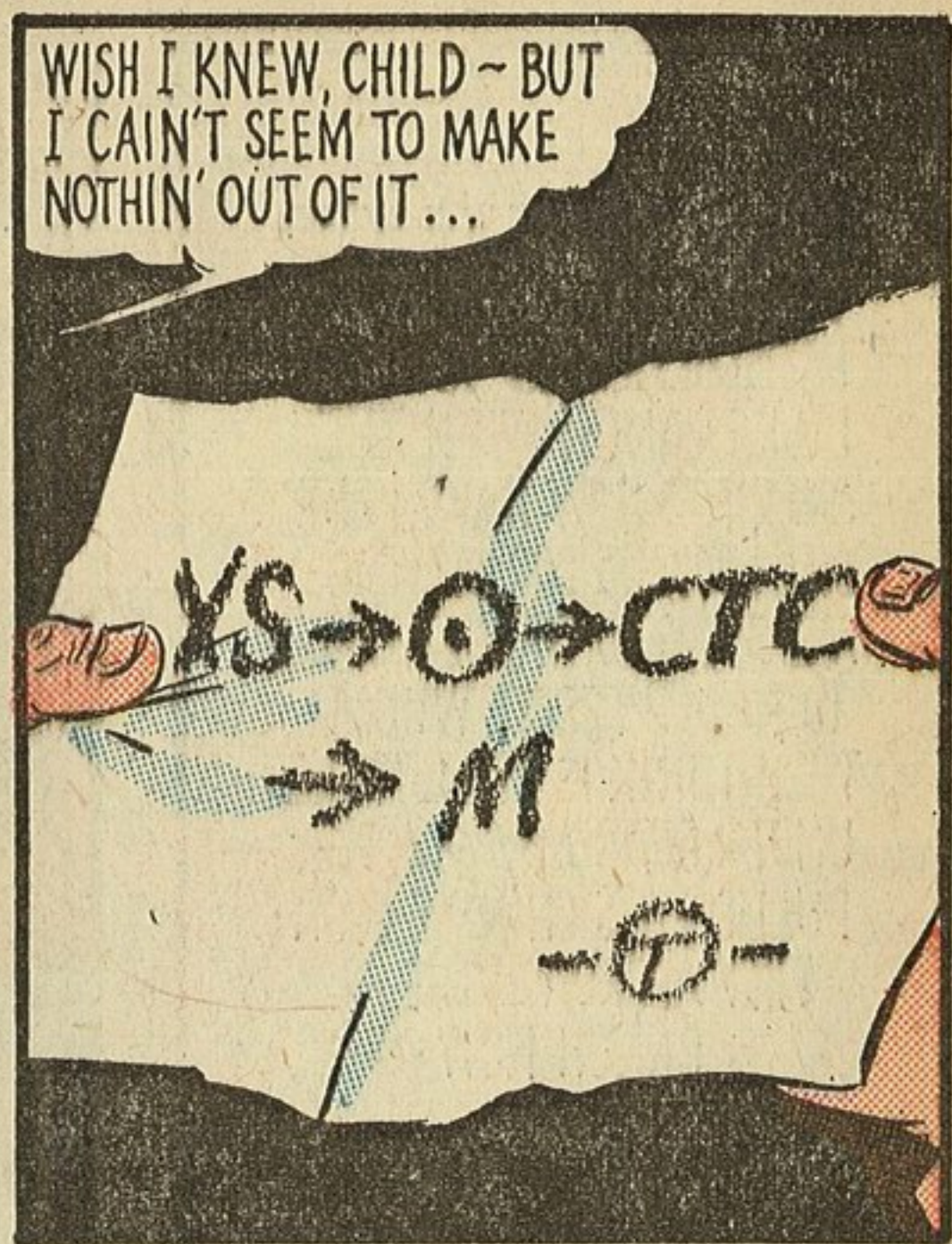


HULLO! WHAT'S THIS?
A CRUMPLED PIECE OF
PAPER IN THE DOORWAY-
DEE-COME HERE!



SOME SORT OF
CODE~ LOOKS
LIKE

TRENT MUST HAVE
DROPPED IT WHEN HE
FOUGHT WITH QUING~
WHAT DOES IT SAY
SHERIFF?



WISH I KNEW, CHILD~ BUT
I CAIN'T SEEM TO MAKE
NOTHIN' OUT OF IT...



I'LL TRY TO FIGGER IT OUT ON THE WAY TO
TOWN~ YOU'D BETTER GIT QUING INTO
BED AFORE HE BLEEDS TOO MUCH~
SO LONG, GAL!



HOLY SMOKES! HE'S FAINTED
AGAIN!~ I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO
LIFT HIM ONTO THE DIVAN!



BUENOS DIAS, SEÑORITA!
YOU LIKE SOME HELP, SI?
MANUEL, HE COME FOR GIVE
YOU ASSIST~ SI?

OH!





THE KNIFE FLIES OUT OF HIS HAND AS BULL'S-EYE TAKES A POT-SHOT AT THE HALF-BREED!



THAT POOR GREASER'S SEEN HIS LAST SUNSET! - SAY! WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A NOTE - HERE IN HIS HAT!

HULLO - THAT'S THE SAME CODE THE SHERIFF FOUND!

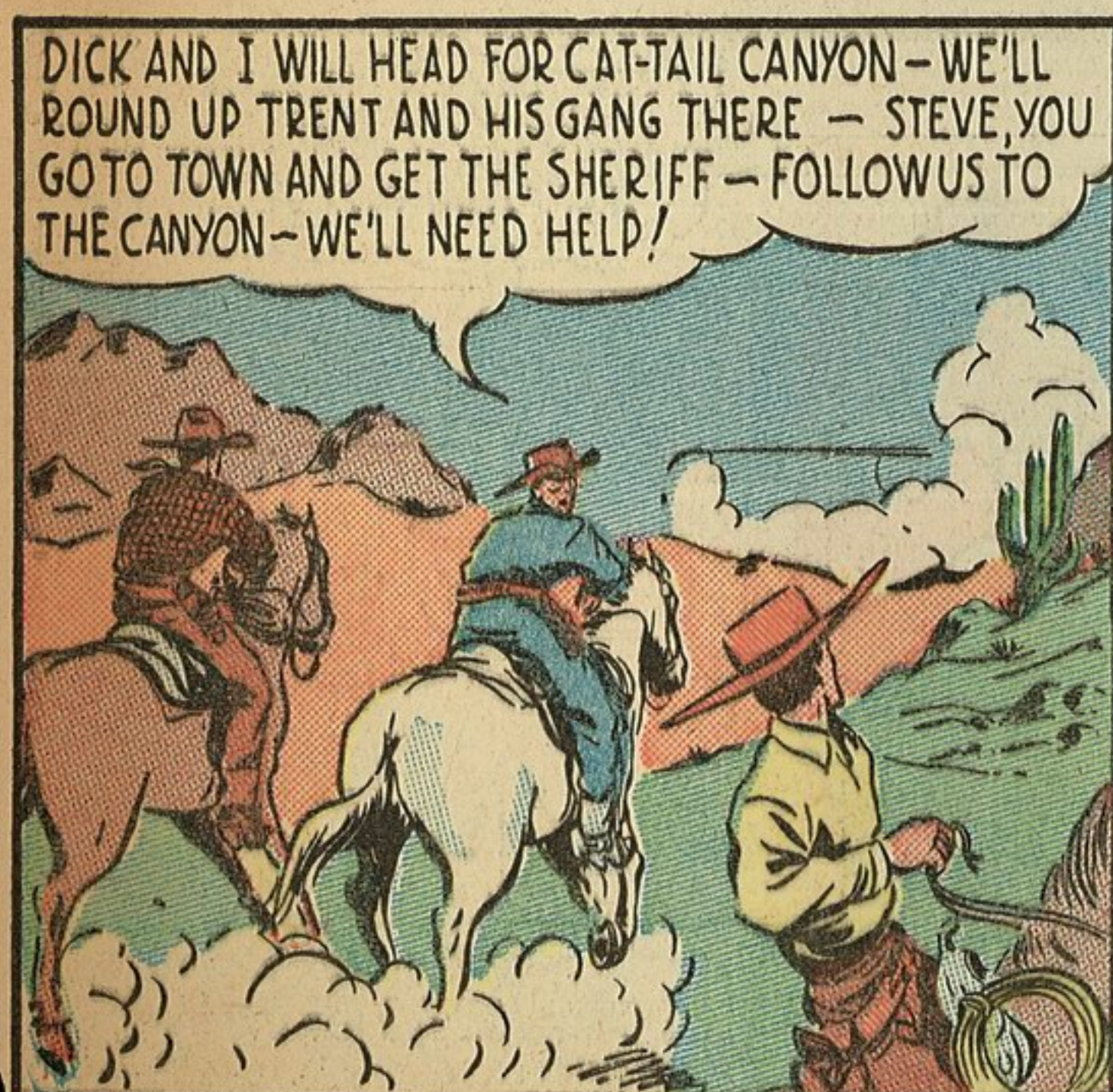
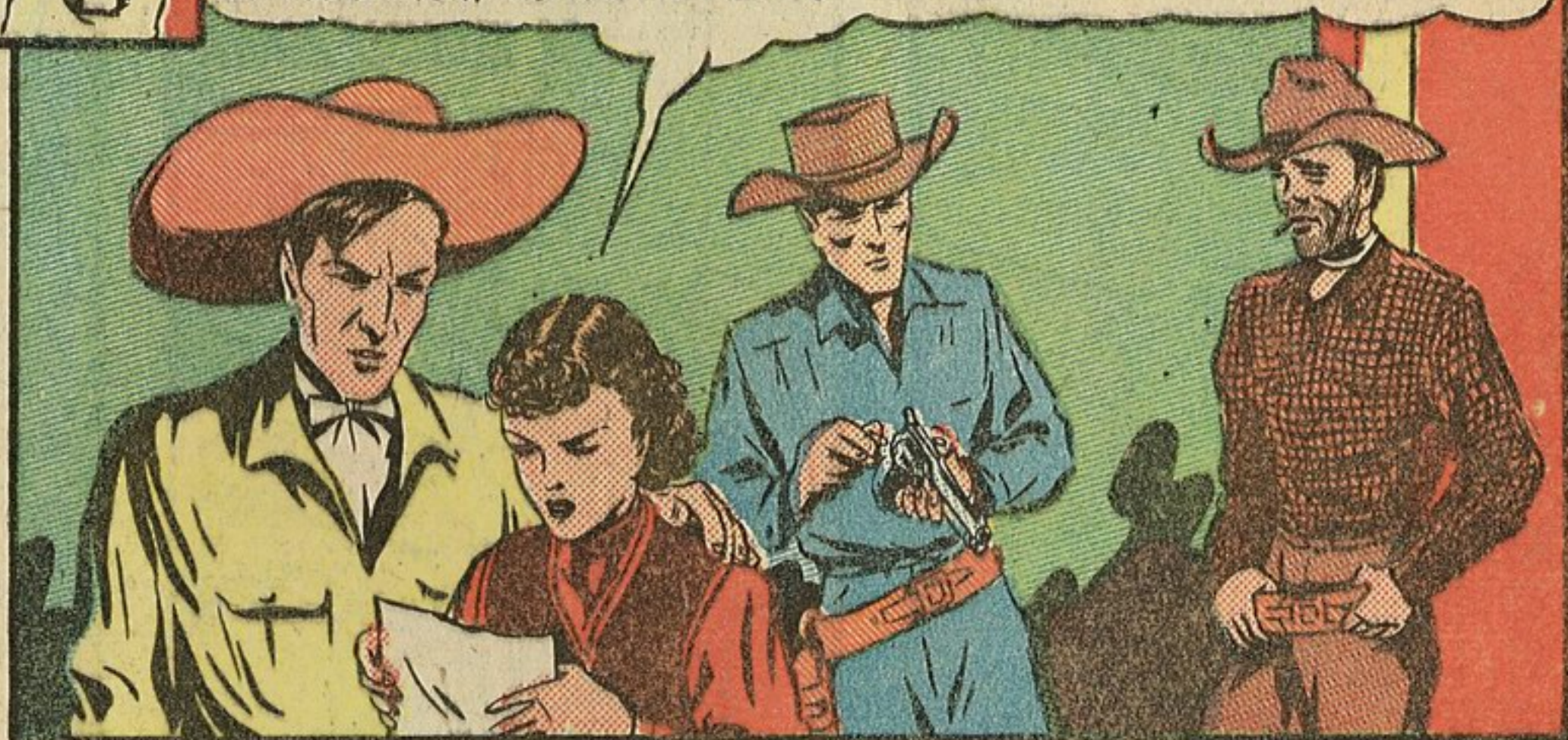


THEN THIS HALF-BREED MUST BE A MEMBER OF TRENT'S GANG!

CAN YOU TRANSLATE IT, BILL?

XS-O-CTC
-M

HERE - LET ME TRY - "XS" MUST MEAN THE "CROSS-STAR" RANCH - THE ARROW MEANS "GO TO" - THE CIRCLE AND DOT SHOULD BE A TARGET - "TARGET RANCH" - ANOTHER ARROW - AND "CTC" IS "CAT-TAIL CANYON" - THE "M" MAY BE FOR "MEXICO" - READING IT THAT WAY, IT SAYS: "FROM THE CROSS-STAR RANCH, GO TO TARGET RANCH, THEN TO CAT-TAIL CANYON, AND THEN TO MEXICO" - SO TRENT MUST BE AT THE CANYON NOW!



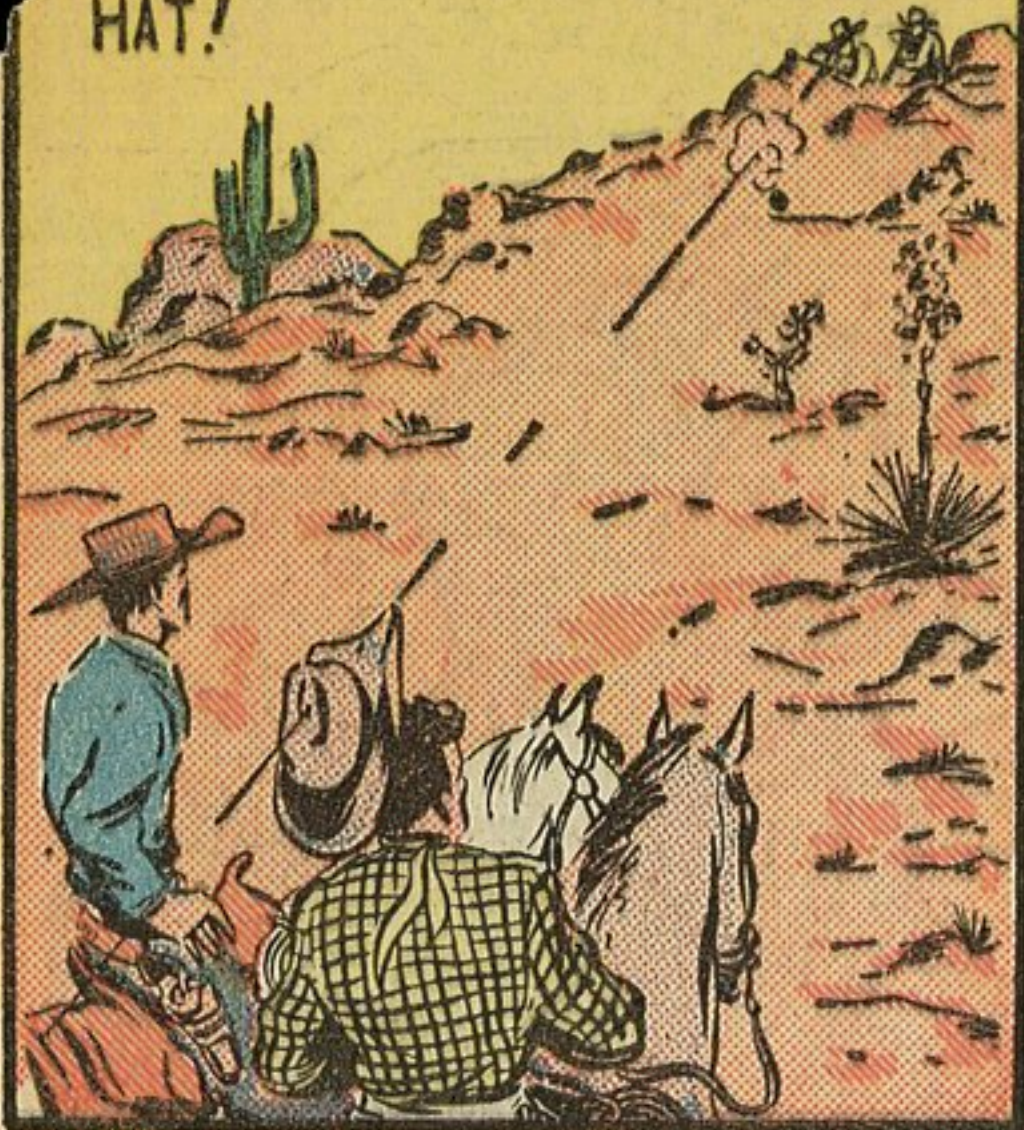
DICK AND I WILL HEAD FOR CAT-TAIL CANYON - WE'LL ROUND UP TRENT AND HIS GANG THERE - STEVE, YOU GO TO TOWN AND GET THE SHERIFF - FOLLOW US TO THE CANYON - WE'LL NEED HELP!



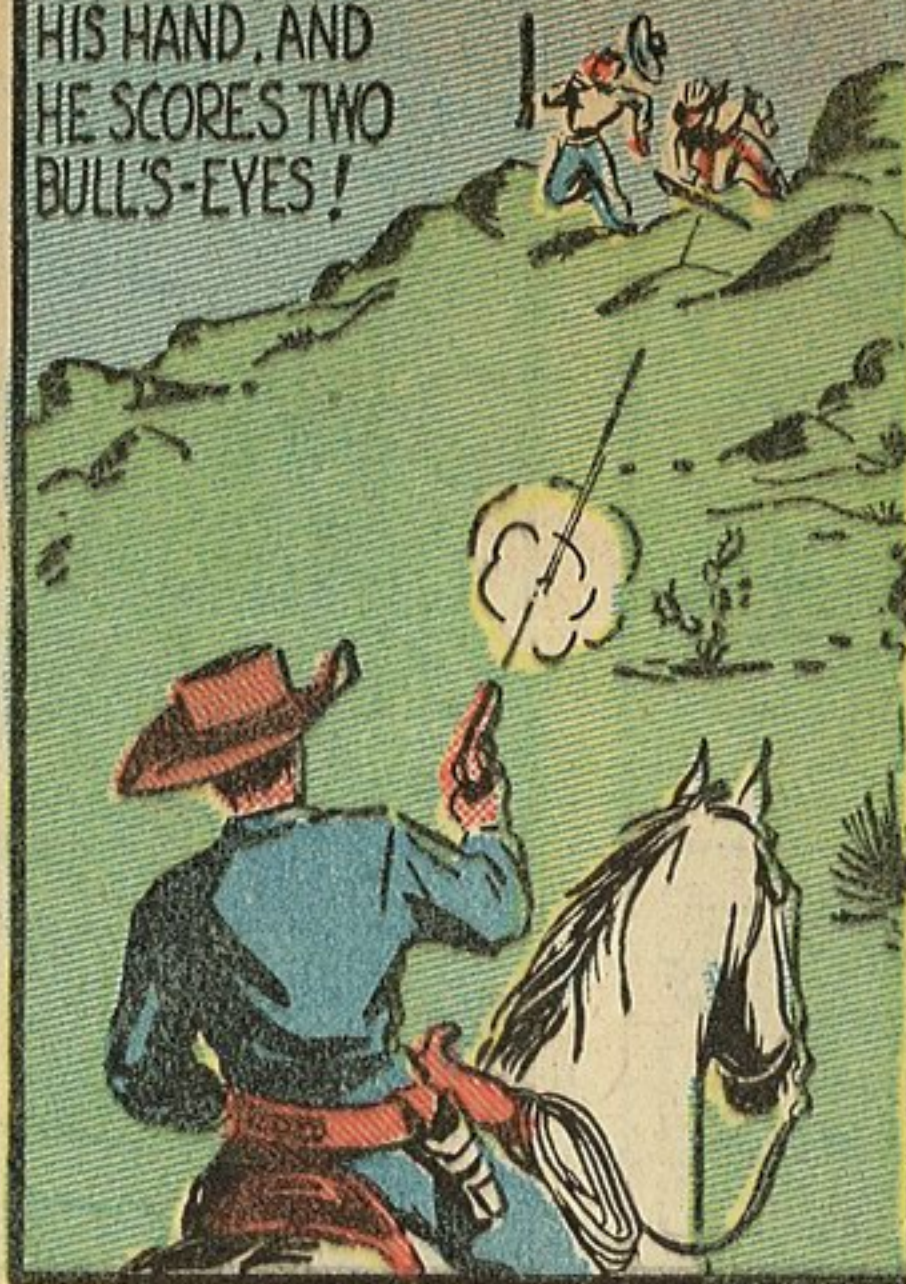
HOLD IT, DICK. THIS IS THE FORK - TAKE IT EASY NOW - WE'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE! - OH-OH - THERE'S THE LOOKOUT!

AS BILL AND DICK COME OVER A HILL, THEY SPOT TWO OF TRENT'S MEN

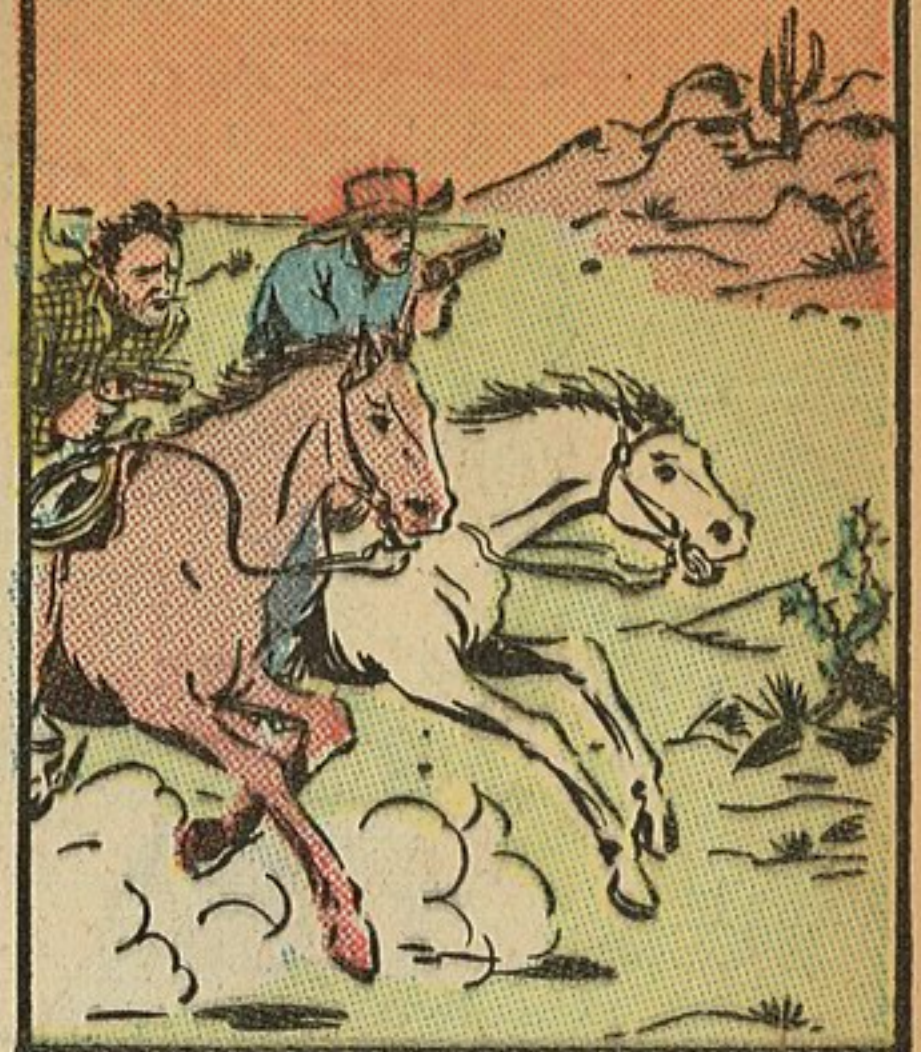
BEFORE THE MEN CAN CONTINUE, THREE SHOTS RING OUT FROM THE LOOKOUT - A BULLET WHIPS THROUGH DICK'S HAT!



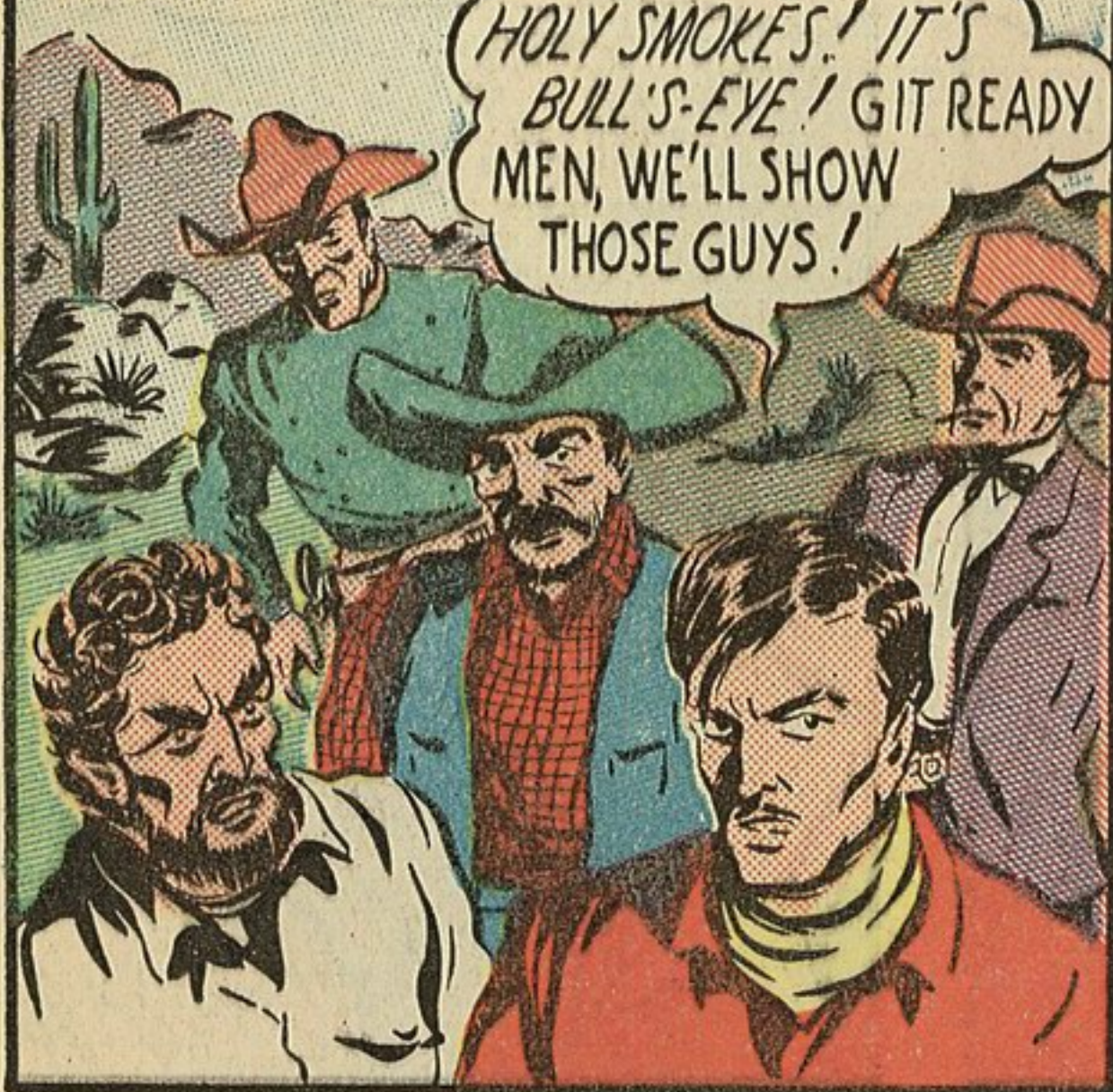
IN A FLASH, BILL'S SIX-SHOOTER IS IN HIS HAND, AND HE SCORES TWO BULL'S-EYES!



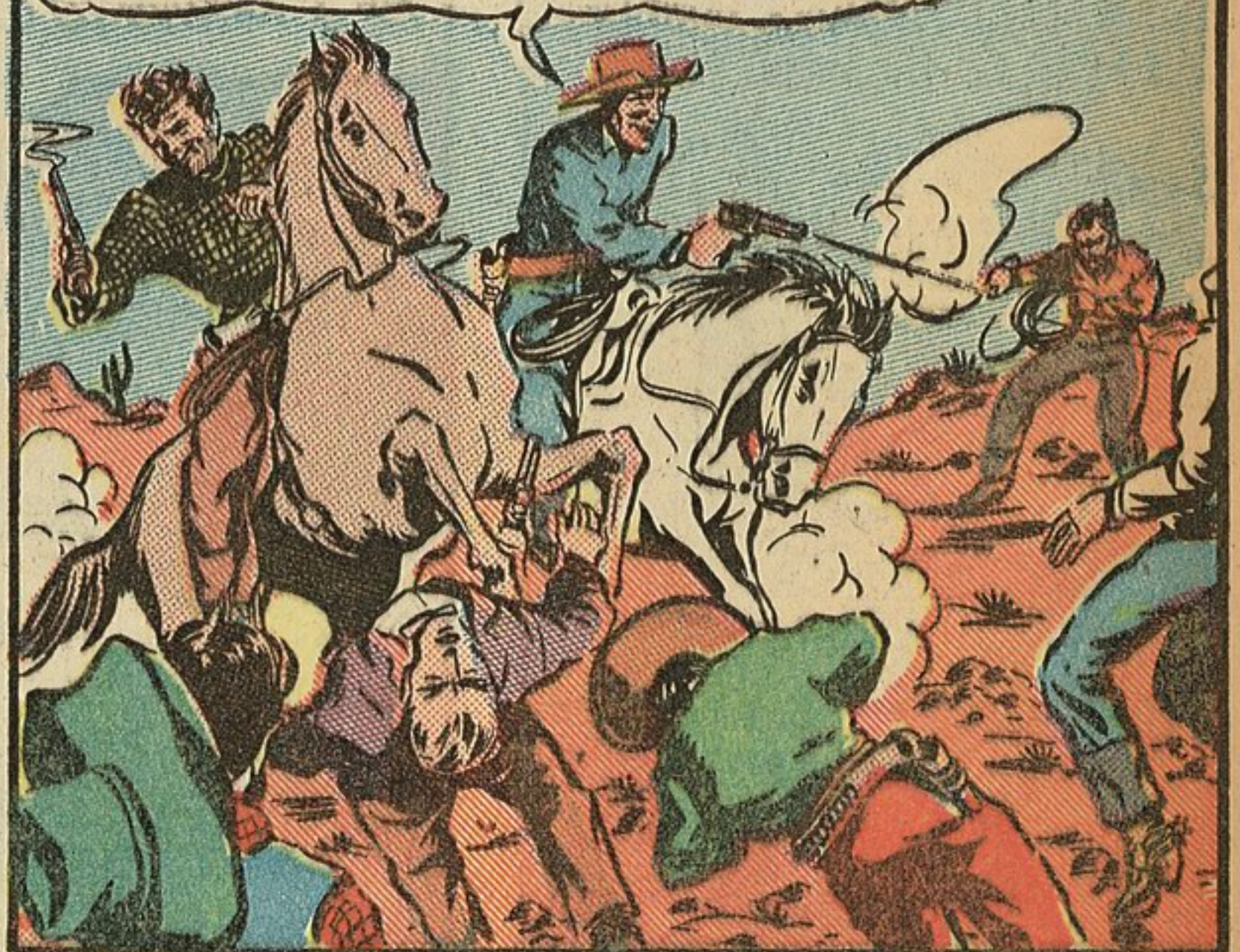
THE LOOKOUT MEN OUT OF THE WAY, BILL AND DICK THUNDER UP OVER THE HILL, AND DOWN INTO TRENT'S CAMP!



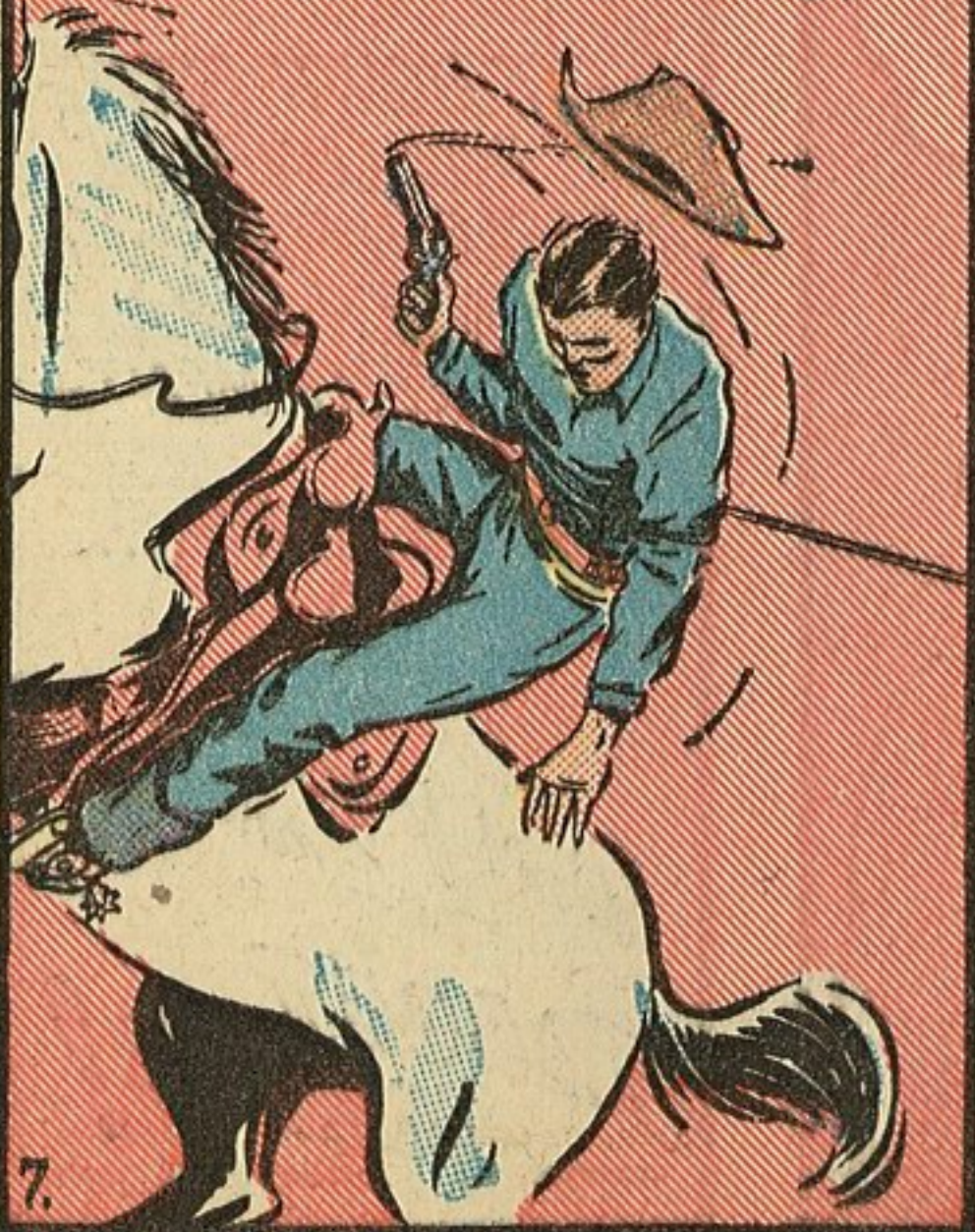
TRENT RECOGNISES BILL - HE SHOUTS THE ALARM!



(AFTER 'EM DICK! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOY!)

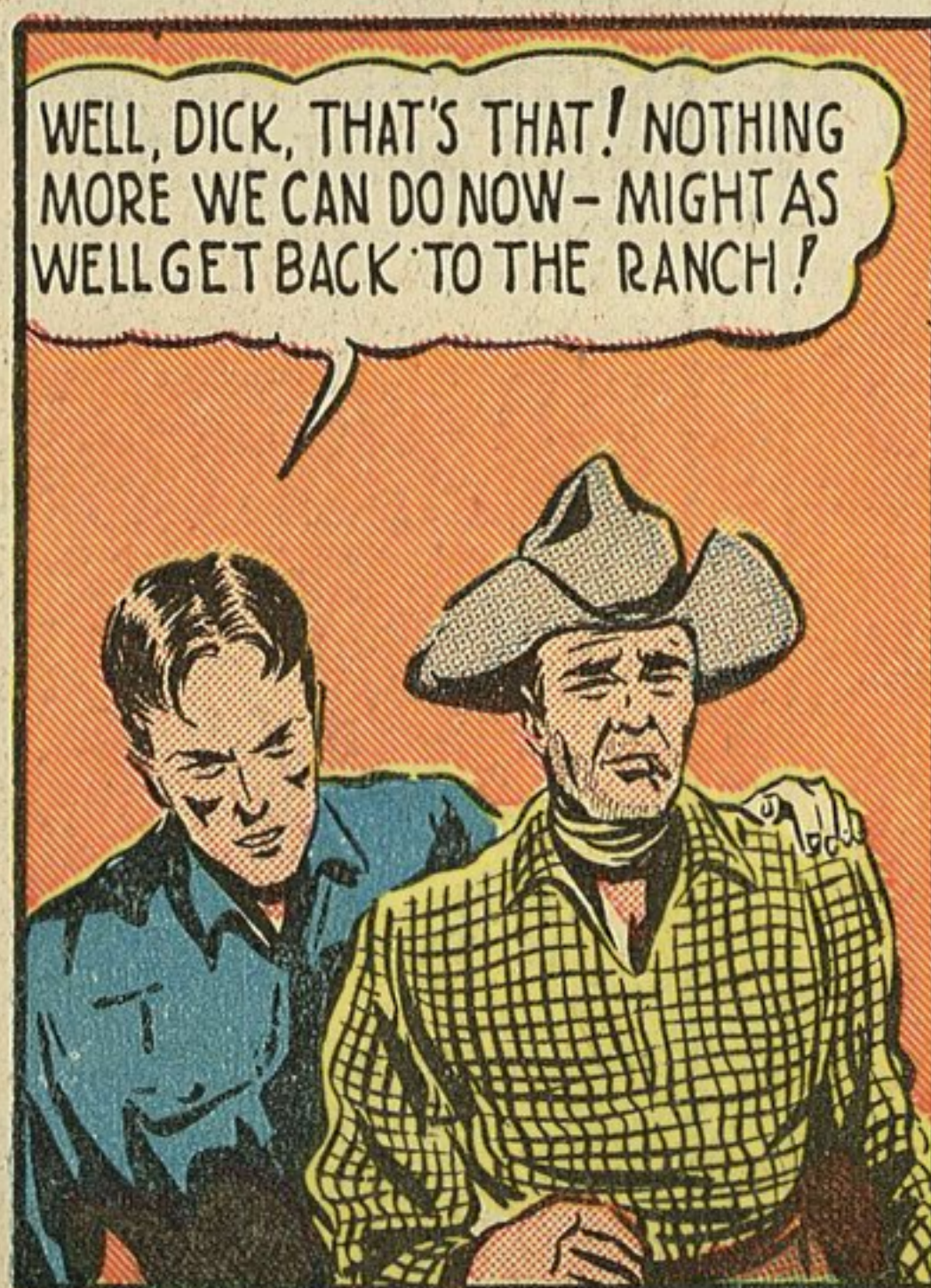
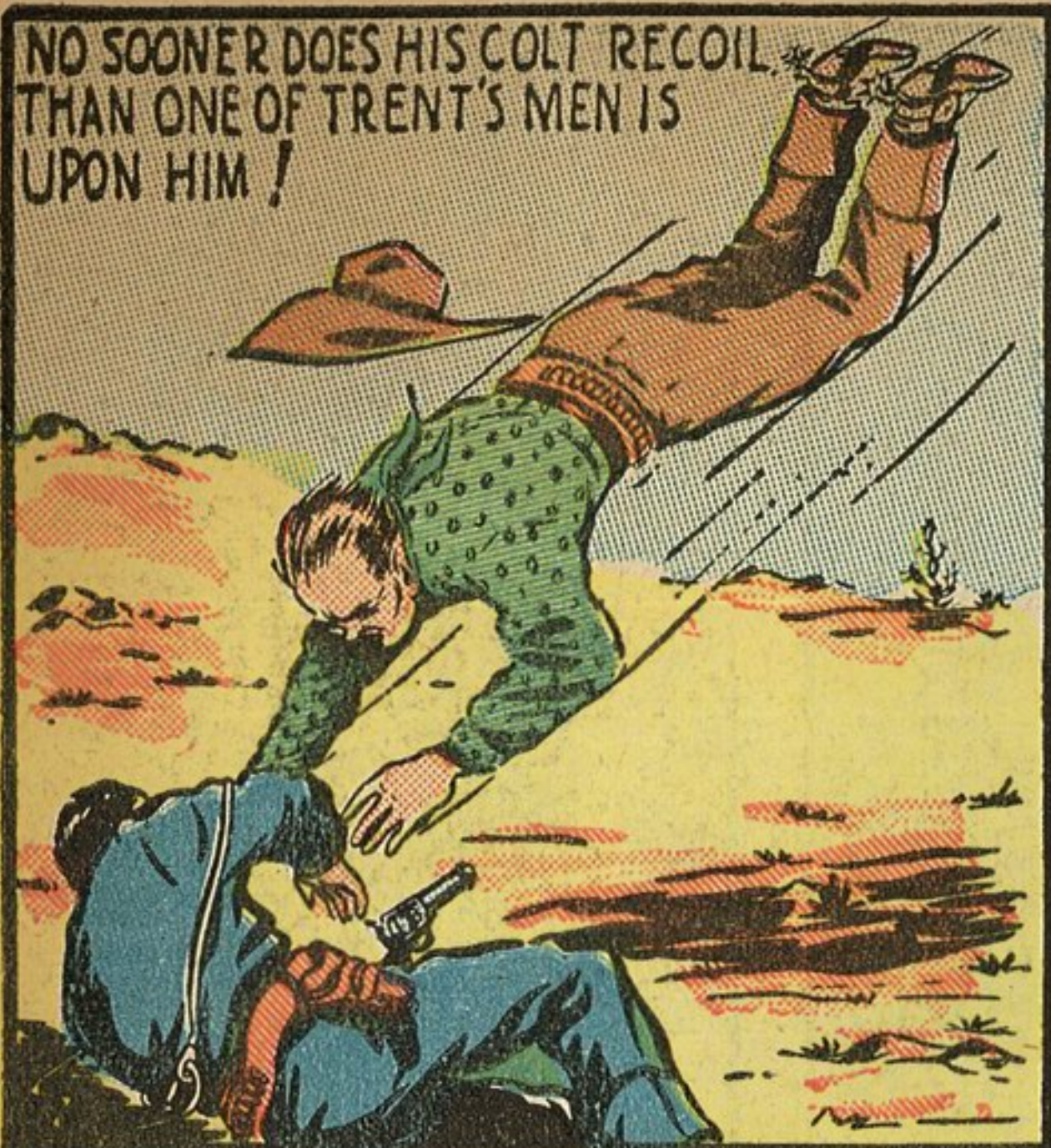


SUDDENLY A ROPE WHIPS OUT, AND SNAKES BILL FROM HIS SADDLE!



BILL CRASHES TO THE GROUND WITH A TERRIFIC THUD!







LUCKY BYRD IS A FLYING CADET AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS,....OUR "WEST POINT OF THE AIR".....HE, AND HIS CLASS-MATES, WILL BECOME 2ND LIEUTENANTS IN THE AIR-CORPS RESERVE, AND PLACED ON ACTIVE SERVICE,.....IF....AND WHEN,....THEY COMPLETE THE COURSE.....LORIS ADAMS, THE COMMANDANT'S DAUGHTER, INTERESTS LUCKY.....

BY
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

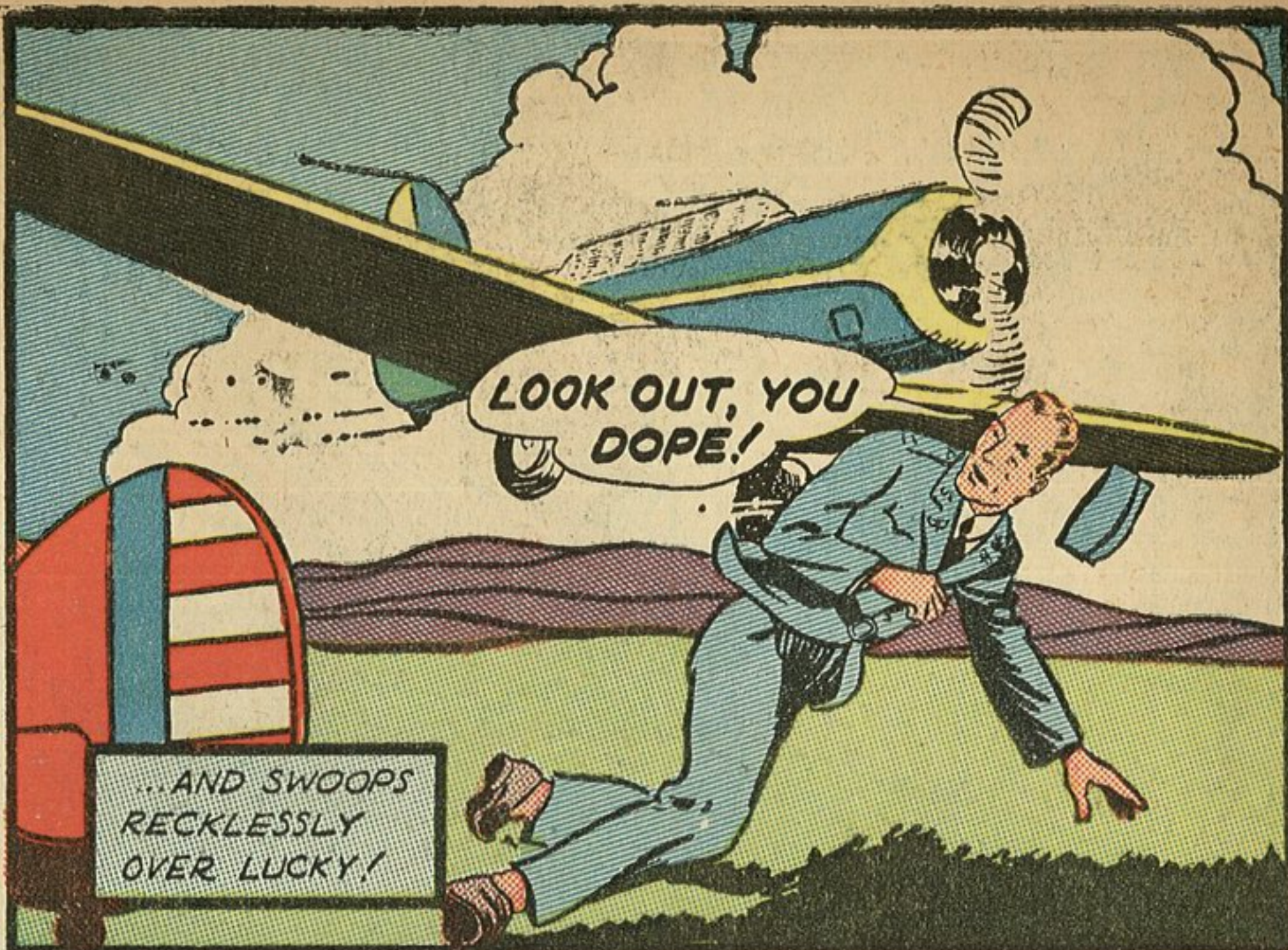
GLOSSARY OF CADET SLANG.

MISTER.....ALL CADETS ARE MISTER
DODO.....AN UNDERCLASSMAN
BENZINE BOARD.....A TRIAL BOARD
HEDGE-HOP.....TO FLY TOO LOW
BACKWASH.....PROPELLER BLAST





A STRANGE PLANE ARRIVES.....



LUCKY DROPS TO THE GROUND



AS THE PLANE ROLLS TO A STOP, LUCKY DASHES OVER, ... FURIOUS!



AND AS LUCKY STRIDES AWAY!



LUCKY IS RIGHT!
BYRD'S GRABBED HIMSELF
A CHUTE!

THAT NIGHT, AS PRACTICE LANDINGS
WITH PARACHUTE FLARES BEGINS,
THERE IS THE USUAL SCRAMBLE BY
CADETS FOR THE SILK PARACHUTES.



LUCKY!.....OH, I'VE
ALWAYS WANTED A
SOUVENIR 'CHUTE!

YOU HAVE
ONE NOW, LORIS,
... HERE!

ON HIS WAY BACK TO QUARTERS



OH THANKS! LOOK,
I CAN FIT IT INTO
MY HAND BAG!



YOU'D BETTER DASH
BACK TO QUARTERS BEFORE
DAD CATCHES YOU OUT!
G'NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT,
LORIS!



I'LL MAKE A TRY FOR
ANOTHER FLARE 'CHUTE'
FOR LORIS

THE VERY NEXT NIGHT



WH-WHAT TH'!...WHY
IT'S LORIS!

A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S LUCKY.



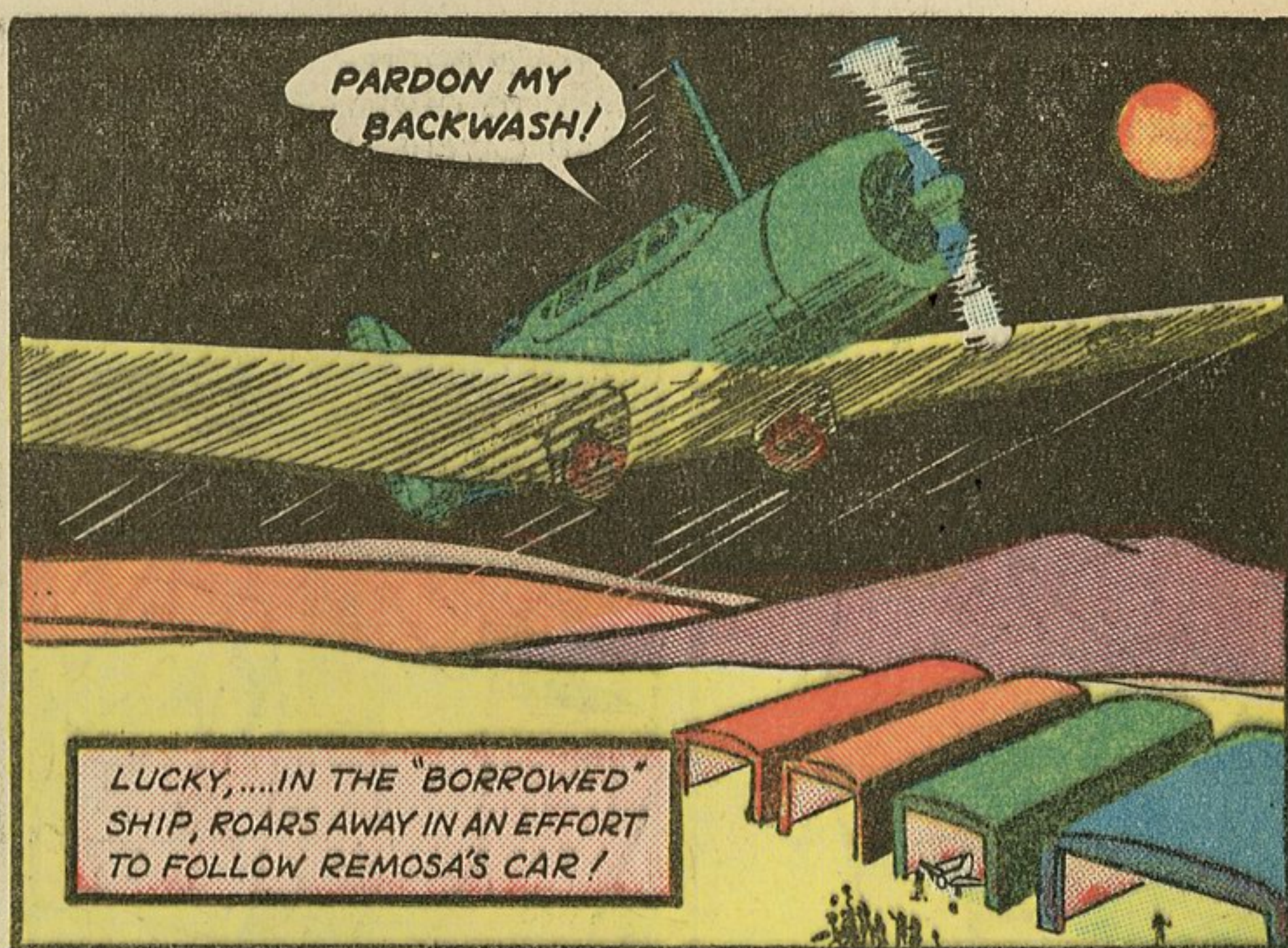
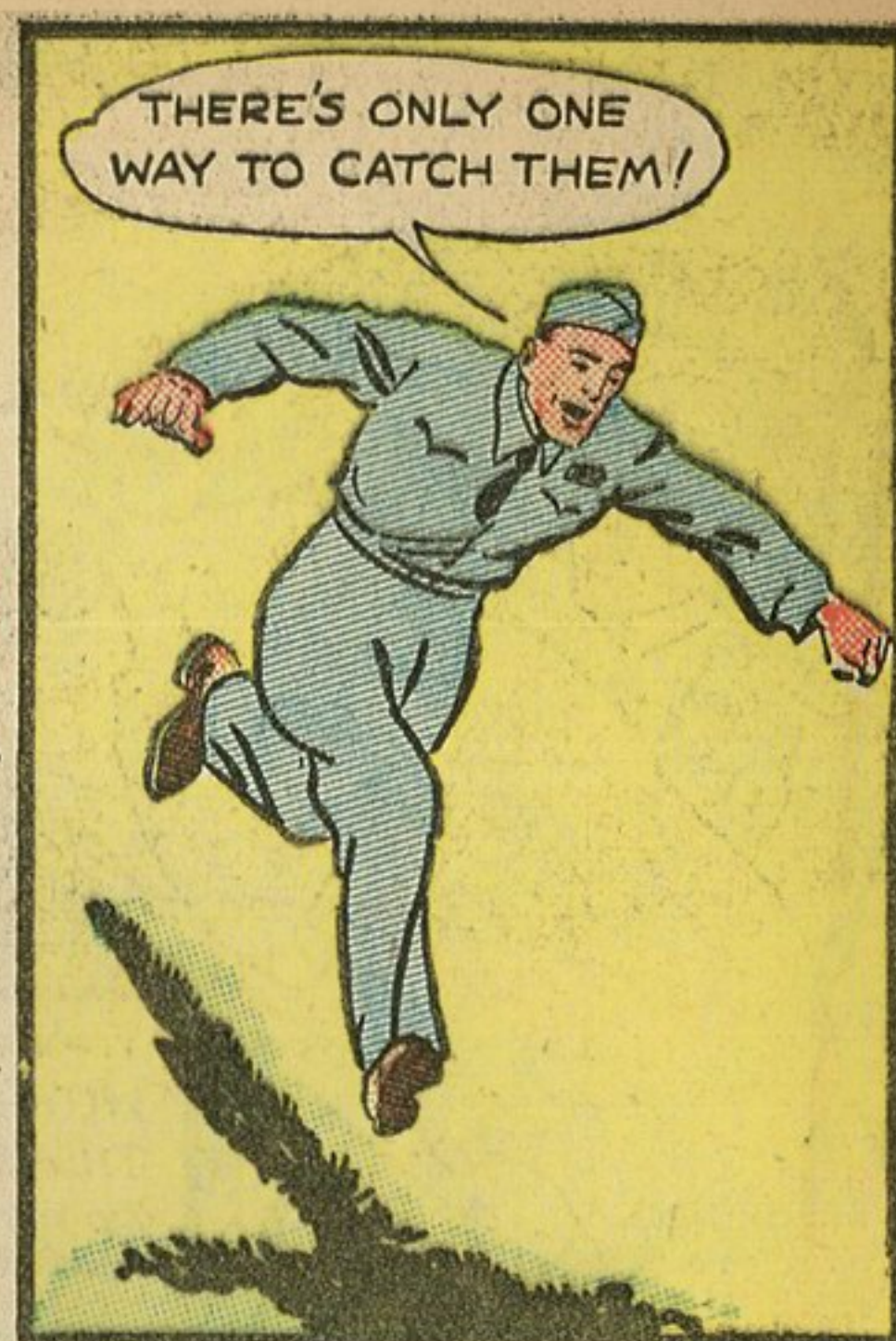
NO!...NO!...I
TELL YOU, I WONT
GO UP WITH YOU!

BUT YES, YOU
WEEL, BABEE!....COME, WE
GET MY PLANE,...YOU WEEL LIKE
A JOY RIDE WEETH RAMON!

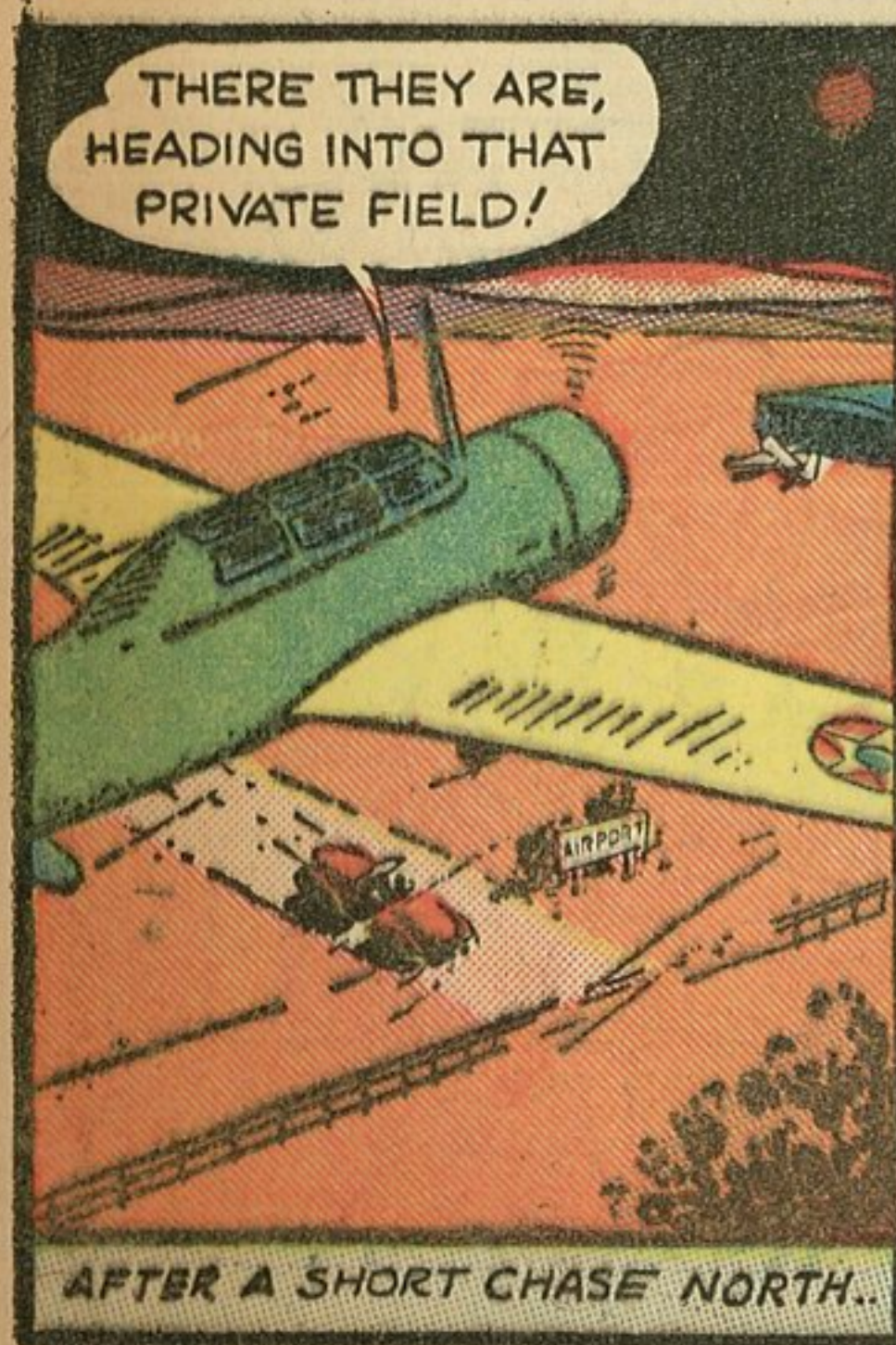
LORIS IS STRUGGLING
WITH RAMON REMOSA!



REMOSA'S CAR SPINS AWAY,.....WITH LORIS STILL PROTESTING!



LUCKY,....IN THE "BORROWED" SHIP, ROARS AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO FOLLOW REMOSA'S CAR!



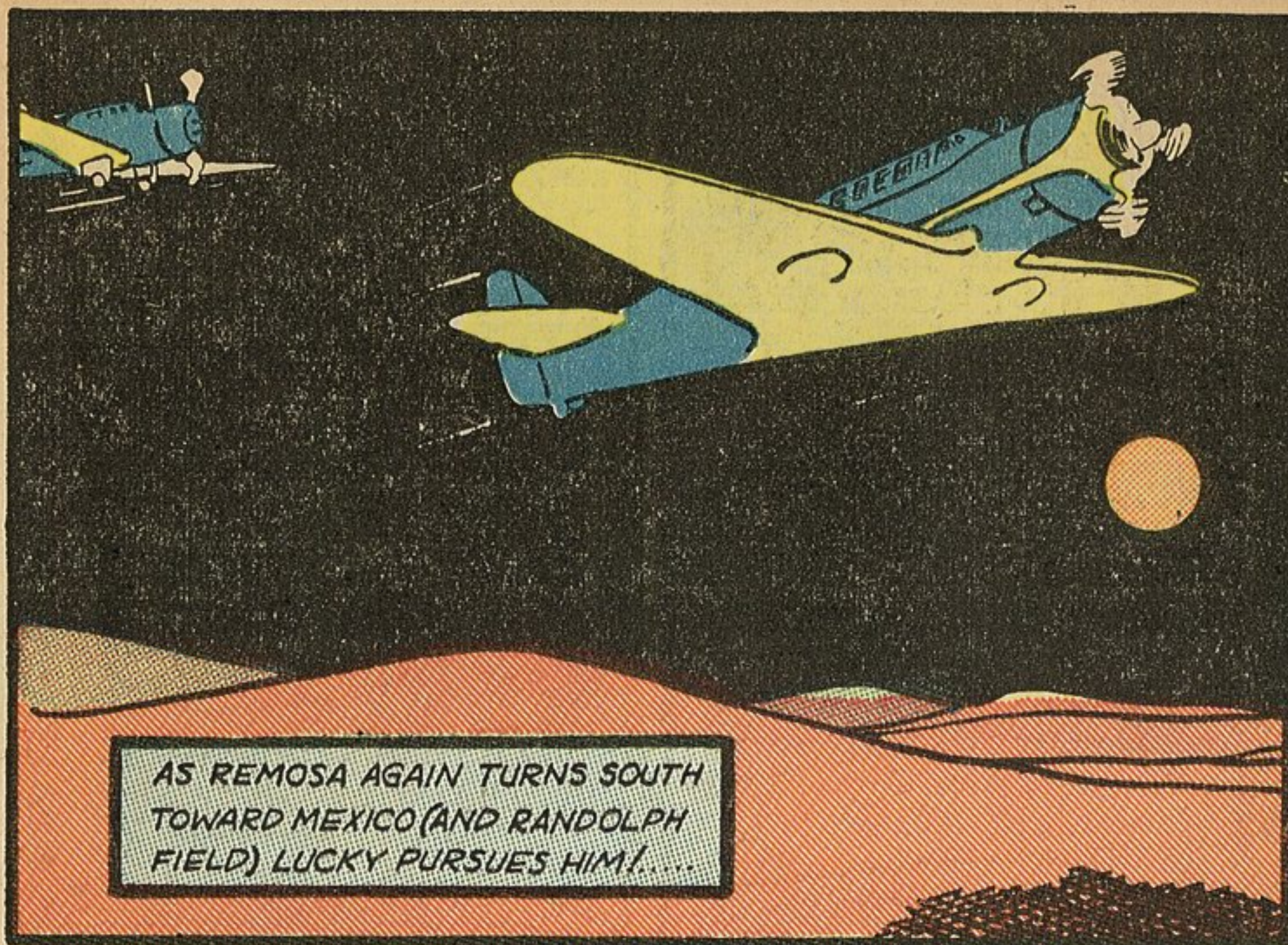
AFTER A SHORT CHASE NORTH..



NO,...NO!...I CAN'T!...PLEASE LET ME GO!



WITH LORIS ABOARD, REMOSA TAKES OFF FOR THE BORDER!



AS REMOSA AGAIN TURNS SOUTH TOWARD MEXICO (AND RANDOLPH FIELD) LUCKY PURSUES HIM!...

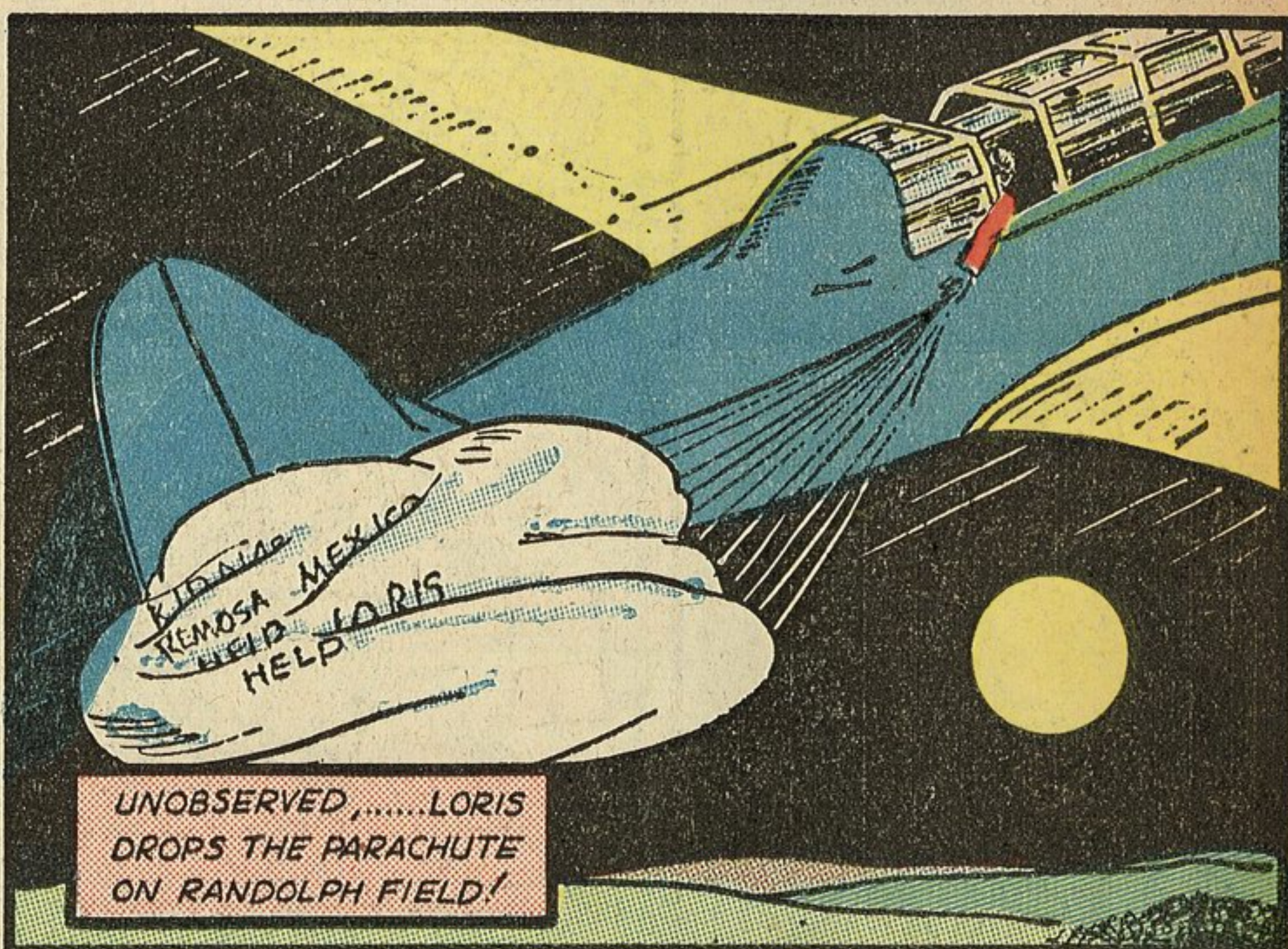


THAT 'CHUTE!.....I CAN DROP IT, AND SOMEONE WILL PICK IT UP!

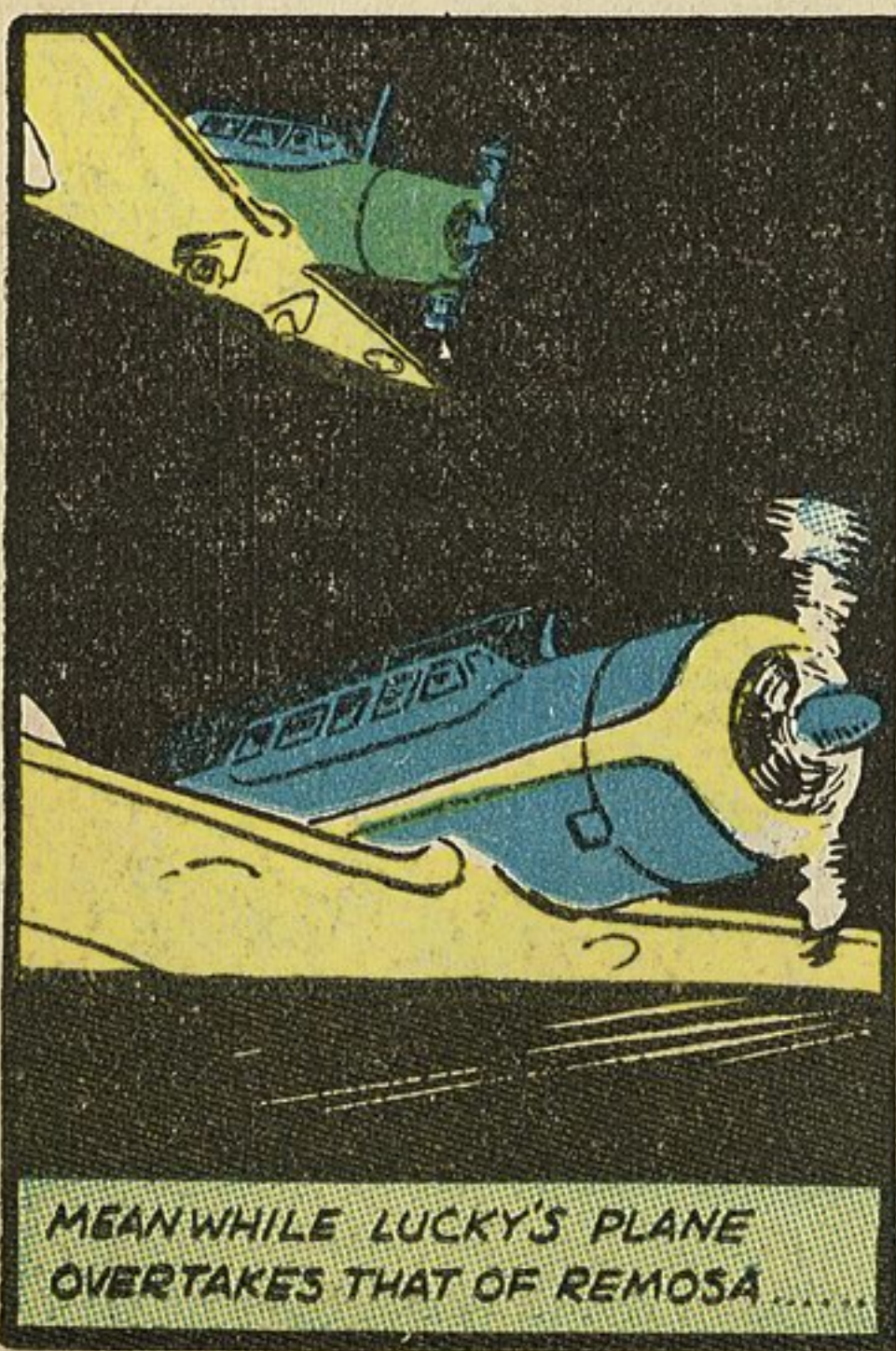
LORIS HAS AN INSPIRATION!.....



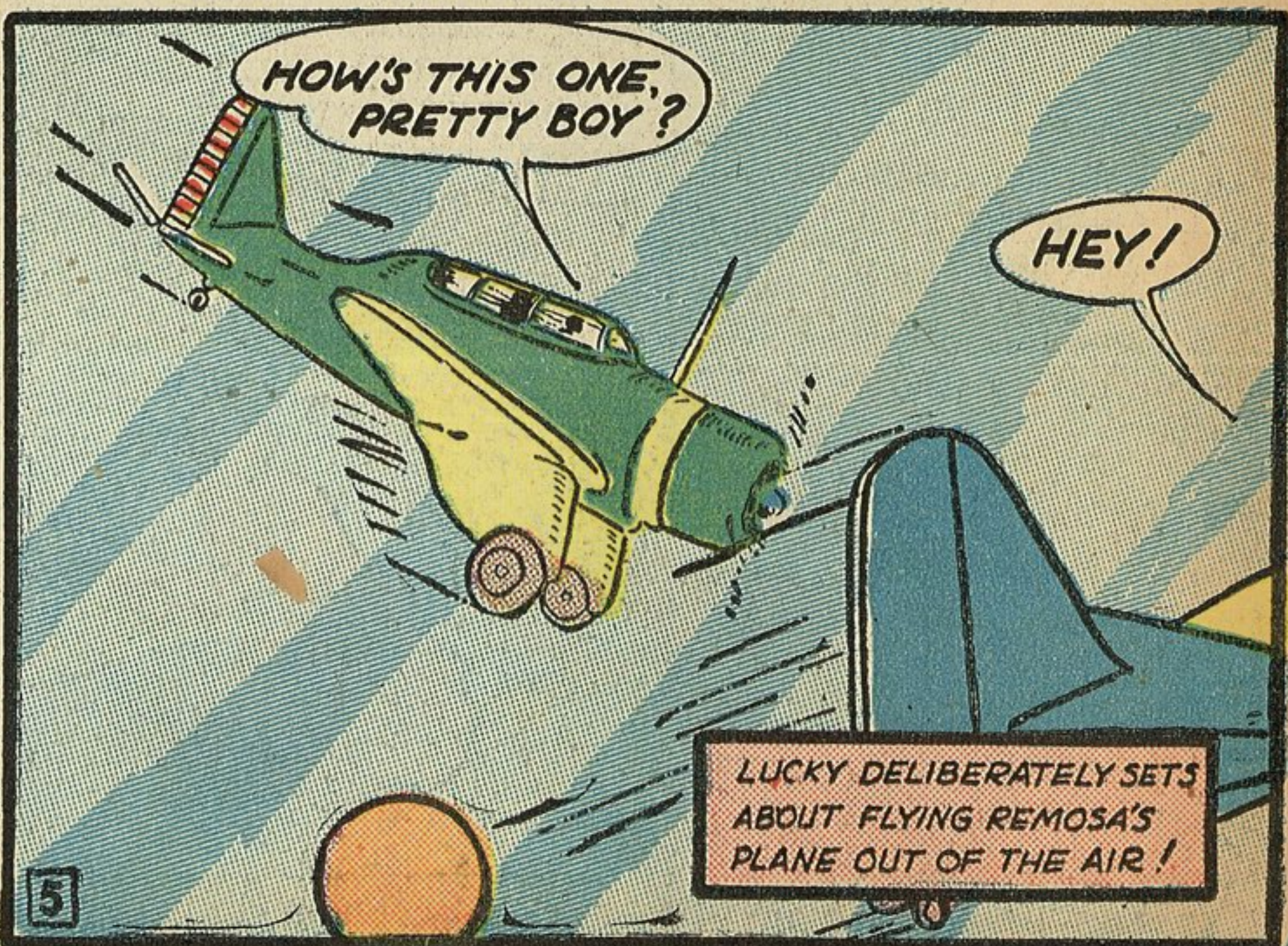
SHE HASTILY SCRAWLS A MESSAGE IN LIPSTICK!



UNOBSERVED,.....LORIS DROPS THE PARACHUTE ON RANDOLPH FIELD!



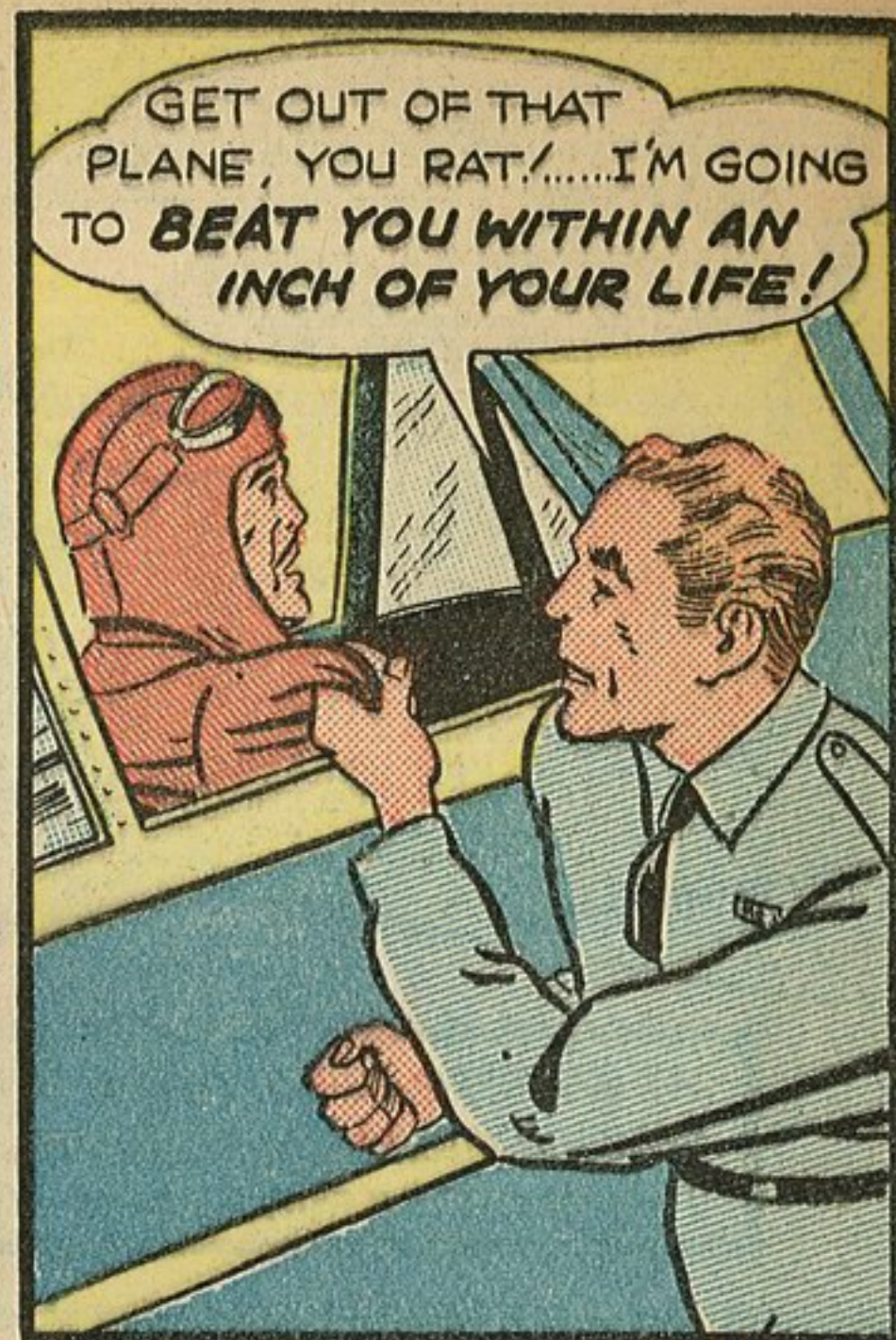
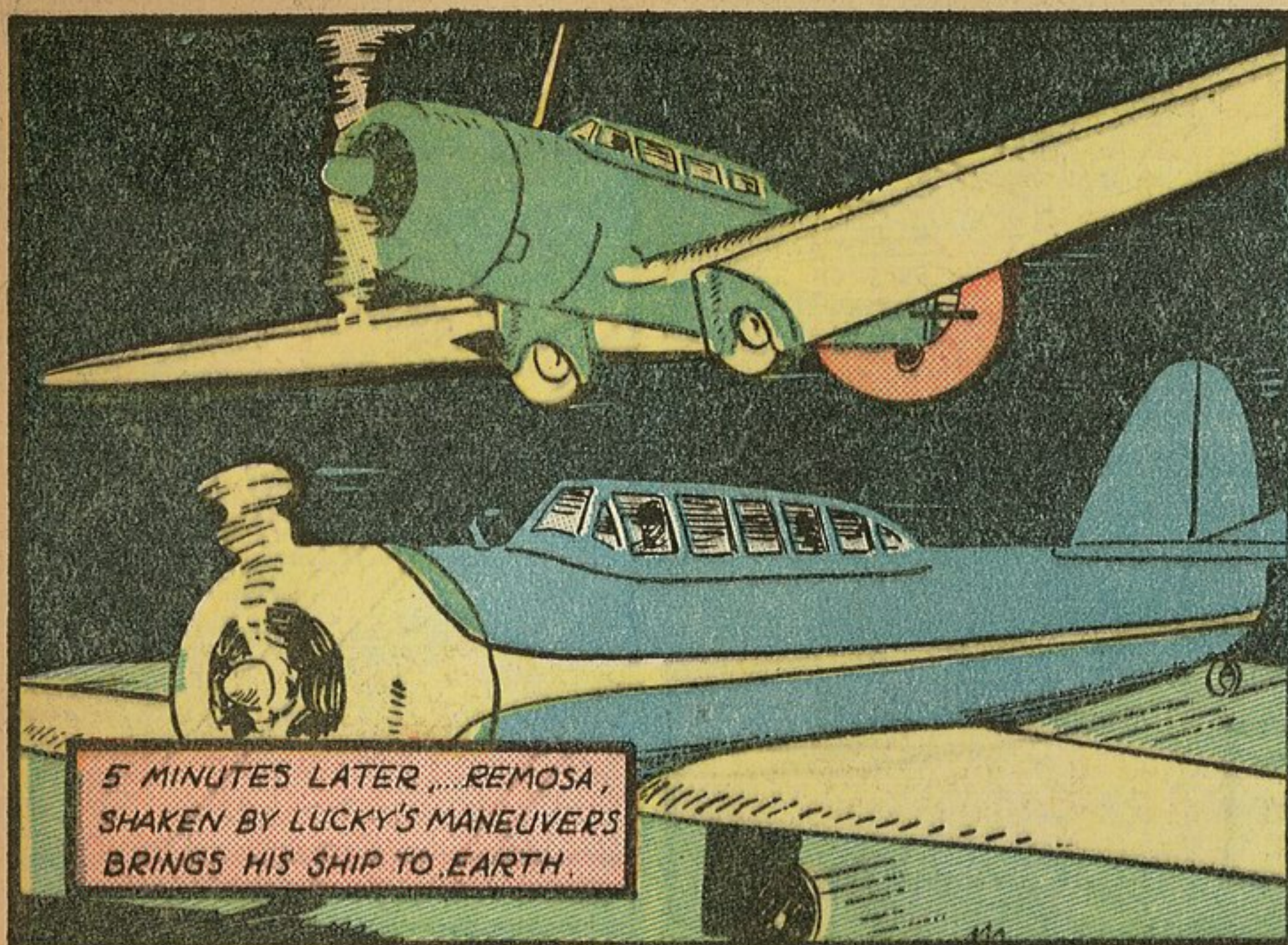
MEANWHILE LUCKY'S PLANE OVERTAKES THAT OF REMOSA.....

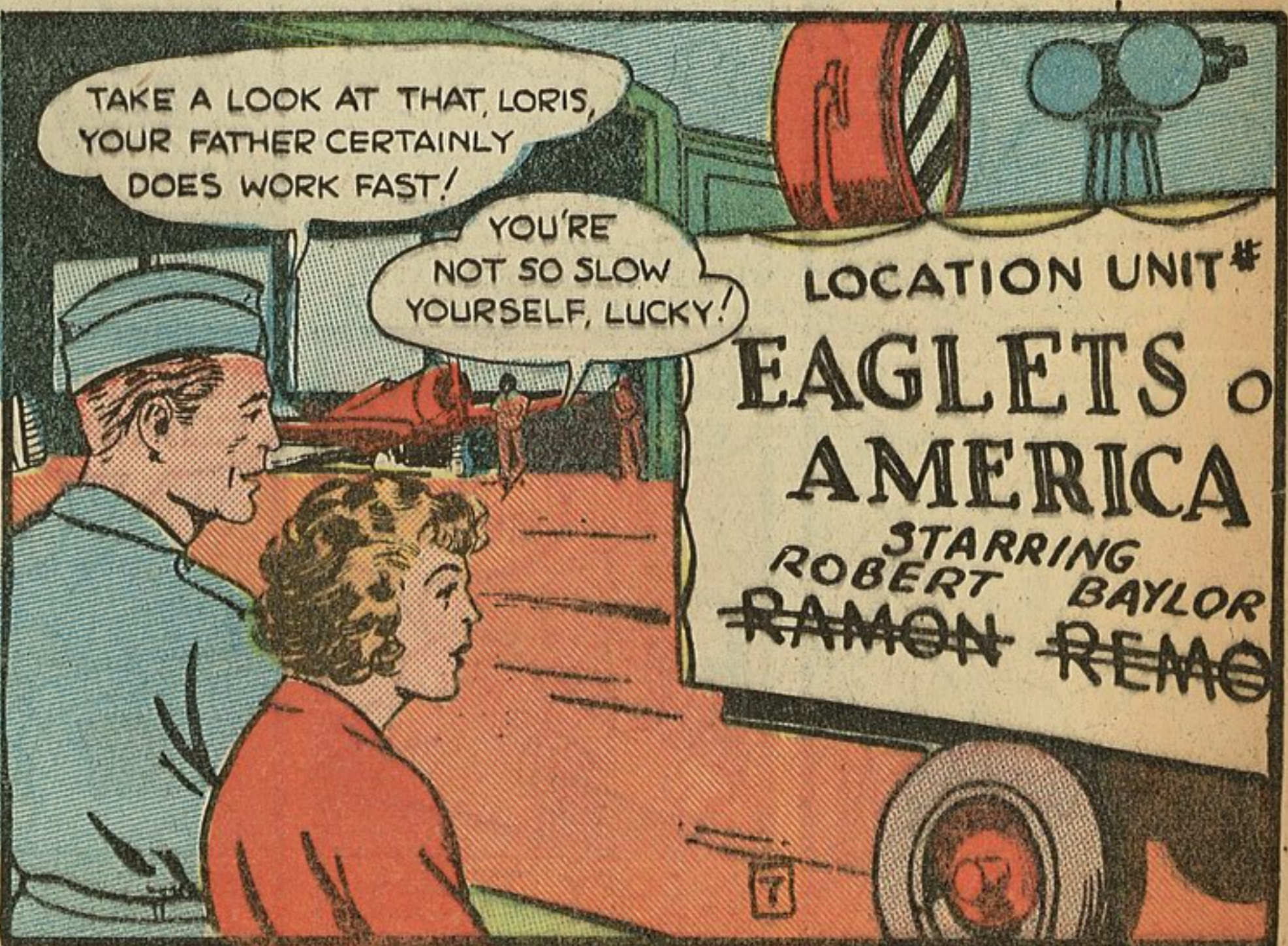
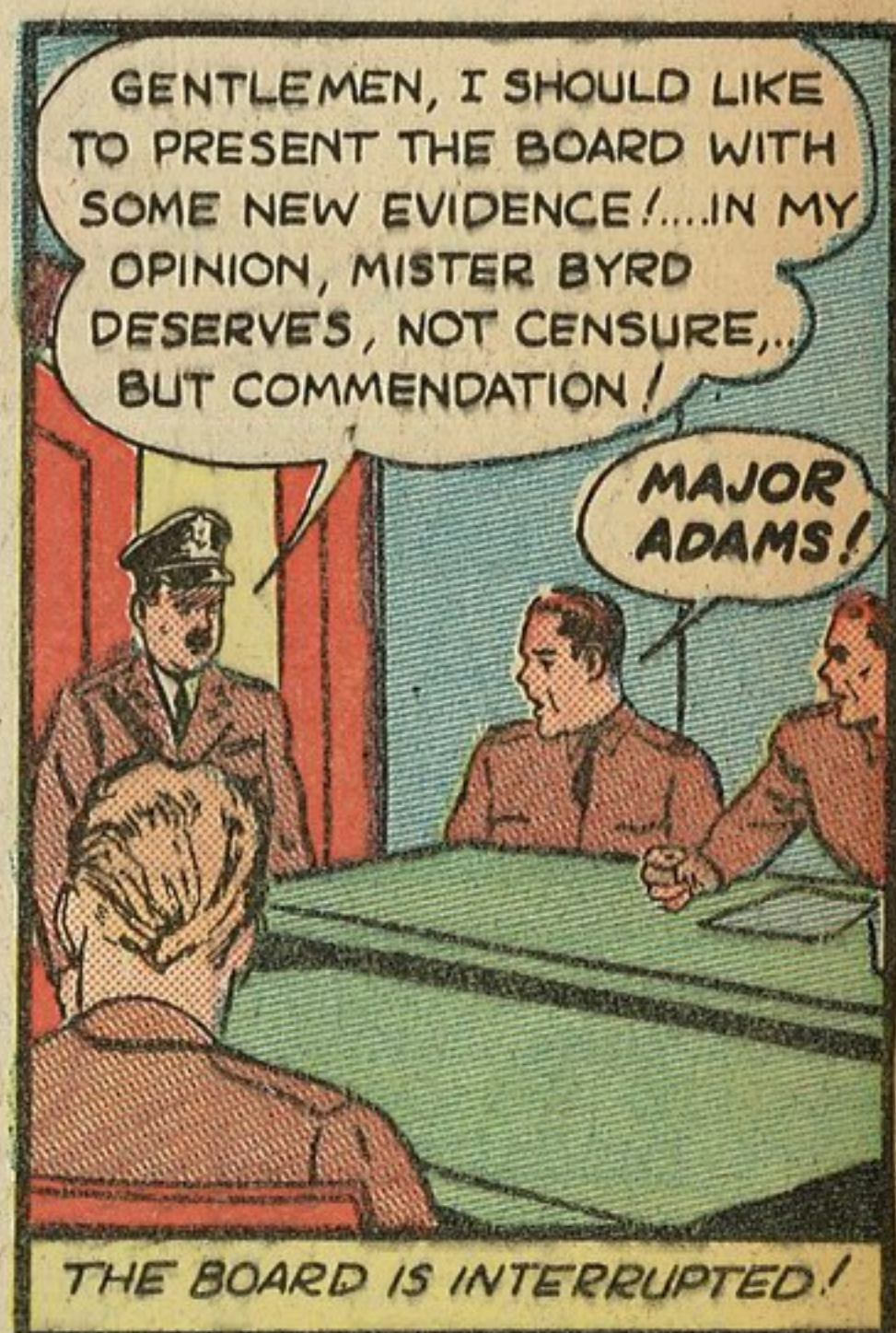
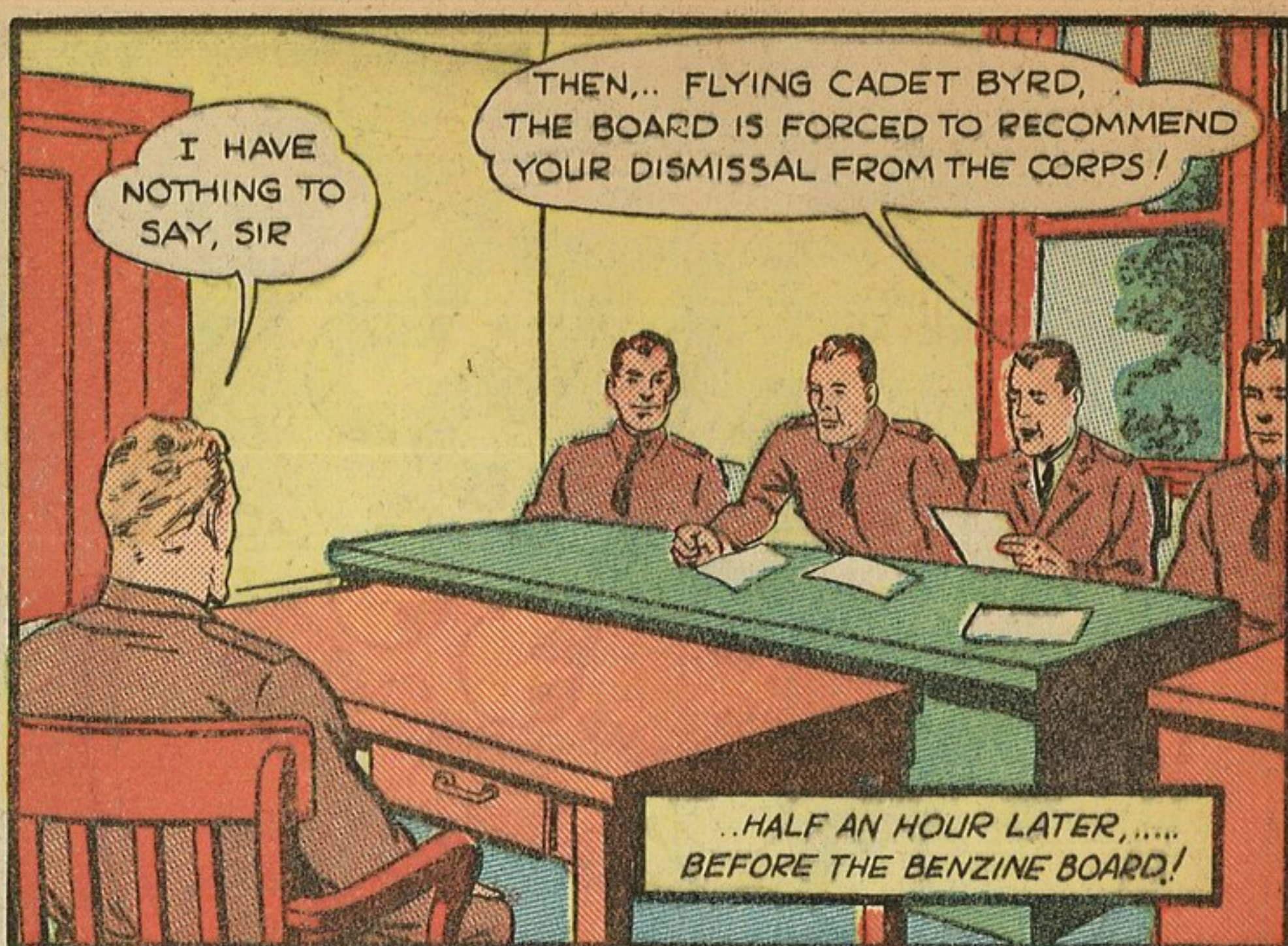
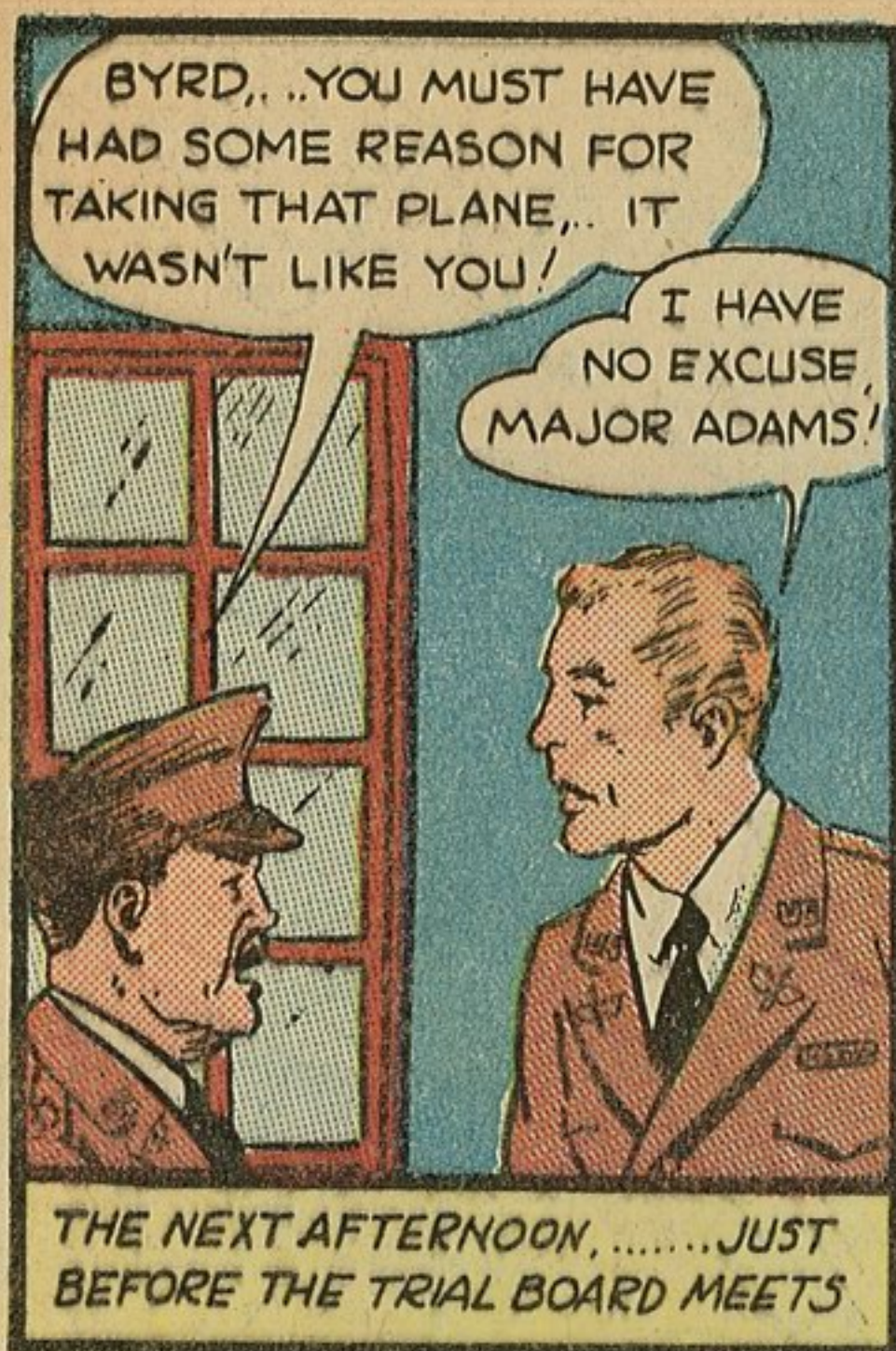


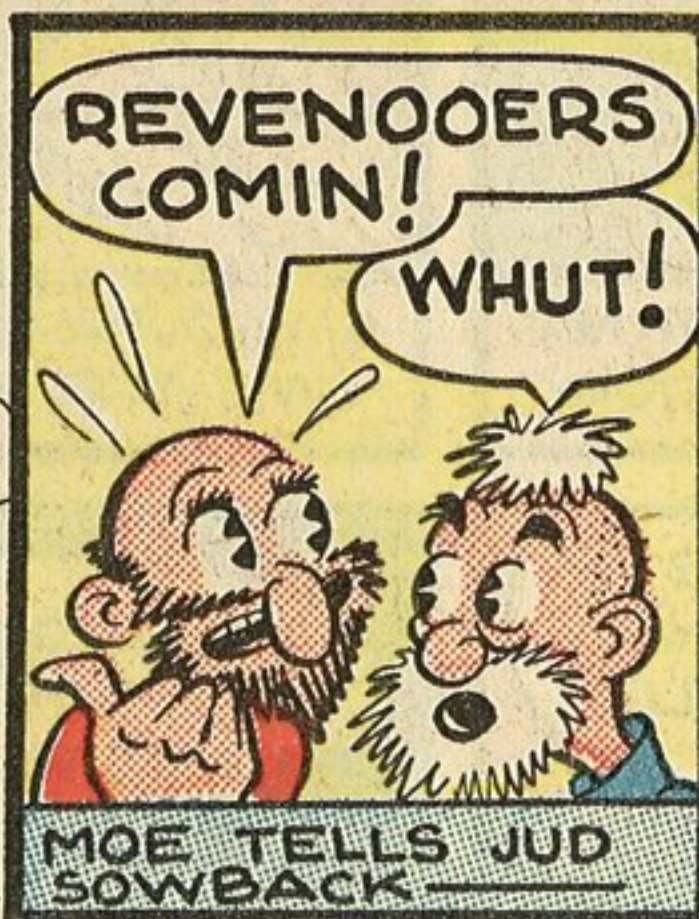
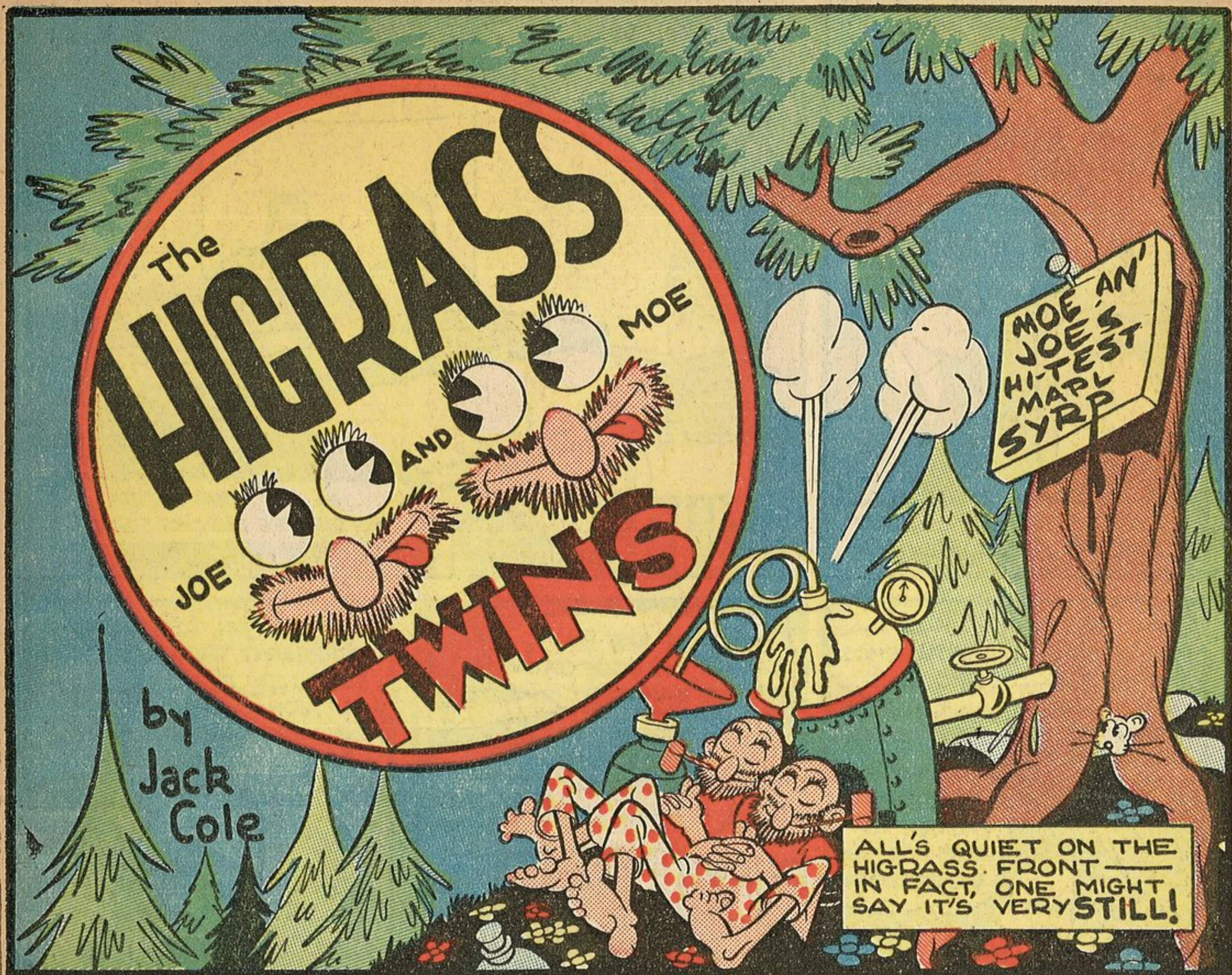
HOW'S THIS ONE, PRETTY BOY?

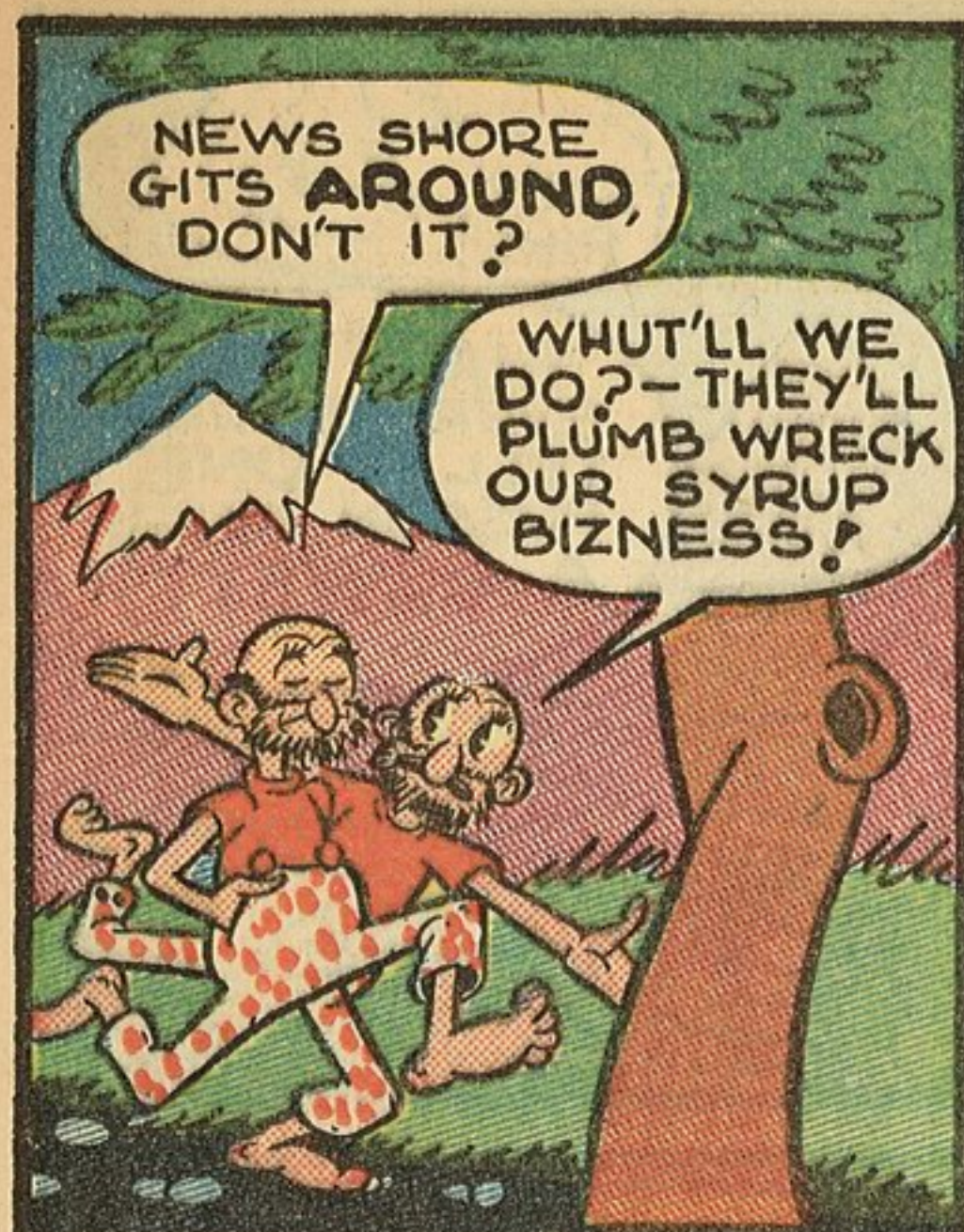
HEY!

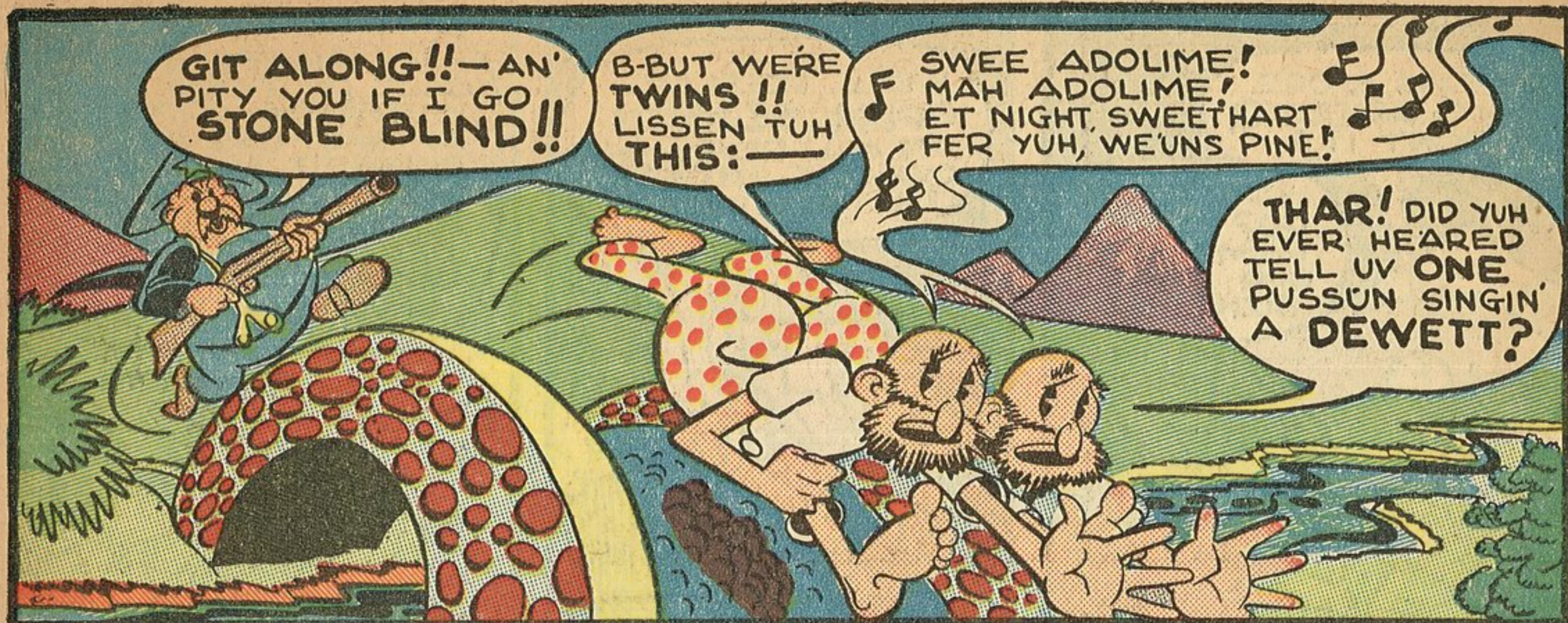
LUCKY DELIBERATELY SETS ABOUT FLYING REMOSA'S PLANE OUT OF THE AIR!

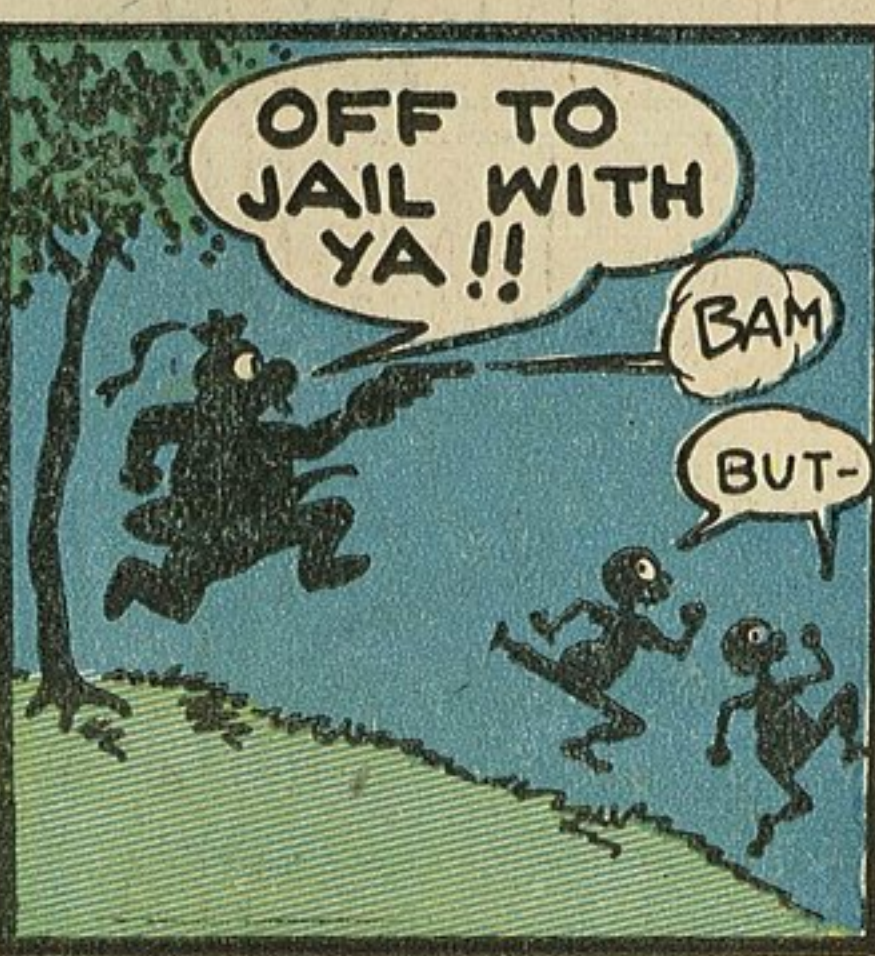
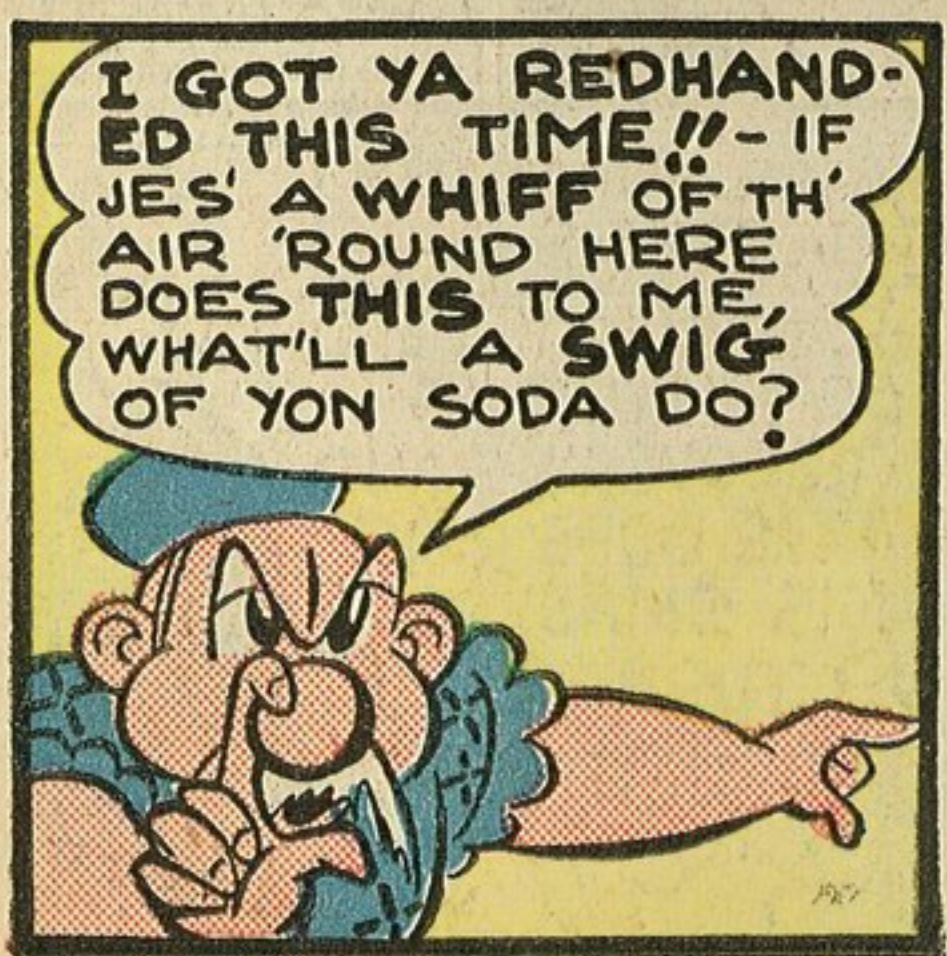
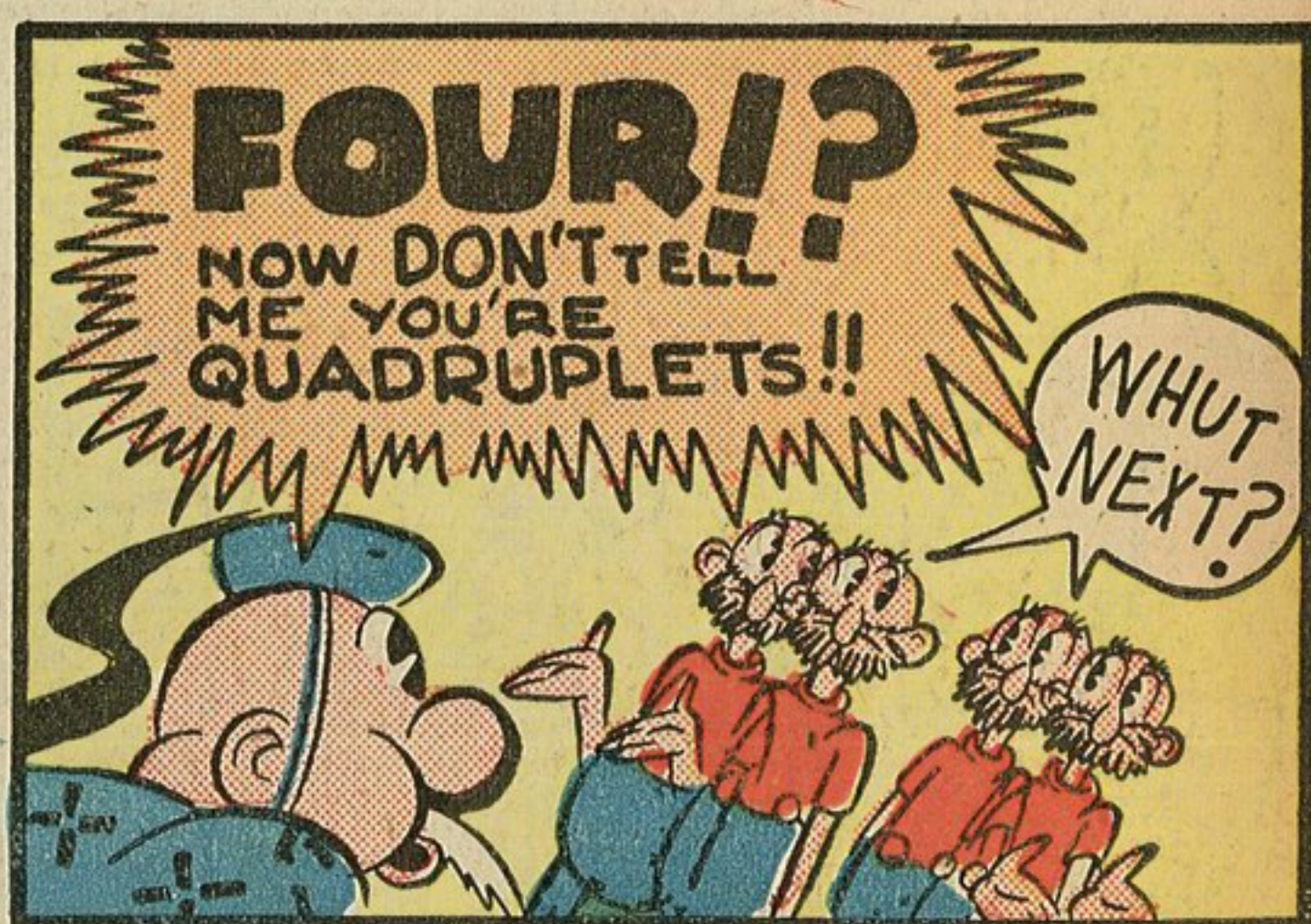
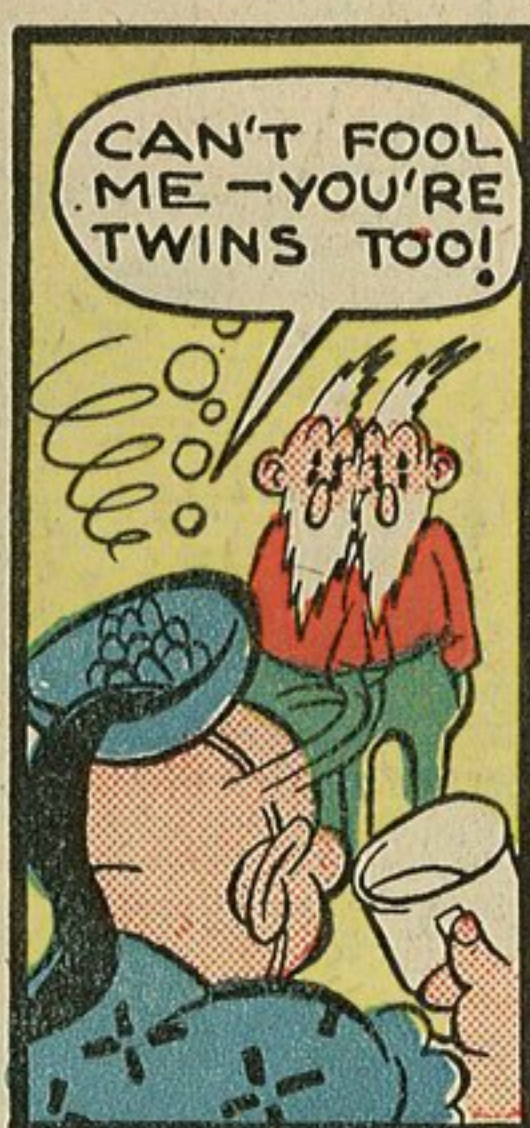
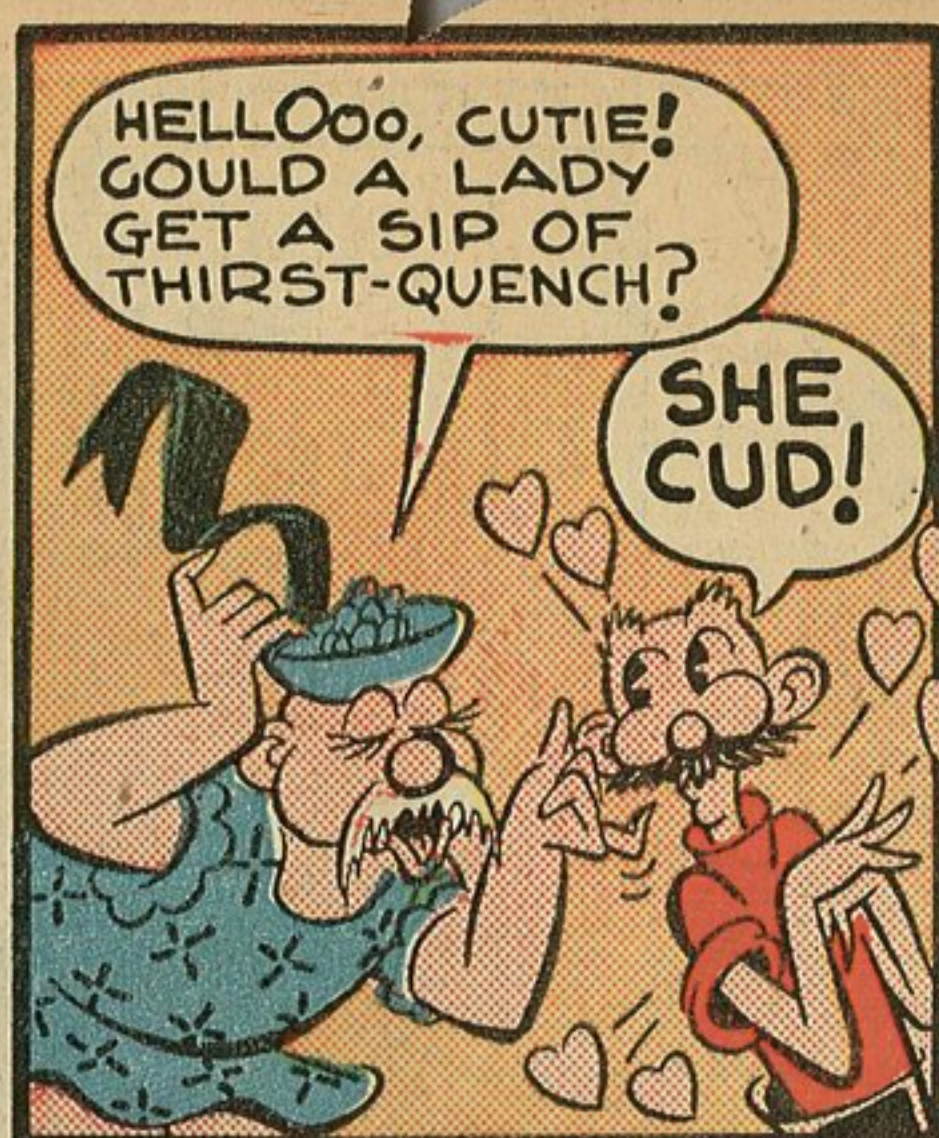












T-MEN

T-MAN TURNER
TANGLES IN A WEB OF
INTERNATIONAL SPIES
AND FINDS THAT ALL
'ACCIDENTAL HAPPENINGS'
ARE **NOT** ACCIDENTS

JOE SIMON

By E.F.
WEBSTER
FORMER
INSPECTOR
U.S. TREASURY
DEPT.

IN 'SABOTAGE'

AHA! WINGED YOU,
EH? THAT'LL TEACH
YOU NOT TO CROSS
ME!

NOW TO GET UP OUT
OF THIS SEWER! AH,
HERE'S A MANHOLE!

WHEN WE LEFT T-MAN TURNER
HE WAS TRAILING DR. BLACK
NARCOTIC KING, DOWN A
CITY SEWER....
INSPECTOR JORDAN
IS SHOT..

I DUCKED
THE T-MAN!

LATER, AT U.S. TREASURY
HEADQUARTERS.....

WELL, DR. BLACK IS DEAD,
INSPECTOR FOSTER IS
RECOVERING AND
THE DOPE RING
IS SMASHED,
TURNER..

LONG ISLAND

NOW, I WANT YOU TO CHECK ON ALL PRIVATELY OWNED PLANES ON LONG ISLAND....WE SUSPECT SABOTAGE IN THE RECENT FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS OF U.S. BATTLESHIPS. A MYSTERY PLANE HAS BEEN SEEN FLYING OUT TO SEA.. IT MAY HAVE SOME BEARING ON THE CASE..

MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDERWORLD HIDEOUT

LET HIM IN, GAZOR.. I RECOGNIZE HIM AS AN ATTACHE OF HIS GOVERNMENT

O.K. CHIEF.

I AM COUNT KARNA.. LAMENTABLE, THESE LATE DISASTERS, EH?!

THE UNITED STATES IS BUILDING TWO 45,000 TON BATTLESHIPS..ONE IS NEARLY COMPLETED.... MY GOVERNMENT WOULD NOT WANT TO SEE IT LAUNCHED, UNDERSTAND? I PAY WELL..

I HAVE A PLAN.. GET THE CAR, GAZOR

TAKE THE SIDE ROAD SO WE'LL AVOID THE TOWN..

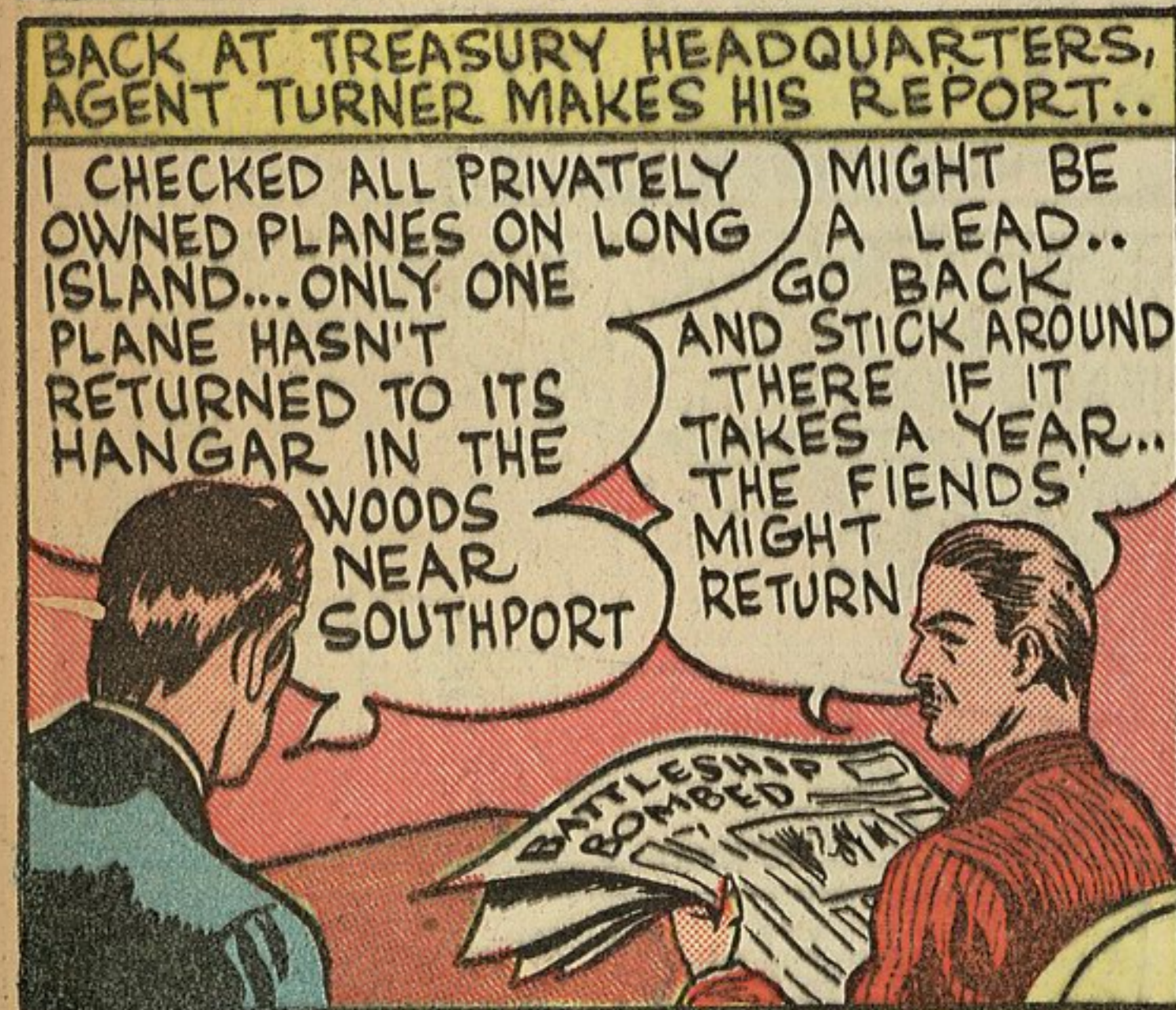
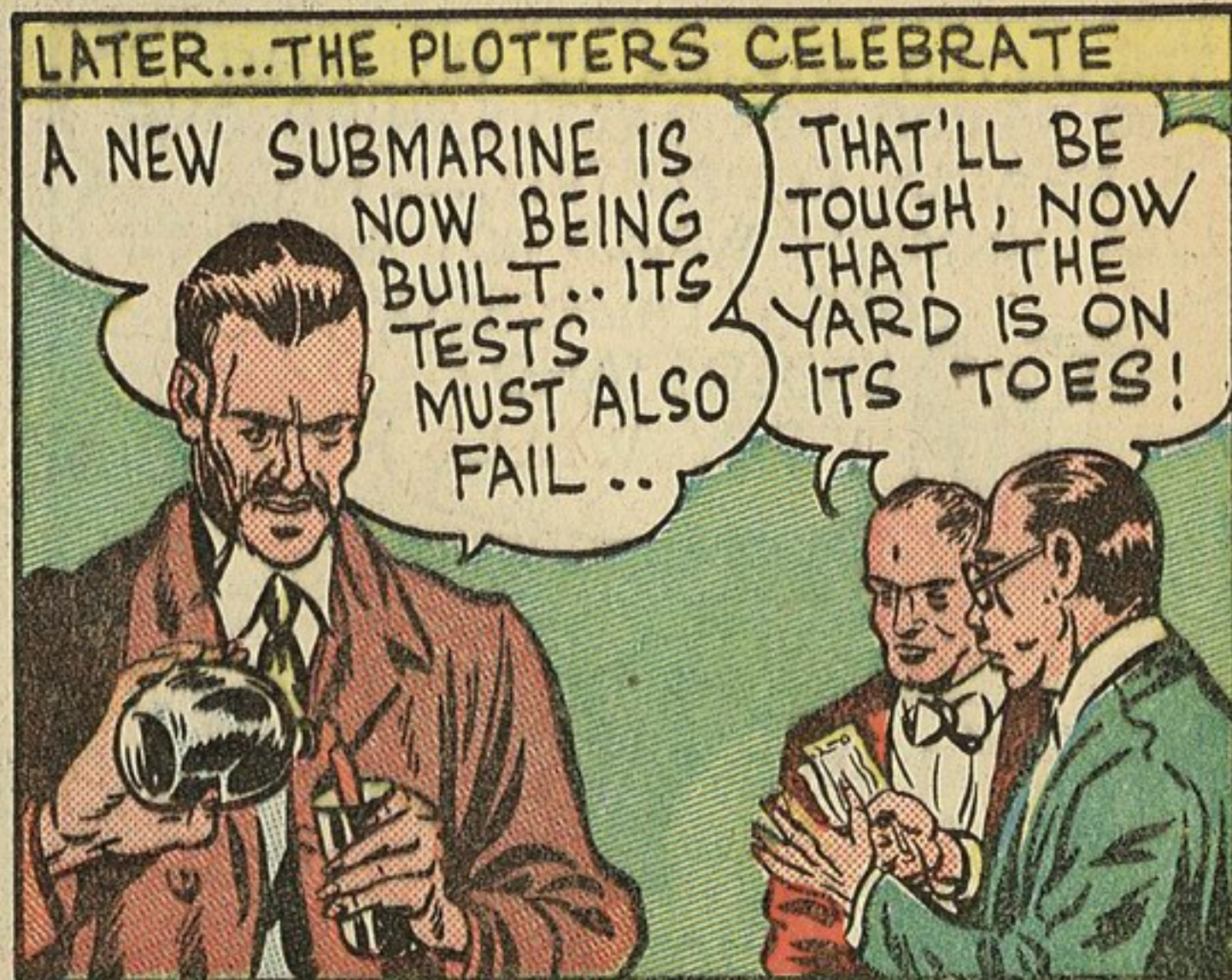
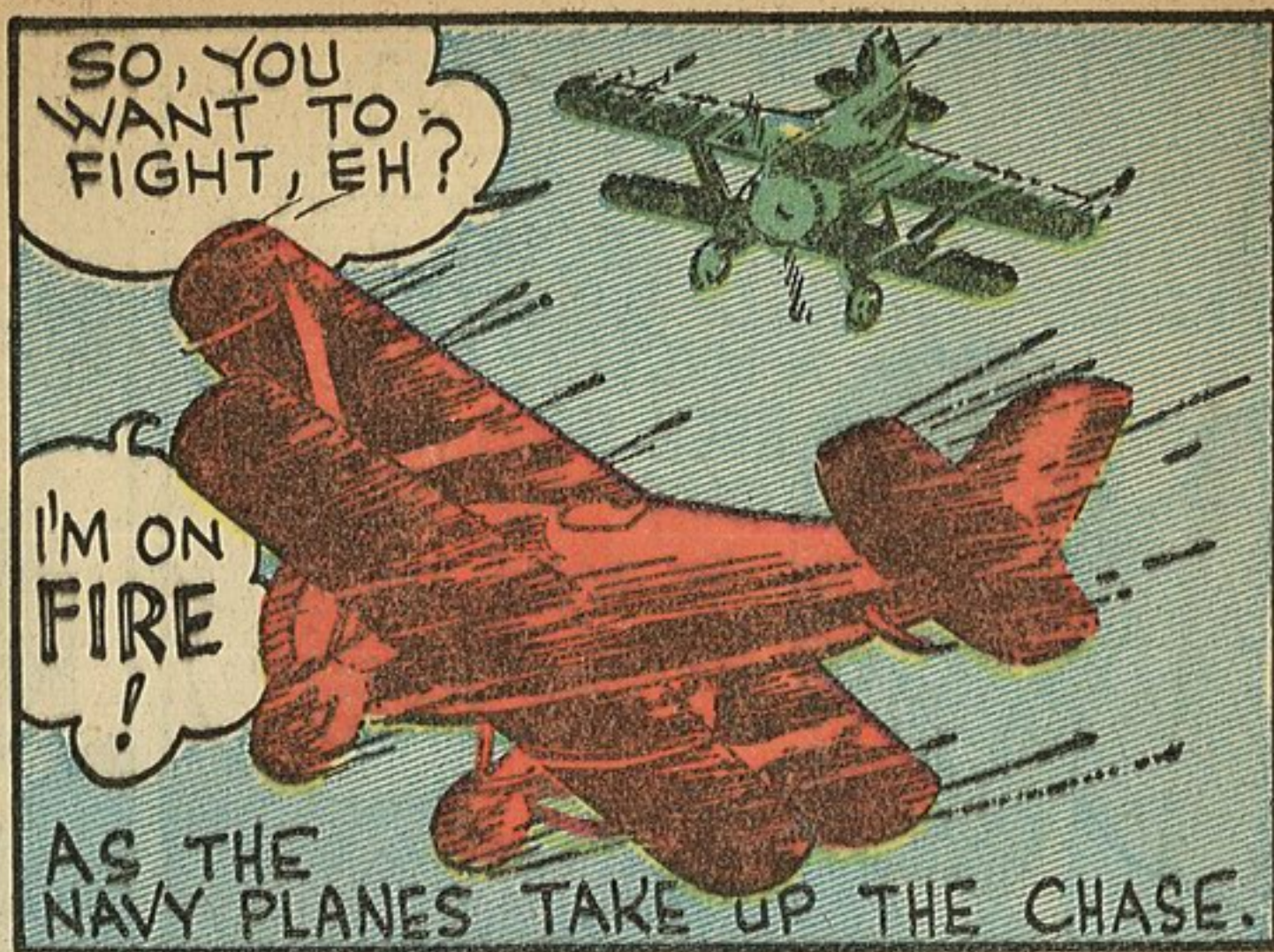
GET THE PLANE READY, NICOLA.. WE HAVE WORK FOR YOU..

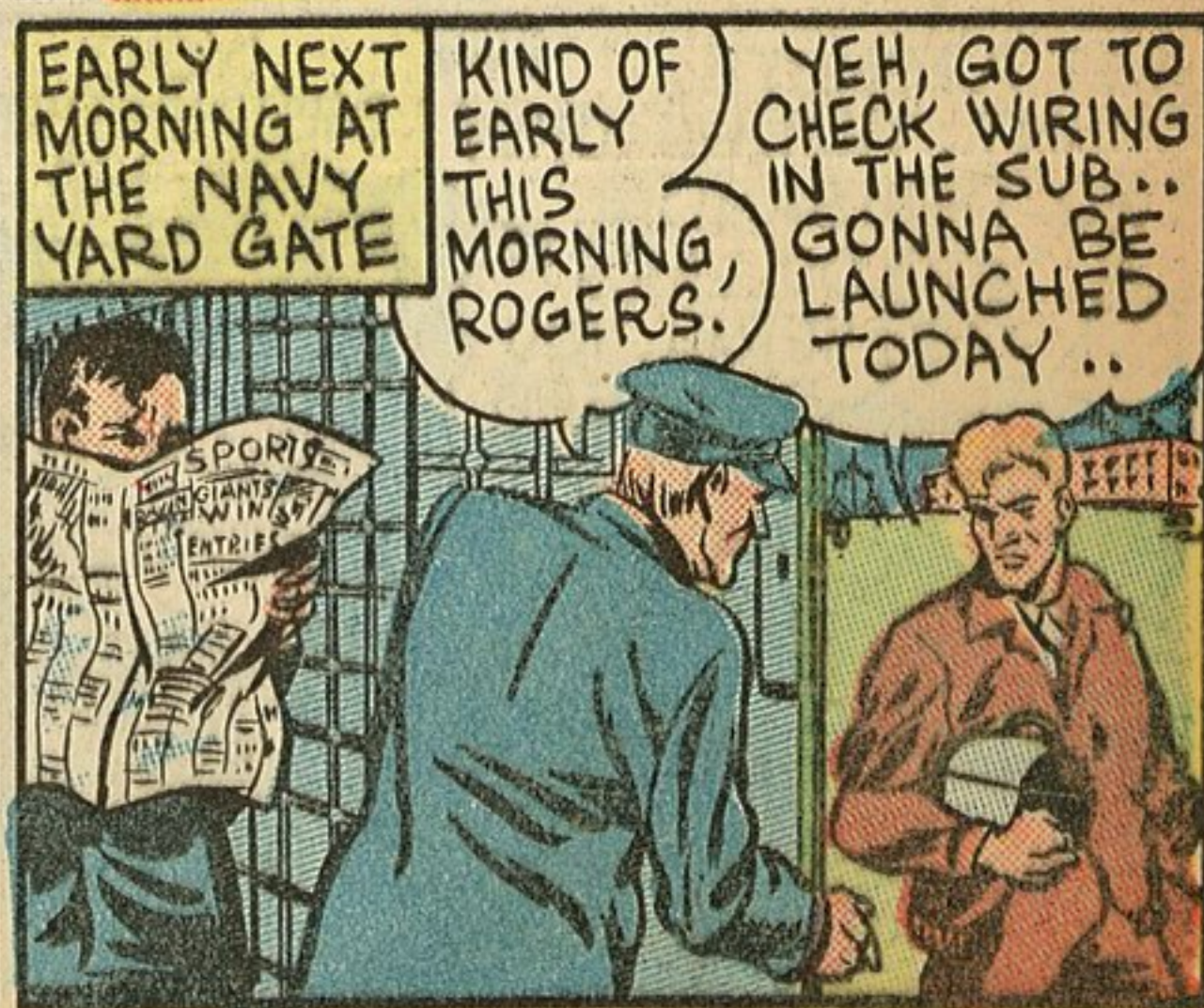
I WANT YOU TO FLY THE BOMBER OVER THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, BOMB THE NEW SHIP AND BEAT IT.. THEN THIS TEN GRAND IS YOURS..

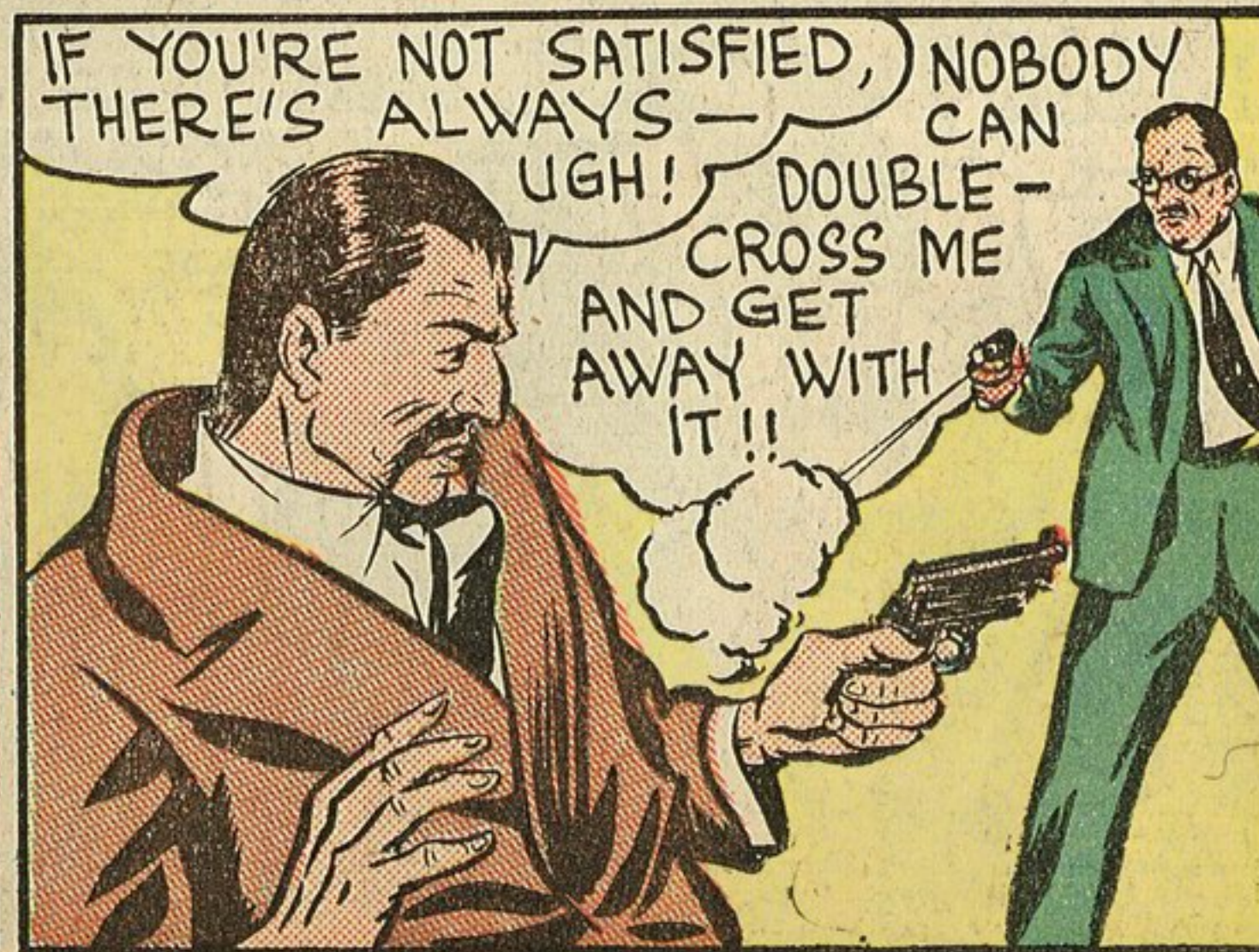
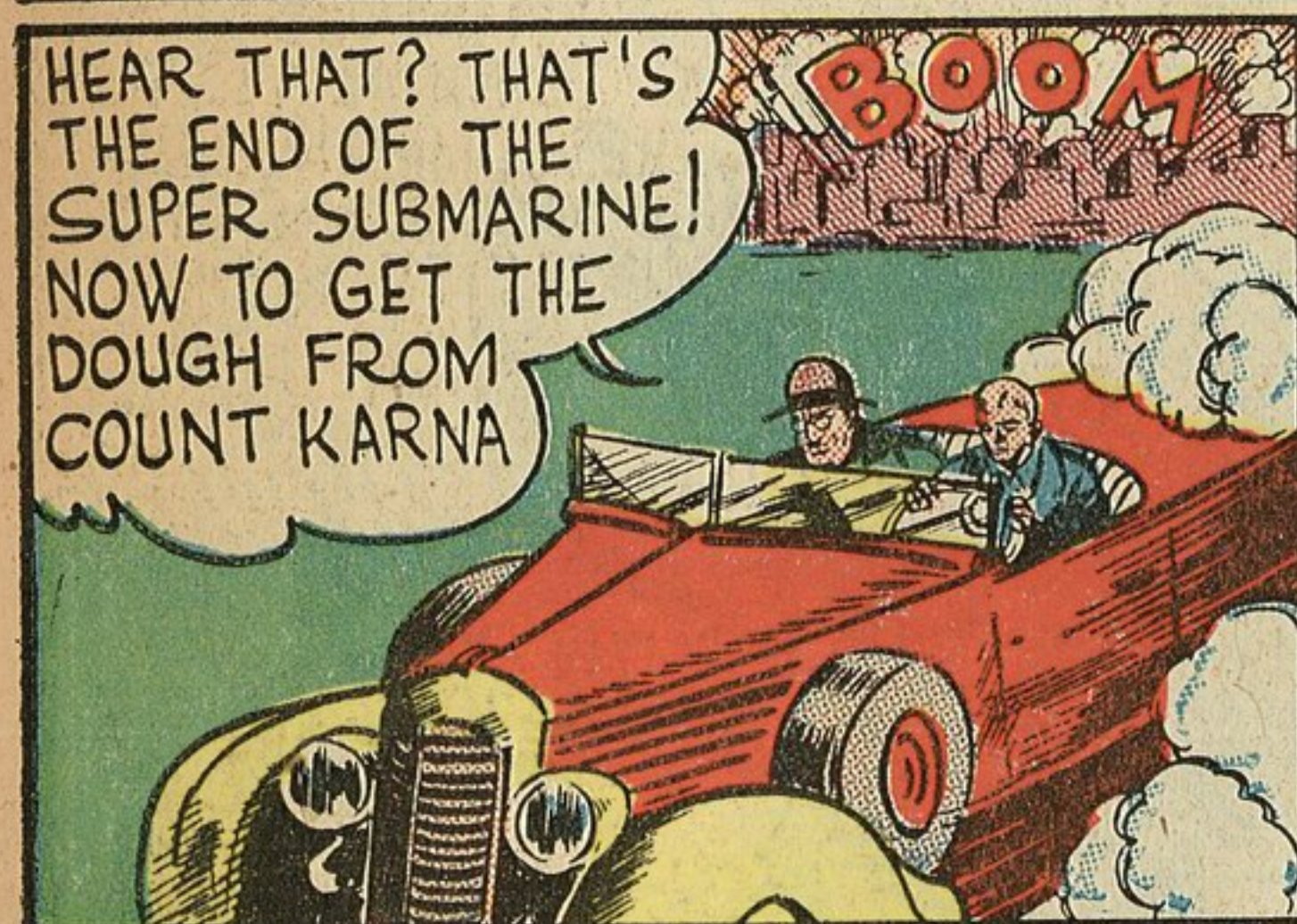
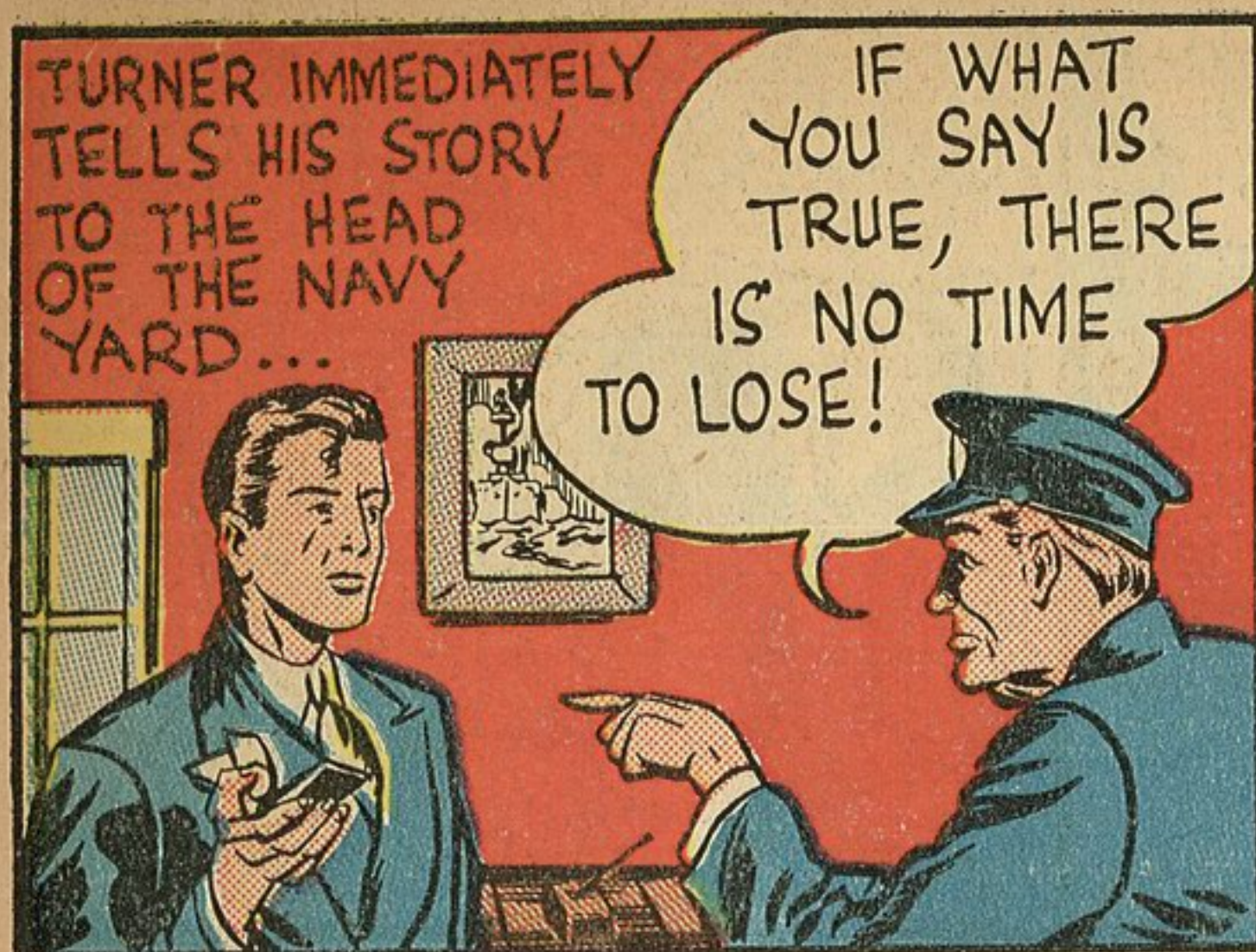
AT THE NAVY YARD, THE U.S.S. HAWAII NEARS COMPLETION

WELL, HERE GO MY PASSENGERS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION...WHEN I FINISH THIS JOB I'M QUITTING THE RACKET WHILE I STILL HAVE MY HEALTH!

DOWN BELOW, IN THE NAVY YARD..



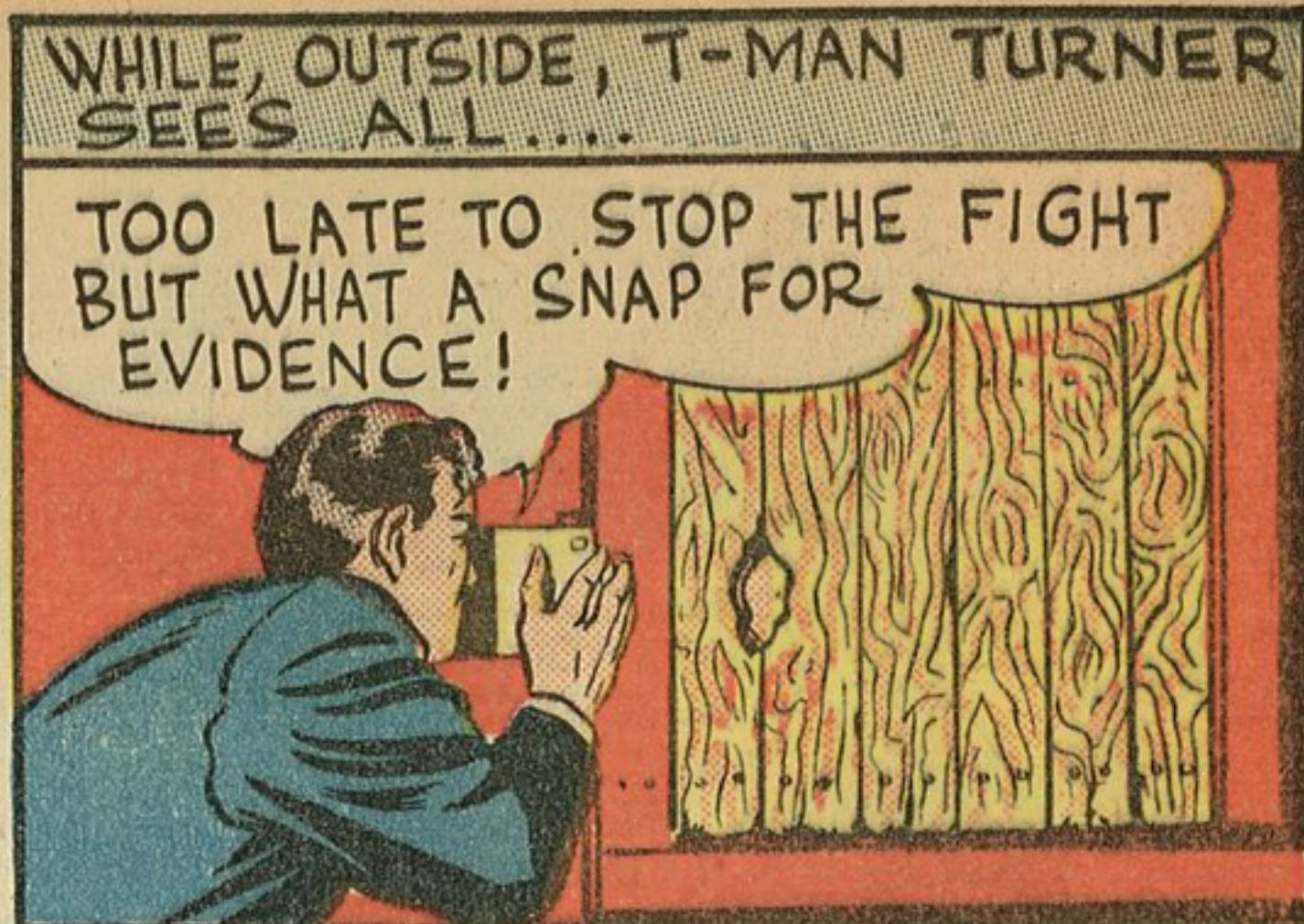






HE'S DEAD,
CHIEF!

ALL RIGHT..
TAKE HIS
MONEY AND
LET'S GET
OUT OF
HERE!



WHILE, OUTSIDE, T-MAN TURNER
SEES ALL....

TOO LATE TO STOP THE FIGHT
BUT WHAT A SNAP FOR
EVIDENCE!



STICK 'EM UP!
I'LL TAKE THAT
GUN!

WHO THE
BLAZES ARE YOU?

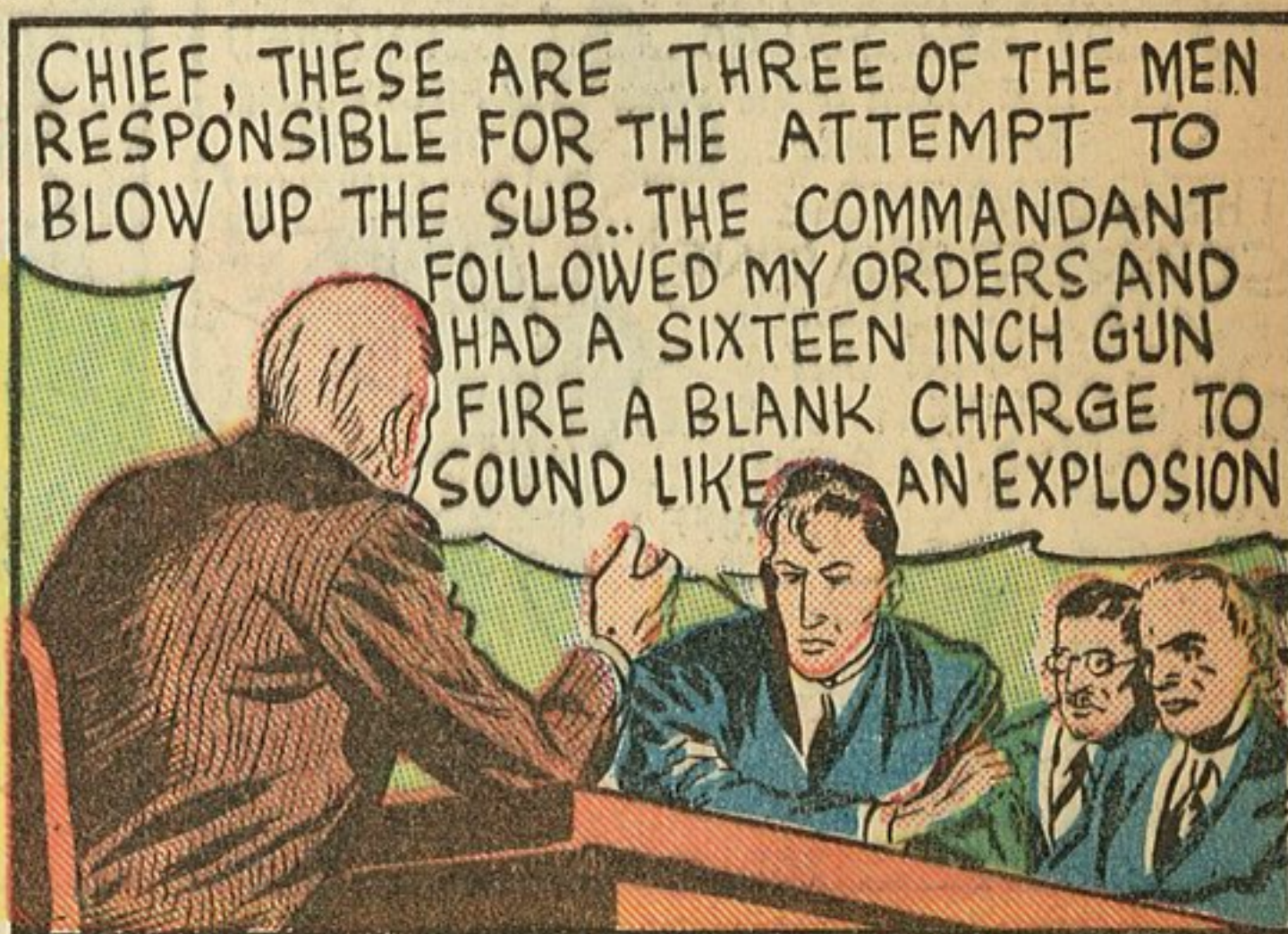


DROP IT! I'VE
GOT YA COV-UGH!

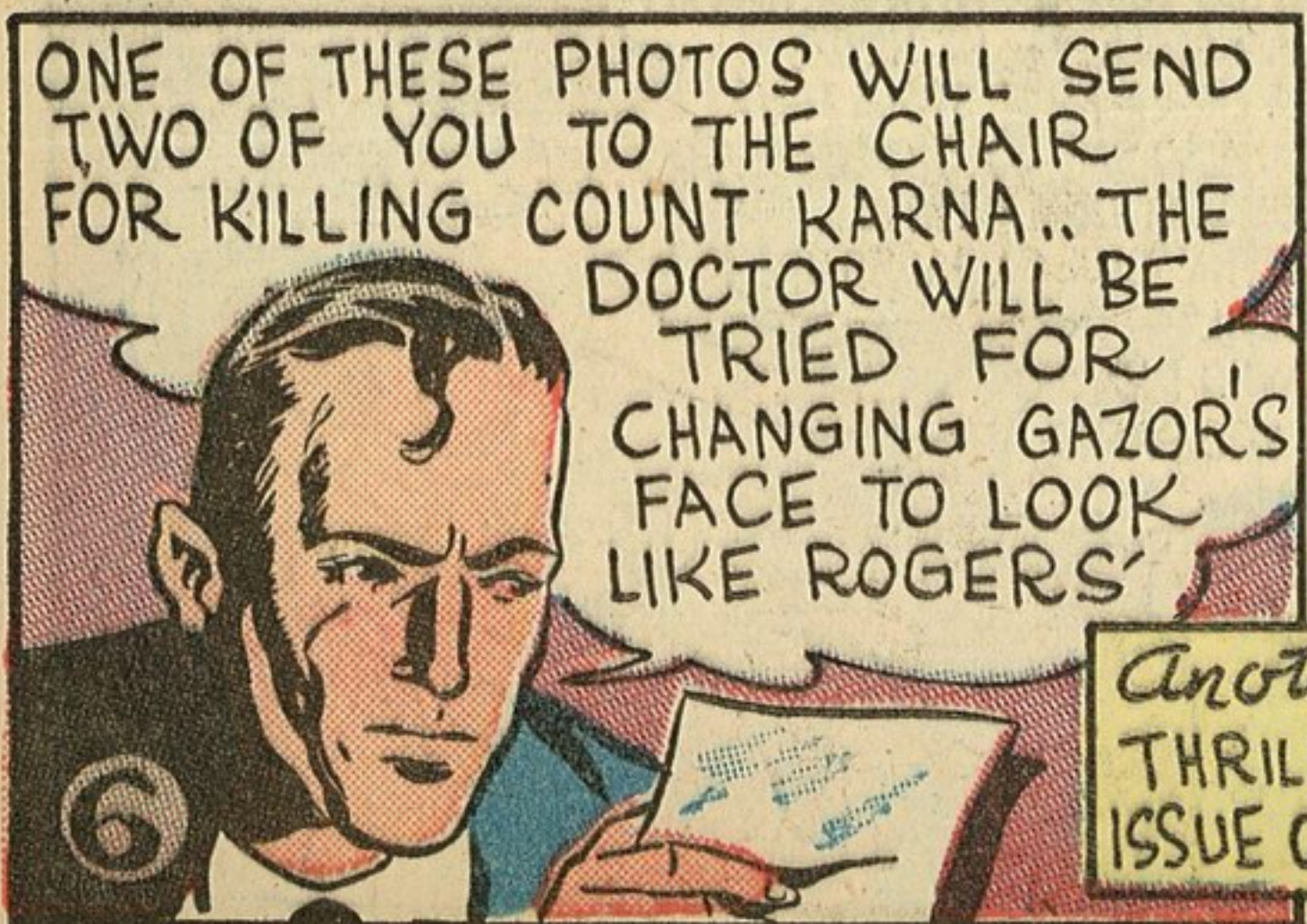
SO YOU
WANT TO
PLAY
ROUGH!



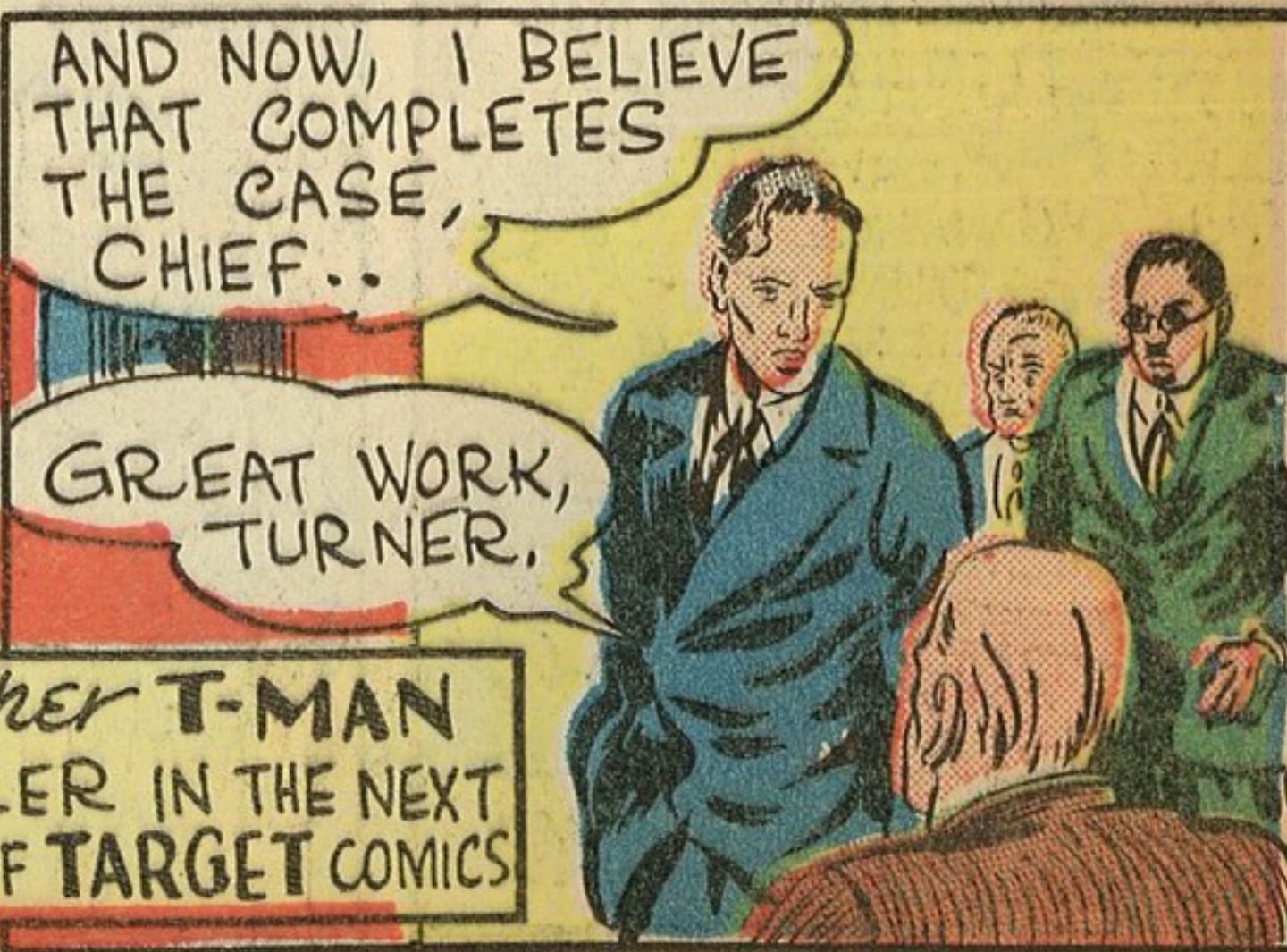
NOW GET INTO THAT CAR-
AND NO FUNNY
BUSINESS OR I'LL
GO TO WORK
ON YOU!



CHIEF, THESE ARE THREE OF THE MEN
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ATTEMPT TO
BLOW UP THE SUB..THE COMMANDANT
FOLLOWED MY ORDERS AND
HAD A SIXTEEN INCH GUN
FIRE A BLANK CHARGE TO
SOUND LIKE AN EXPLOSION



ONE OF THESE PHOTOS WILL SEND
TWO OF YOU TO THE CHAIR
FOR KILLING COUNT KARNA.. THE
DOCTOR WILL BE
TRIED FOR
CHANGING GAZOR'S
FACE TO LOOK
LIKE ROGERS'



AND NOW, I BELIEVE
THAT COMPLETES
THE CASE,
CHIEF..

GREAT WORK,
TURNER.

Another T-MAN
THRILLER IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS

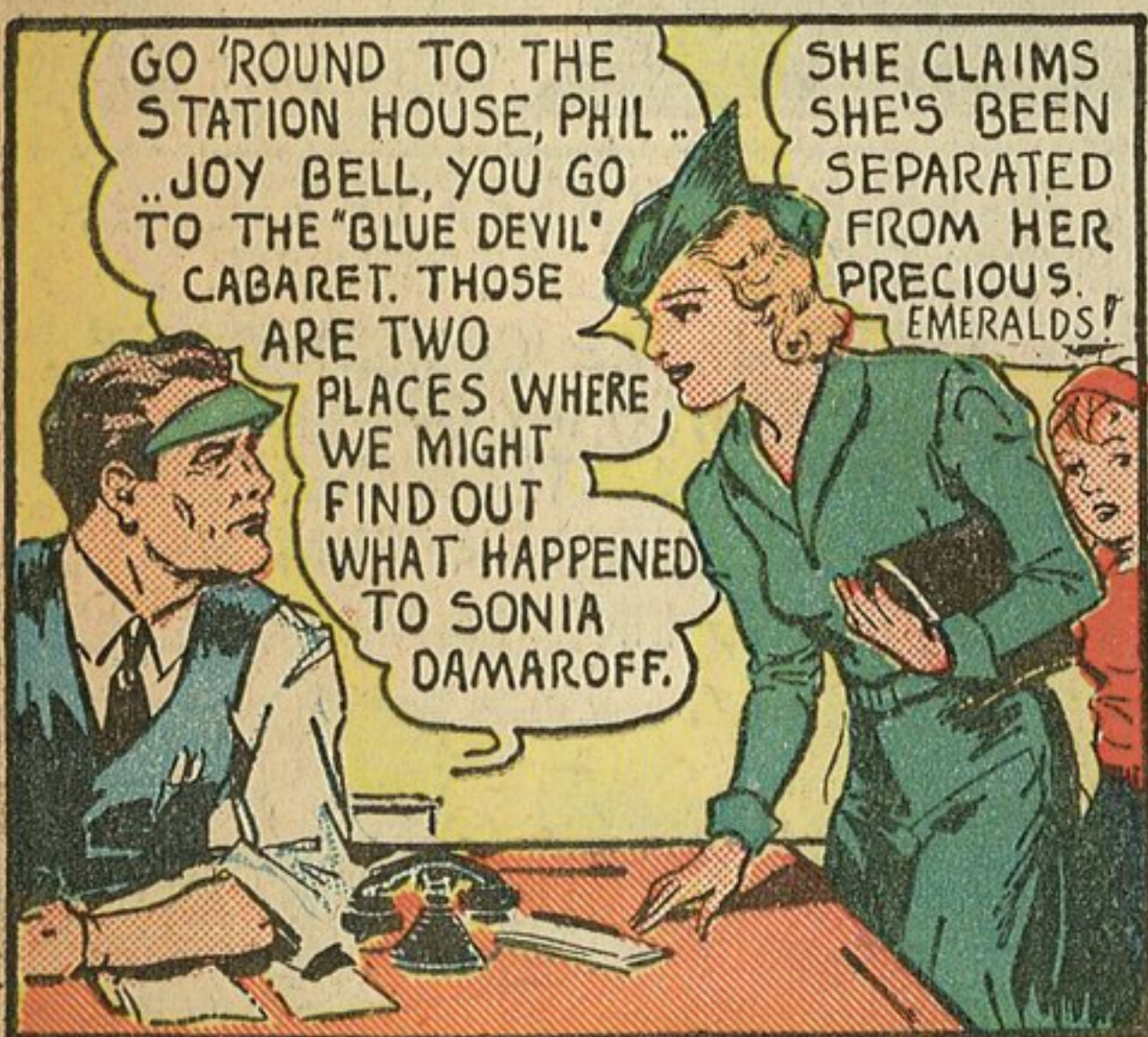
CITY EDITOR

By POTTER



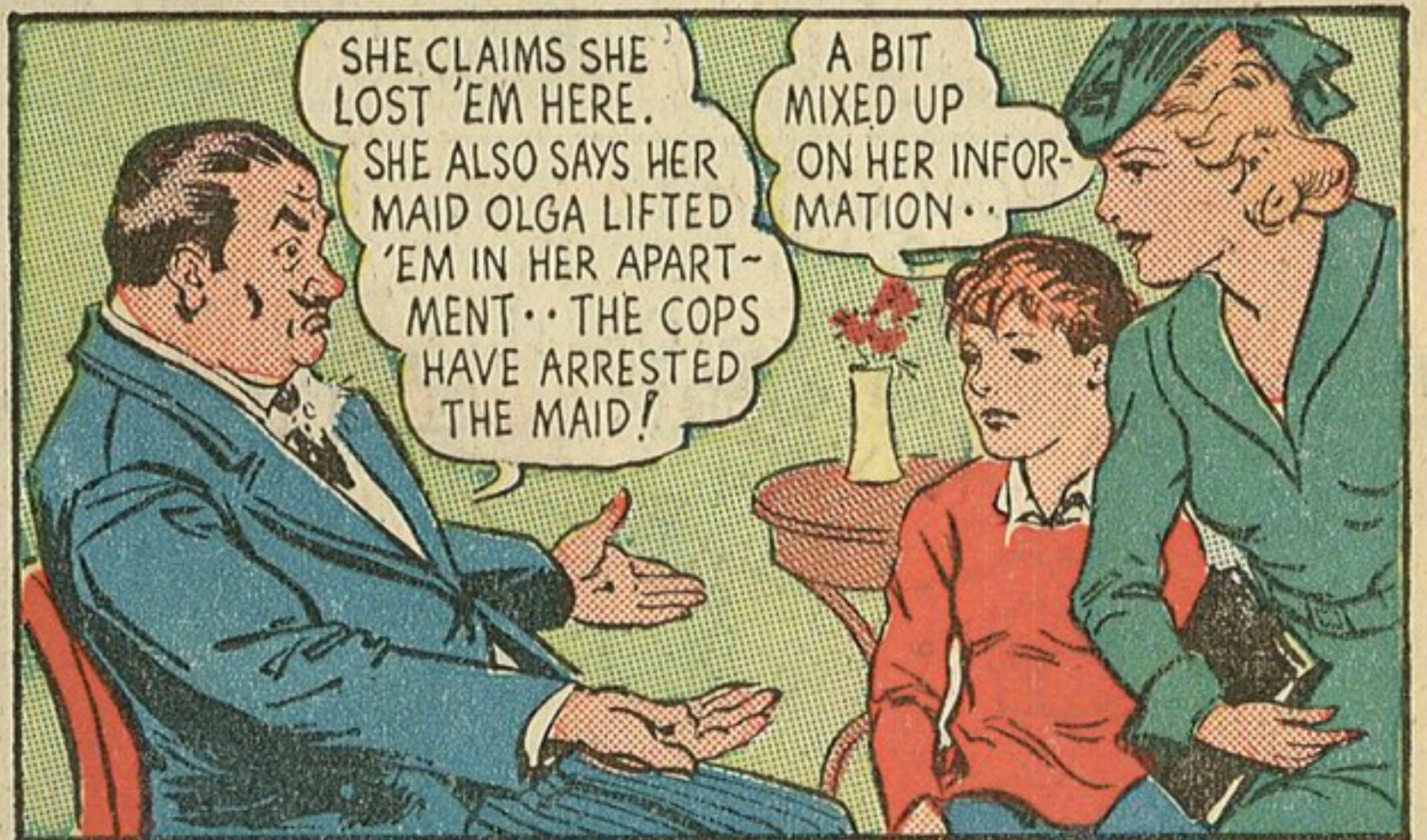
HERE'S A GOOD ONE - GIRL BITES POLICEMAN! WELL, SOME OF THEM ARE A BIT DOGGISH.

HOW COME, CHIEF? SOUNDS LIKE A STORY! OOOH! IT'S SONIA DAMAROFF'S MAID!



GO 'ROUND TO THE STATION HOUSE, PHIL... JOY BELL, YOU GO TO THE "BLUE DEVIL" CABARET. THOSE ARE TWO PLACES WHERE WE MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SONIA DAMAROFF.

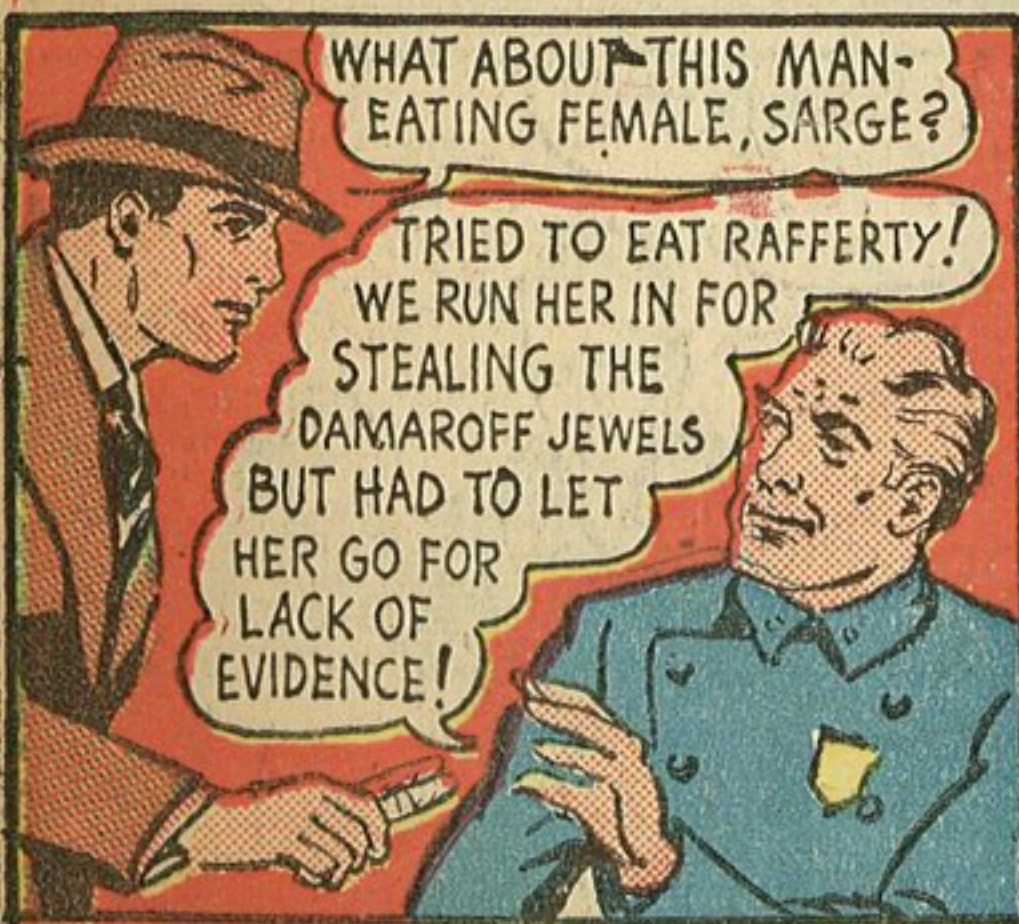
SHE CLAIMS SHE'S BEEN SEPARATED FROM HER PRECIOUS EMERALDS!



SHE CLAIMS SHE LOST 'EM HERE. SHE ALSO SAYS HER MAID OLGA LIFTED 'EM IN HER APARTMENT... THE COPS HAVE ARRESTED THE MAID!

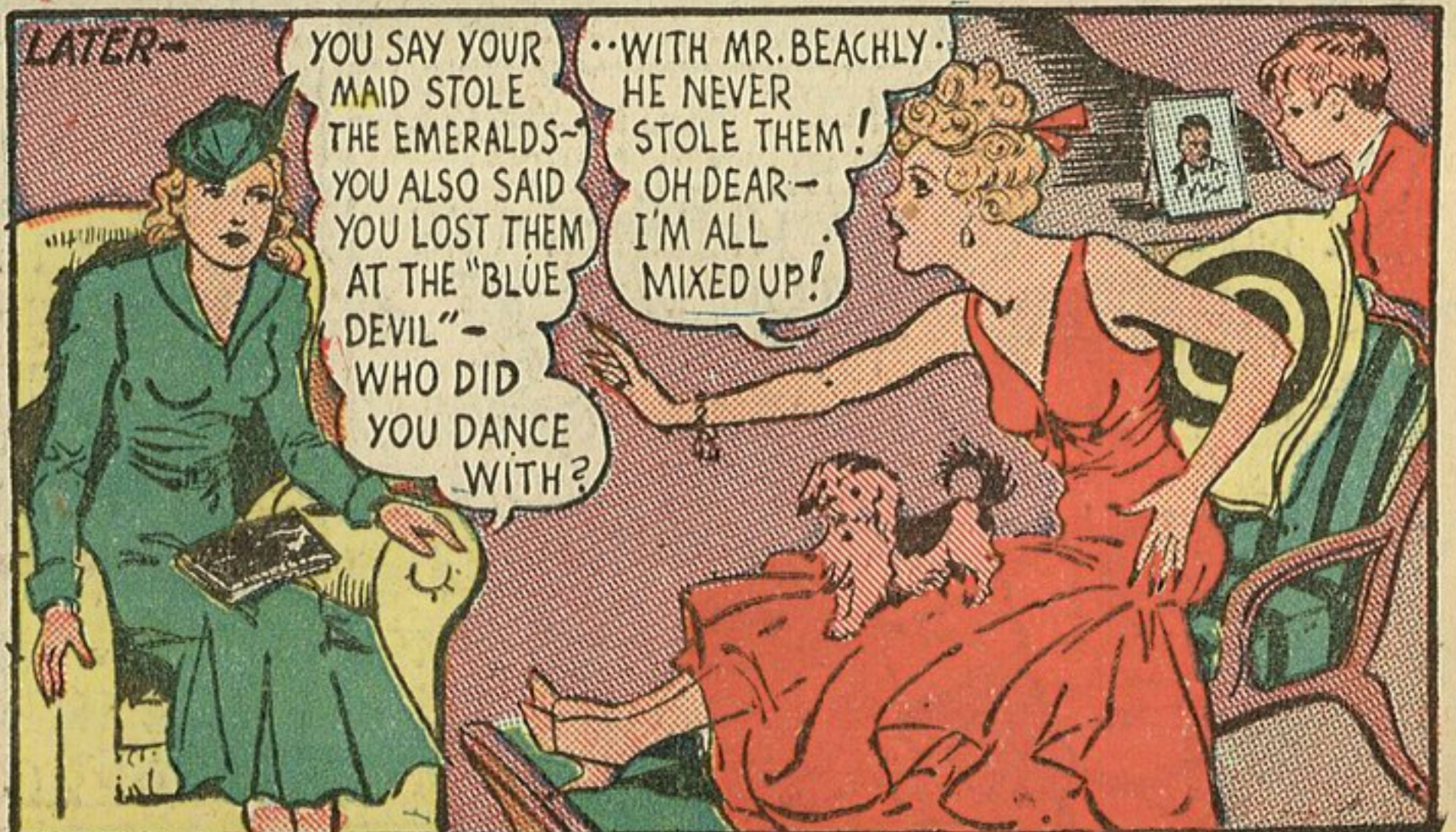
A BIT MIXED UP ON HER INFORMATION...

AT THE "BLUE DEVIL", JOY SEES THE MANAGER...



WHAT ABOUT THIS MAN-EATING FEMALE, SARGE?

TRIED TO EAT RAFFERTY! WE RUN HER IN FOR STEALING THE DAMAROFF JEWELS BUT HAD TO LET HER GO FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!

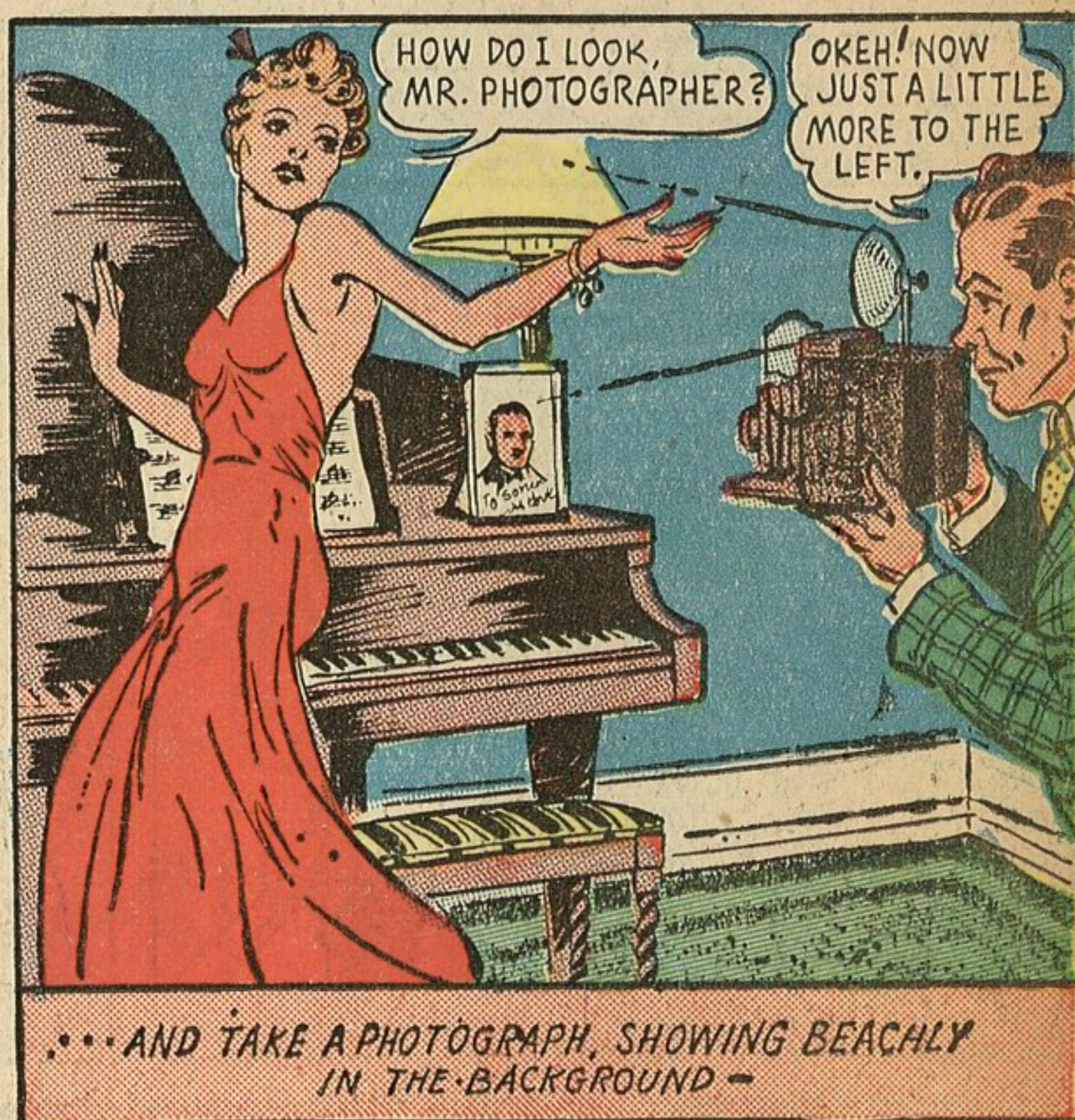


LATER-

YOU SAY YOUR MAID STOLE THE EMERALDS - YOU ALSO SAID YOU LOST THEM AT THE "BLUE DEVIL" - WHO DID YOU DANCE WITH?

...WITH MR. BEACHLY - HE NEVER STOLE THEM! OH DEAR - I'M ALL MIXED UP!

MEANWHILE - AT THE POLICE STATION, PHIL QUESTIONS THE DESK SERGEANT...





PRECINCT POLICE STATION

GUESS THE NEXT THREAD
IN THE MYSTERY IS THE
"BLUE DEVIL."

O.K.—LET'S
GO THERE!



THAT'S BEACHLY,
THE FELLOW IN
THE PHOTO!

I
WONDER
WHO SHE
IS!

THE
BLUE
DEVIL



LET'S FOLLOW
THEM CAREFULLY

THEY
ARE GOING
DOWN-
TOWN.



SCHMIDT GARAGE

O.K.,
OLGA.

THIS IS AS FAR
AS WE GO
WE BETTER
KEEP AN EYE ON
THIS PLACE.

I JUST HEARD
HIM CALL HER
OLGA. THAT'S
THE MAID'S
NAME, ISN'T
IT, PHIL?



GEE! I WISH
SOMETHING
WOULD HAPPEN-
IT'S GETTIN'
KINDA COOL
HERE.



IT'S TIME THAT POOR
KID WAS RELIEVED-
HE'S BEEN HERE
FOR HOURS!

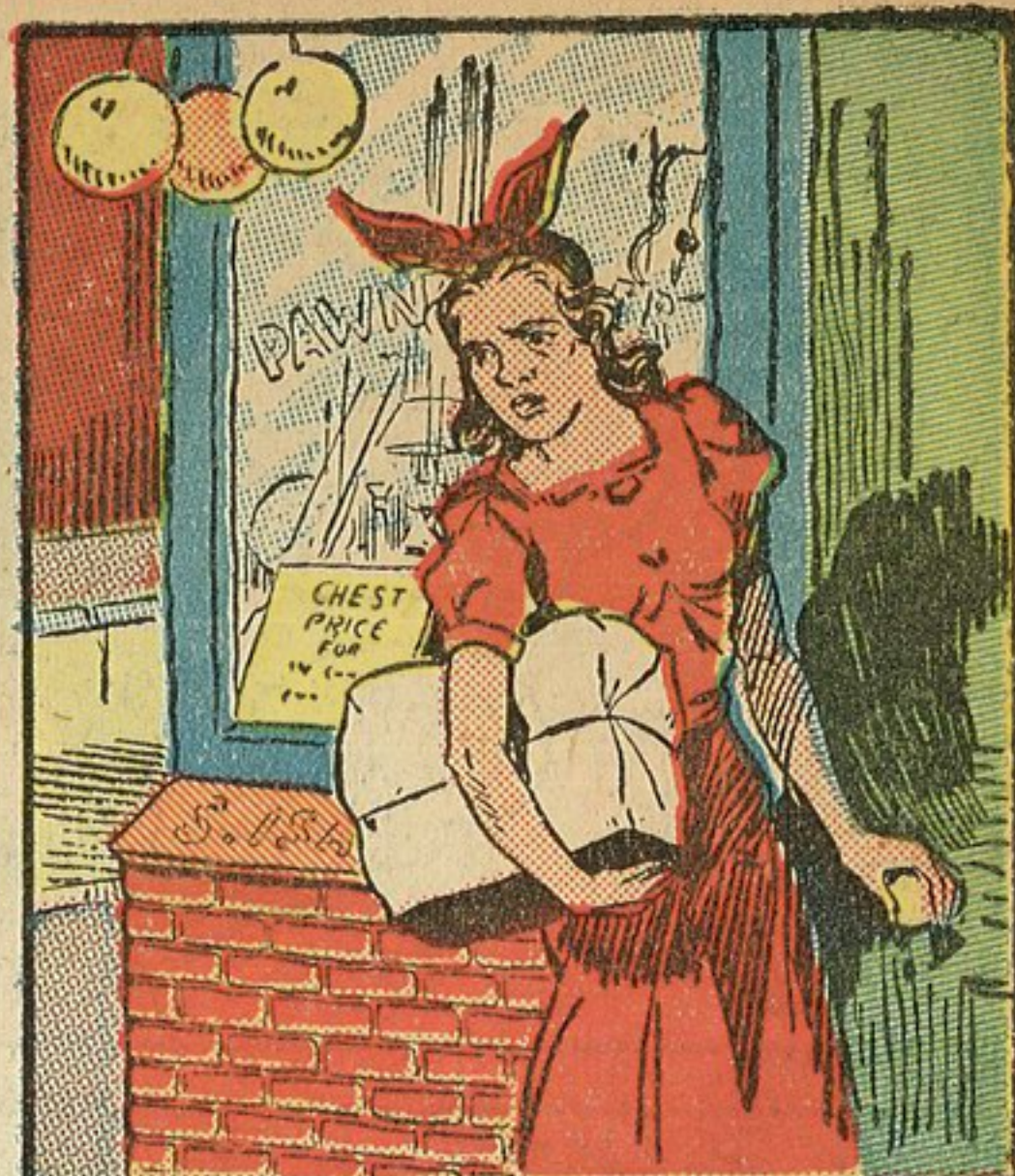
REPORTERS
NEVER GET
SLEEPY~ I'D
LIKE TO
HELP NAB
THAT THIEF!

PHIL TELLS PINKY TO WATCH THE HOUSE,
BEACHLY AND OLGA ENTERED... NIGHT COMES~

THAT NIGHT, JOY BELL COMES TO
RELIEVE PINKY...



A WOMAN COMES QUICKLY OUT OF THE BASEMENT ENTRANCE, CARRYING A PARCEL.~JOY AND PINKY FOLLOW HER.....



TO A PAWN SHOP~BUT SHE ACCIDENTALLY SEES THEM AND DOES NOT GO IN. SHE RACES AWAY AROUND A CORNER.



LATER- THE WOMAN JUMPS OUT OF A DARK SHADOW AND ATTEMPTS TO STRIKE JOY WITH A BLACK-JACK



BUT PINKY TAKES A FLYING LEAP AND HANGS, A DEAD WEIGHT, ON HER ARM.







WELL, GENTLEMEN -
IS THIS THE WAY
TO VISIT A LADY?

RUSHING INTO A LIGHTED ROOM, WHERE THE
POLICE ARE THREATENED WITH AN AUTOMATIC!



NO LADY PLAYS
WITH THAT KIND
OF A TOY!

BUT DONOVAN SENDS THE WEAPON SPINNING!



THERE THEY ARE
SERGEANT~ALL
TIED UP FOR YOU.
BOTH OF
'EM!

O.K. RAFFERTY~
TAKE THEM AWAY.
WE'LL HAVE
TO FIND THE
JEWELS!

THE THIEVES ARE ROUNDED UP - BUT WHERE
ARE THE JEWELS?



GEE, PHIL!
THIS LOOKS
LIKE 'EM!

I'LL SAY
IT DOES,
BOY!

PINKY FINDS THEM, HIDDEN
IN A GOLF BAG.



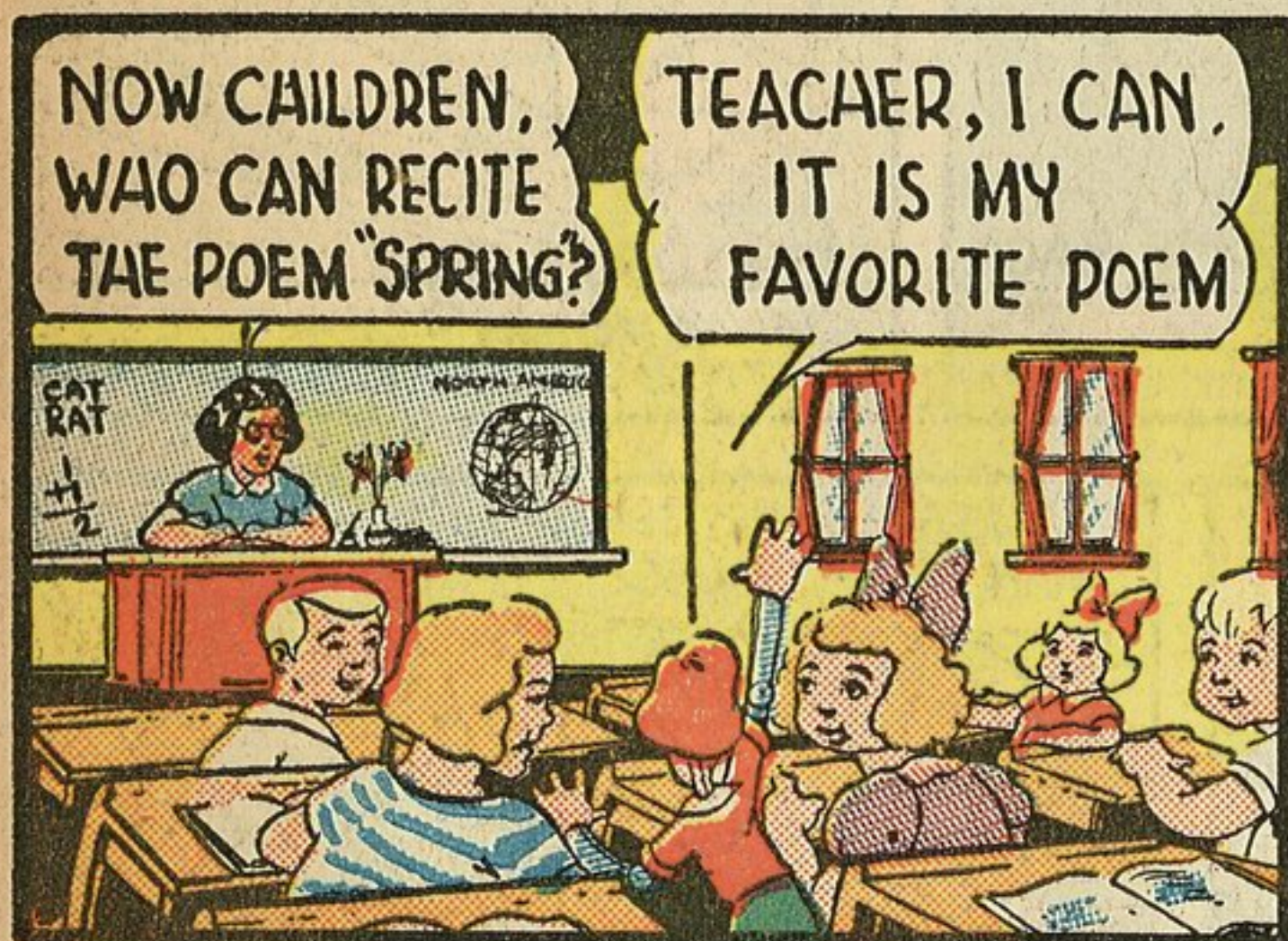
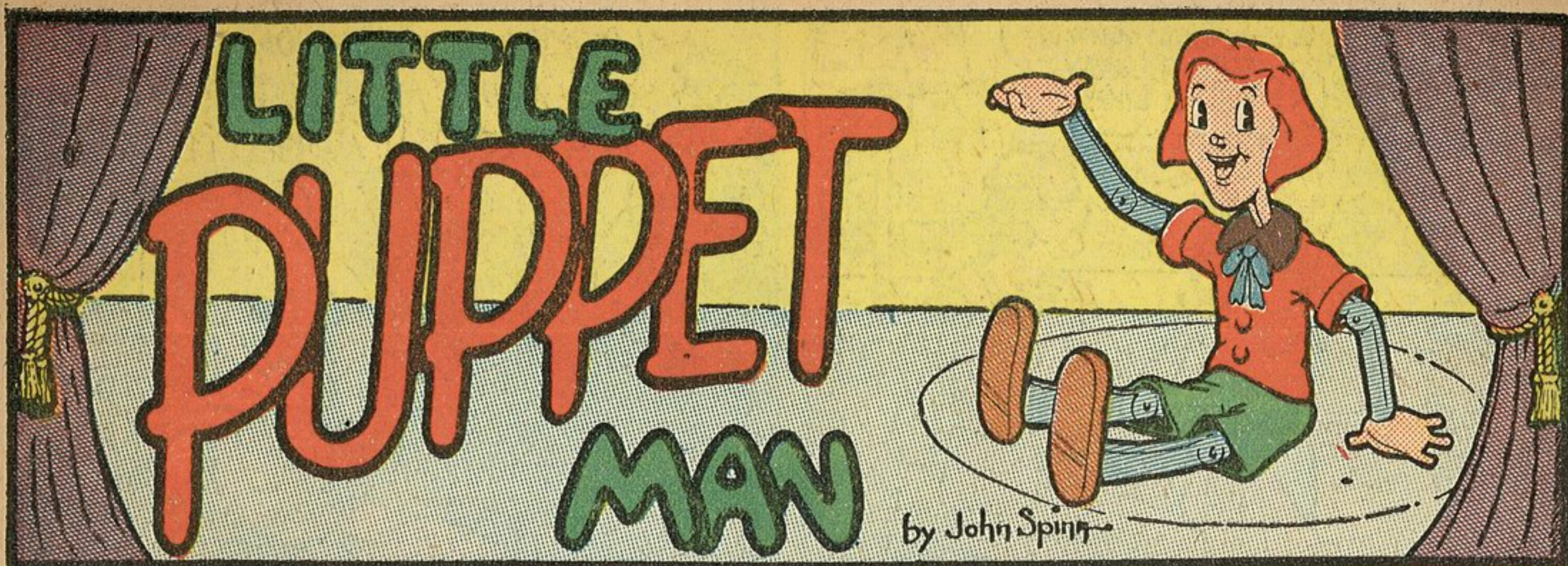
JOY BELL, YOU AND PINKY TAKE THIS
HARDWARE TO MRS. GOODBOND'S,
OR WHATEVER HER REAL NAME
IS - TELL HER TO DROP THAT
SONIA STUFF AND GET HER
HUSBAND DOWN HERE -
WE ARE LIKE
THE MOUNTED -
WE ALWAYS
GET OUR MAN!

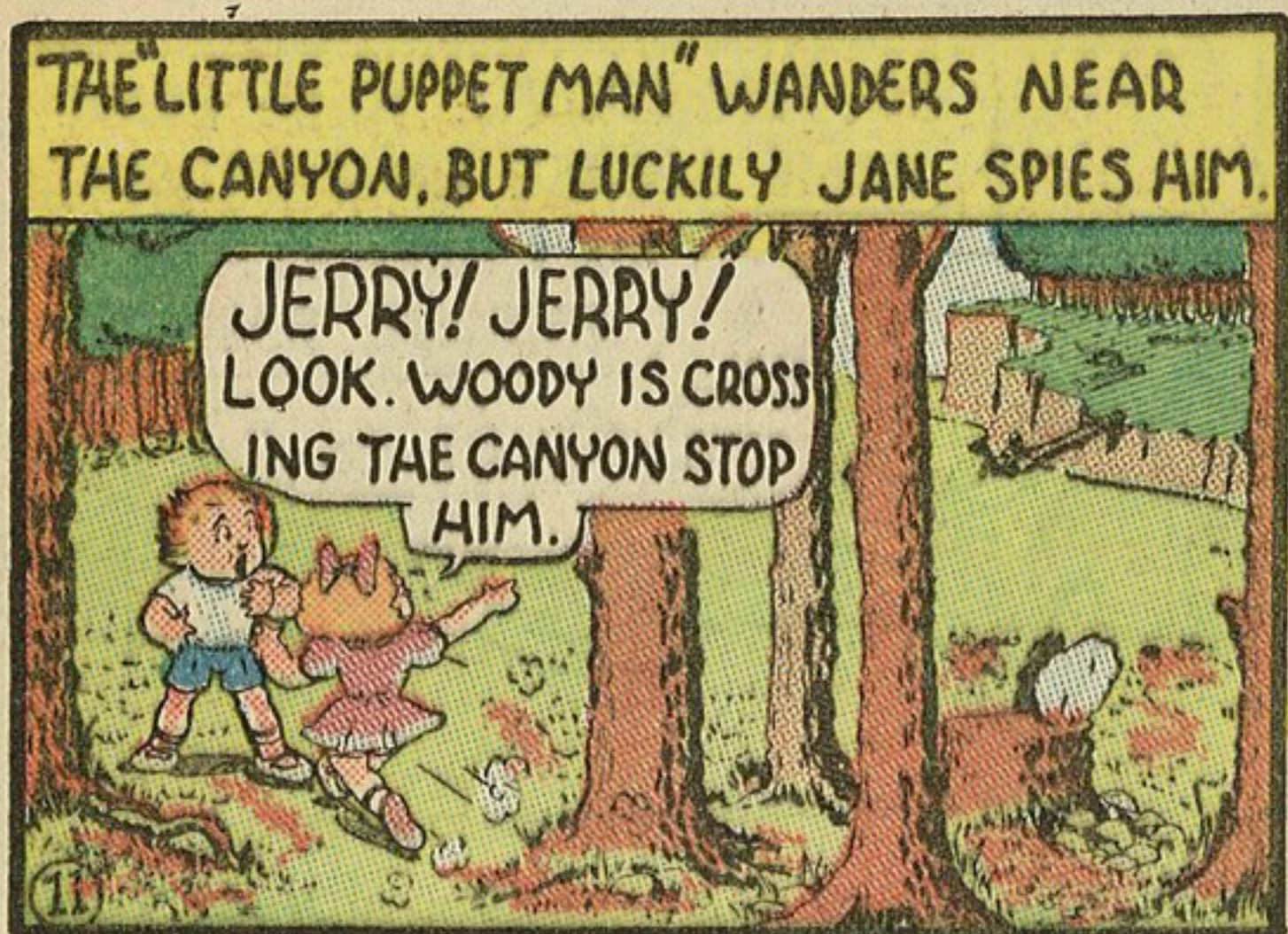
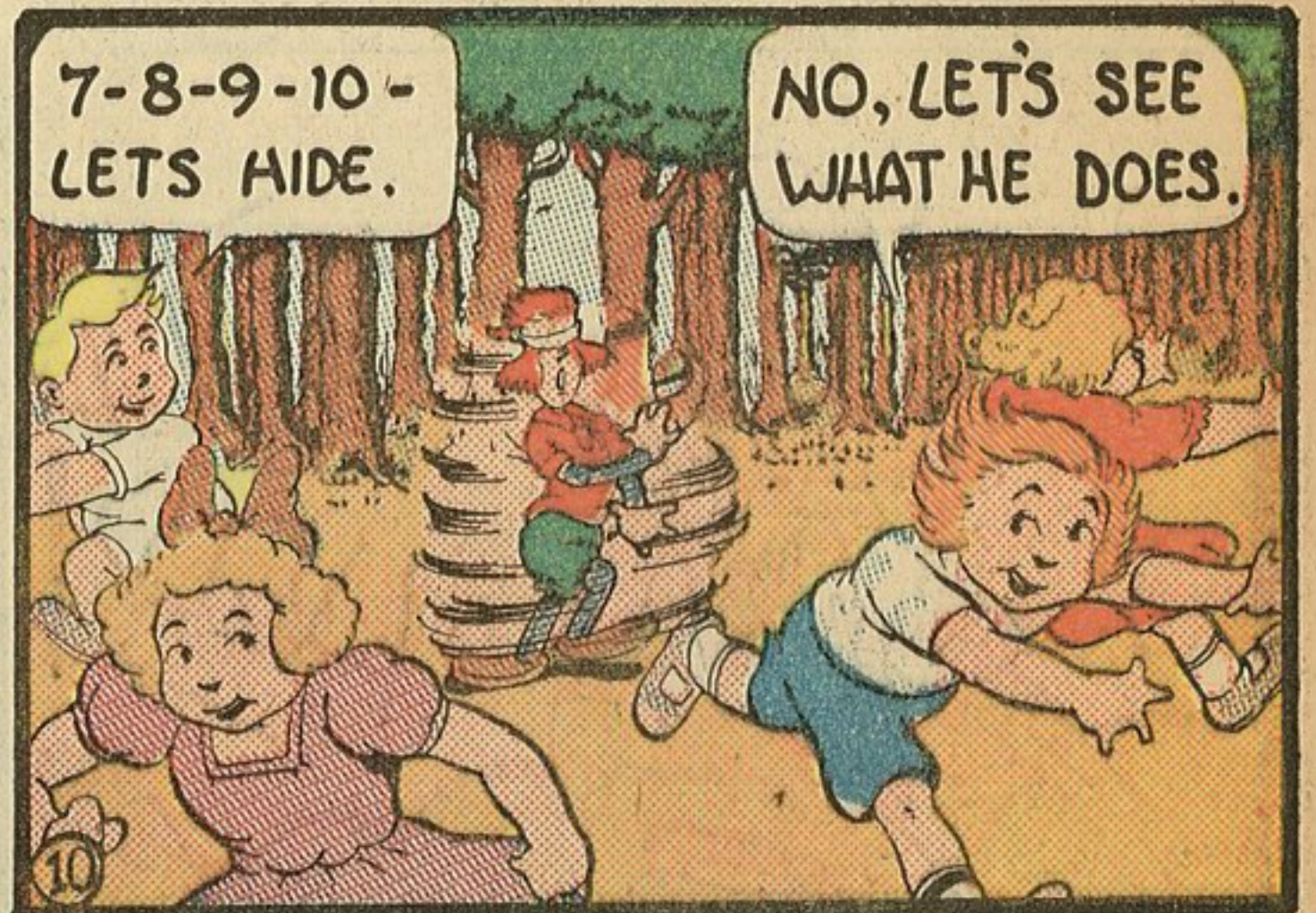
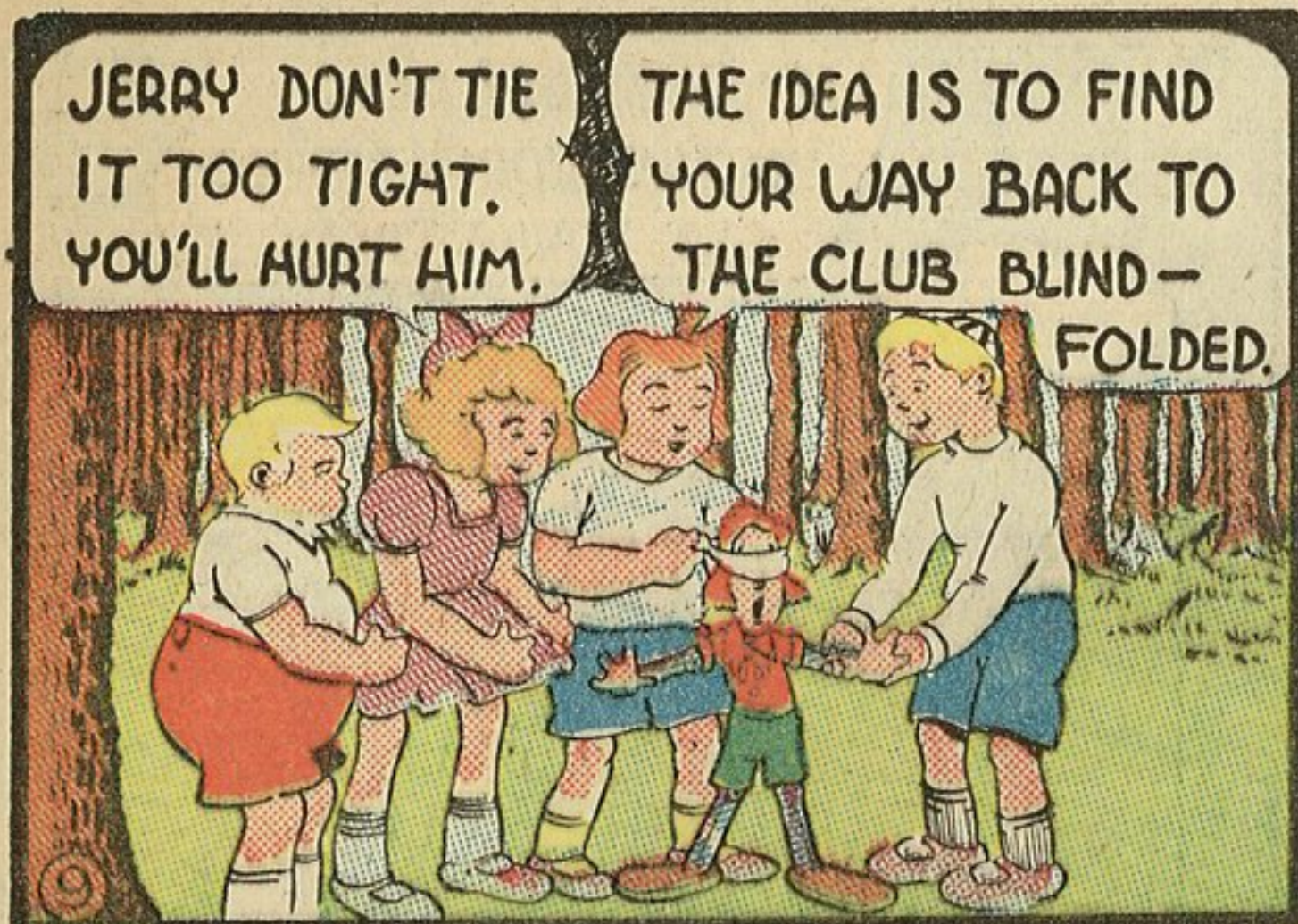
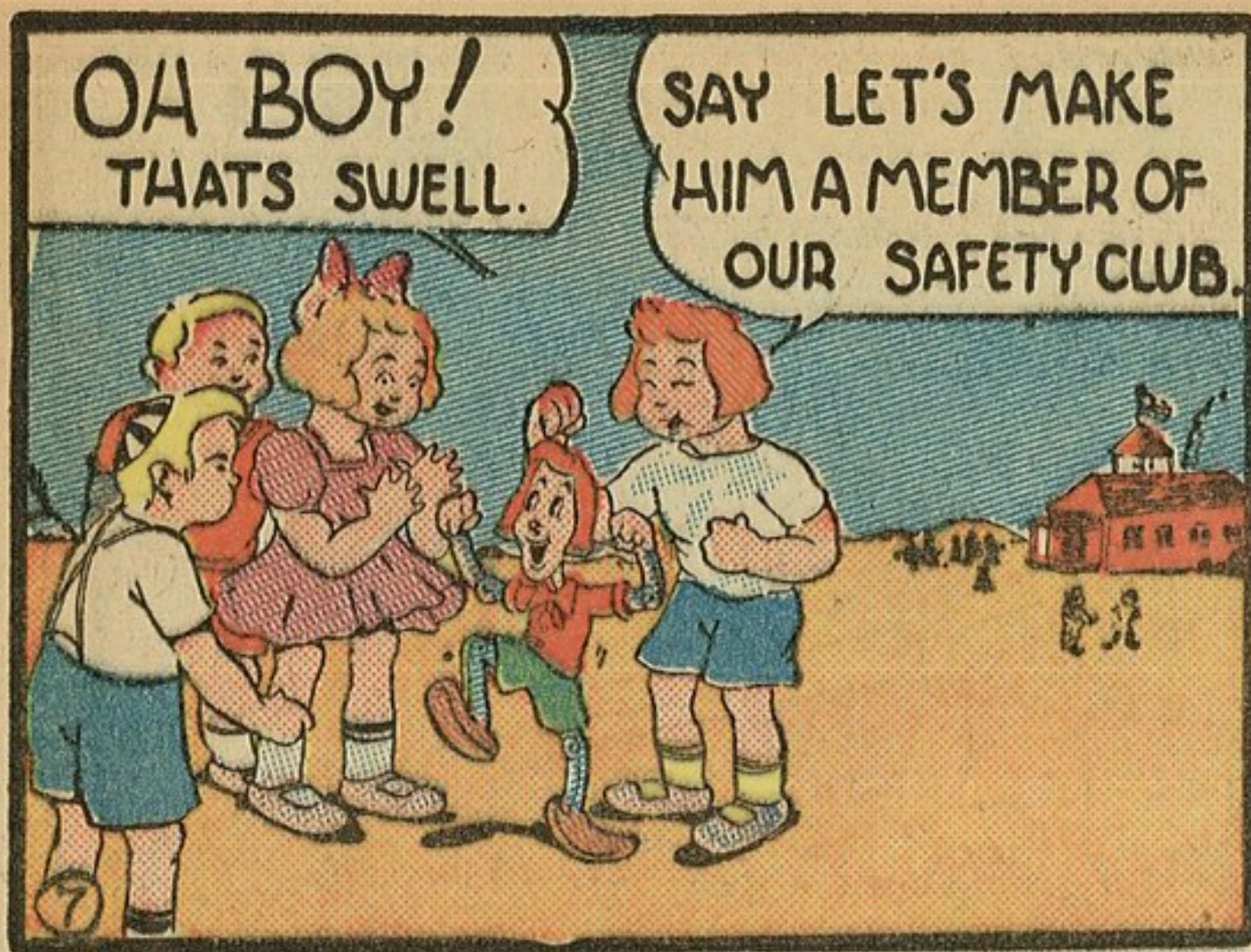


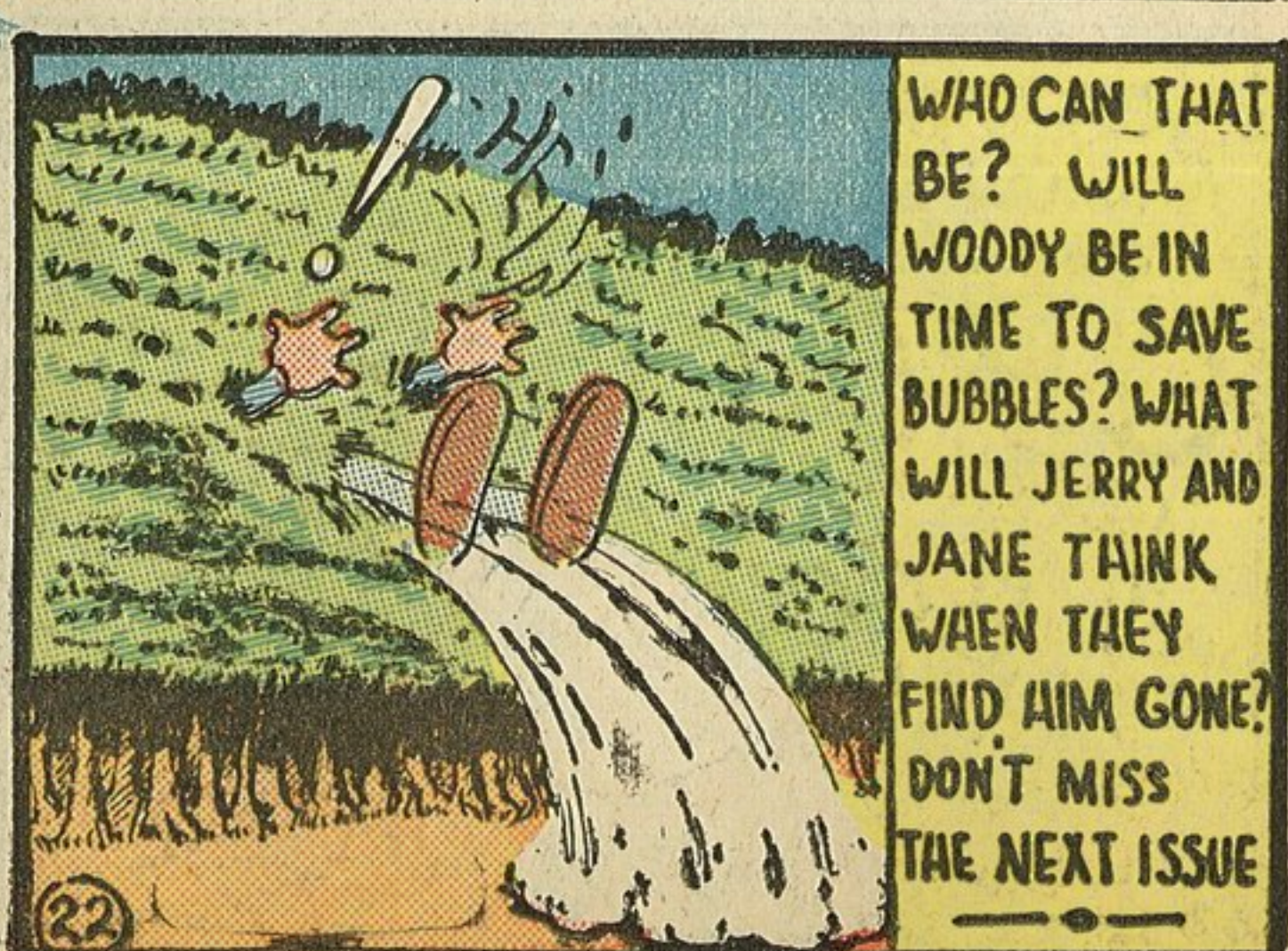
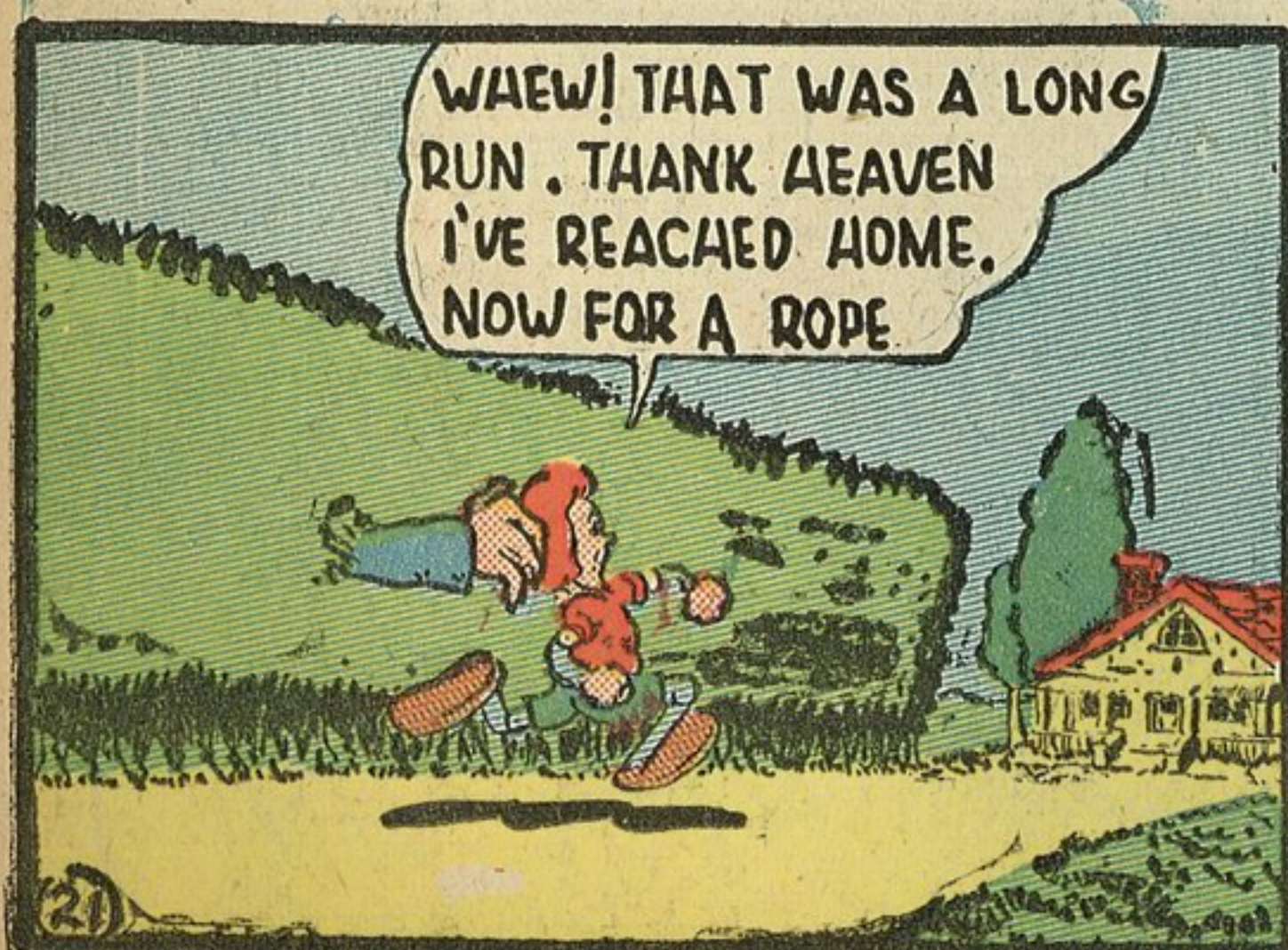
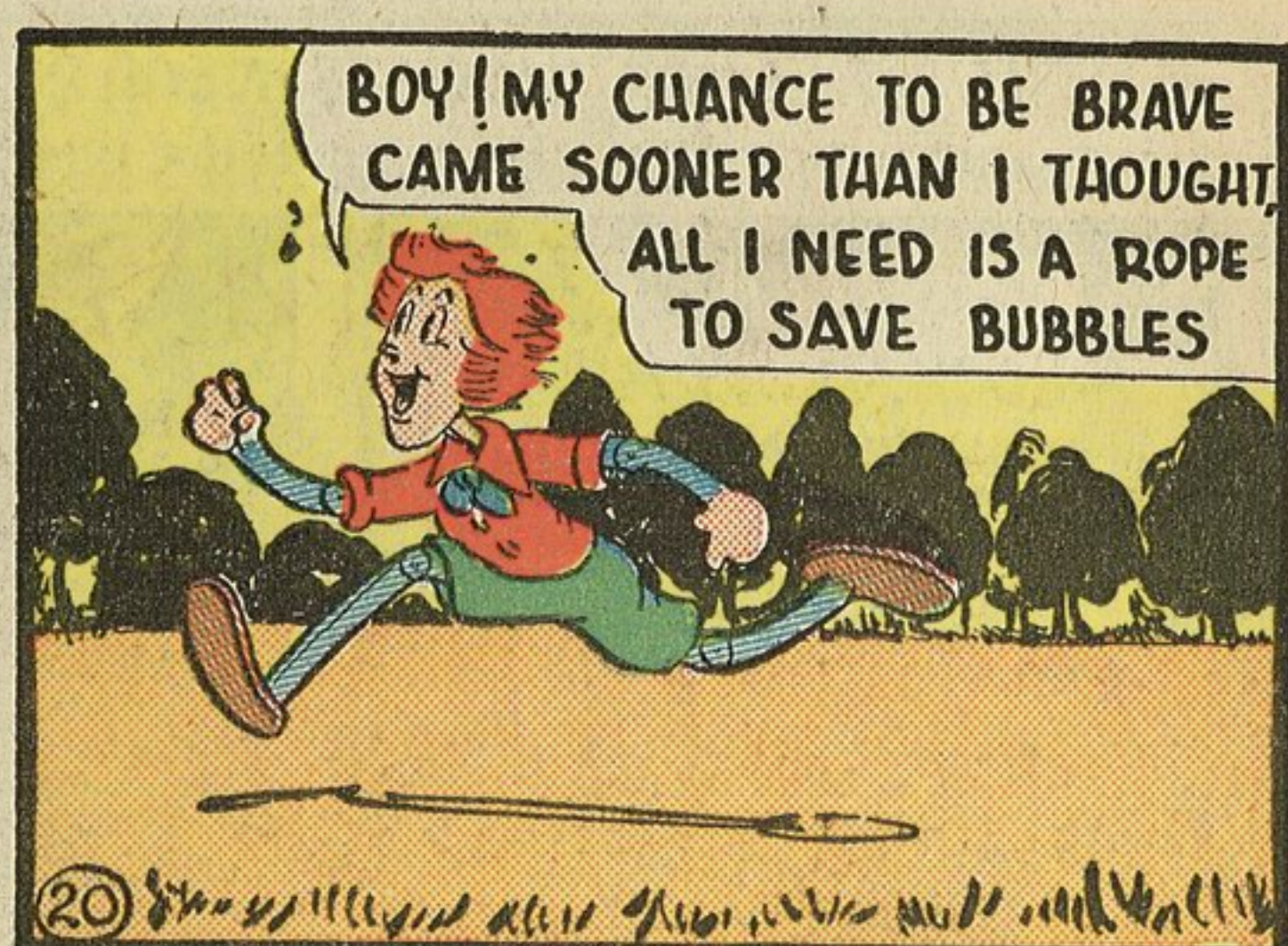
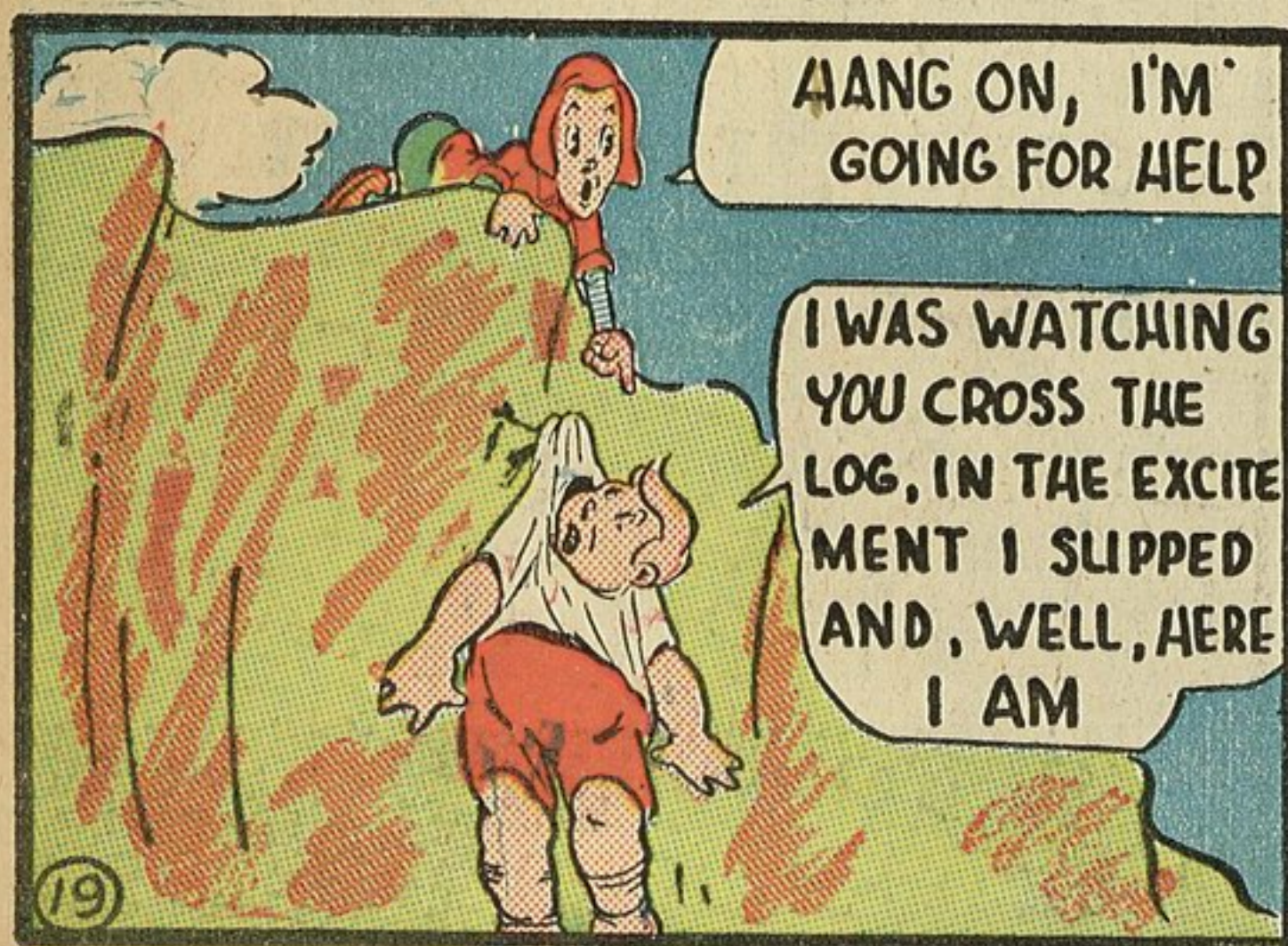
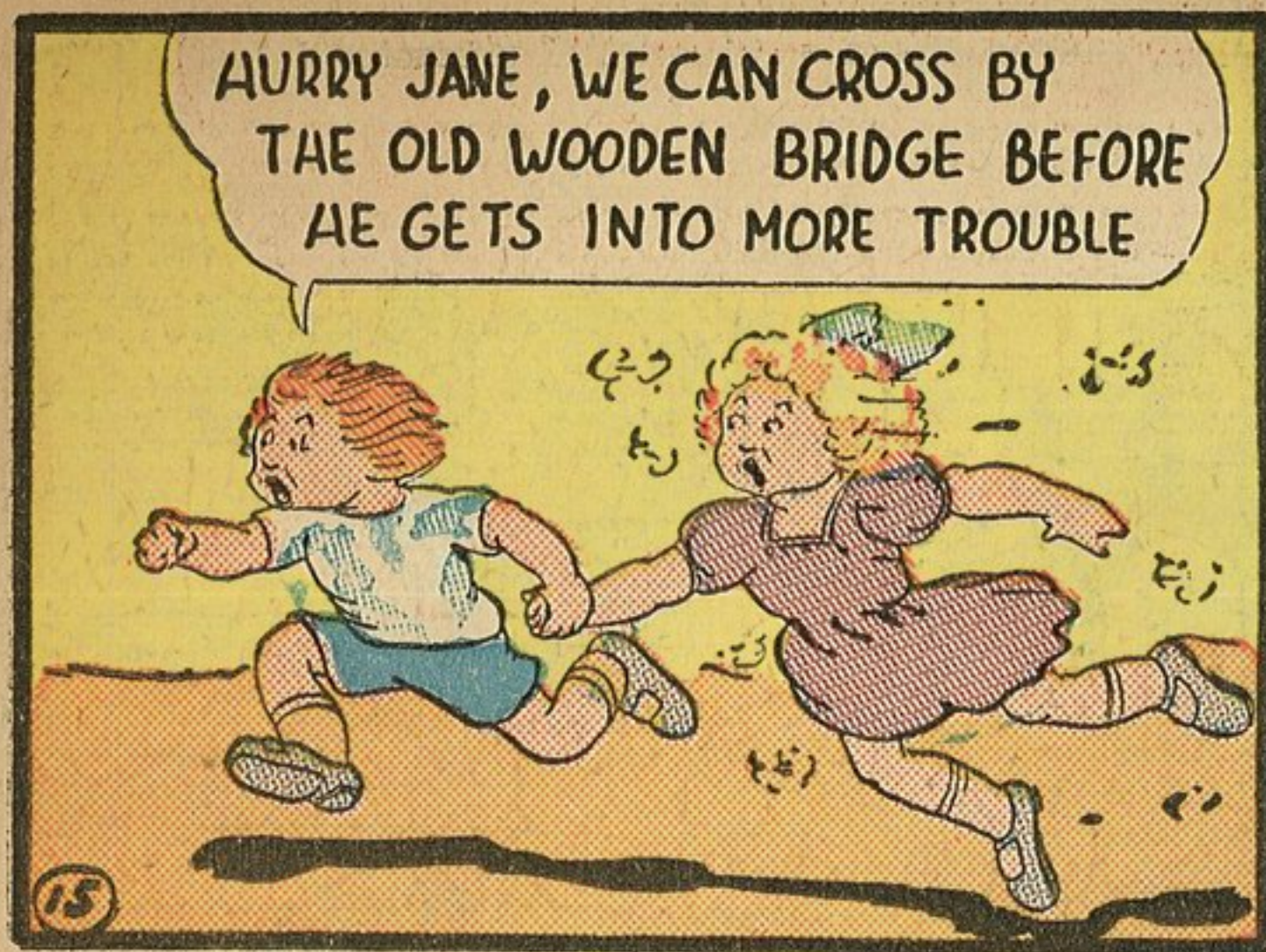
I'M A REGULAR NEWSPAPER
MAN, NOW - I GUESS!

OH-H-
PINKY!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH
"PINKY", JOY BELL AND PHIL IN "CITY
EDITOR" - NEXT MONTH - DON'T MISS IT!!









"RIP" RORY

FOUR-LETTER MAN
AT STATE COLLEGE.

AFTER A SEVERE COMPETITIVE TRY-OUT AT STATE COLLEGE — RIP RORY DESPITE TERRIFIC OPPOSITION MAKES THE VARSITY SQUAD.



I'M SO GLAD YOU MADE THE SQUAD RIP.

THANKS ANNE... I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL. WE HAVE PRACTICE AT FOUR.



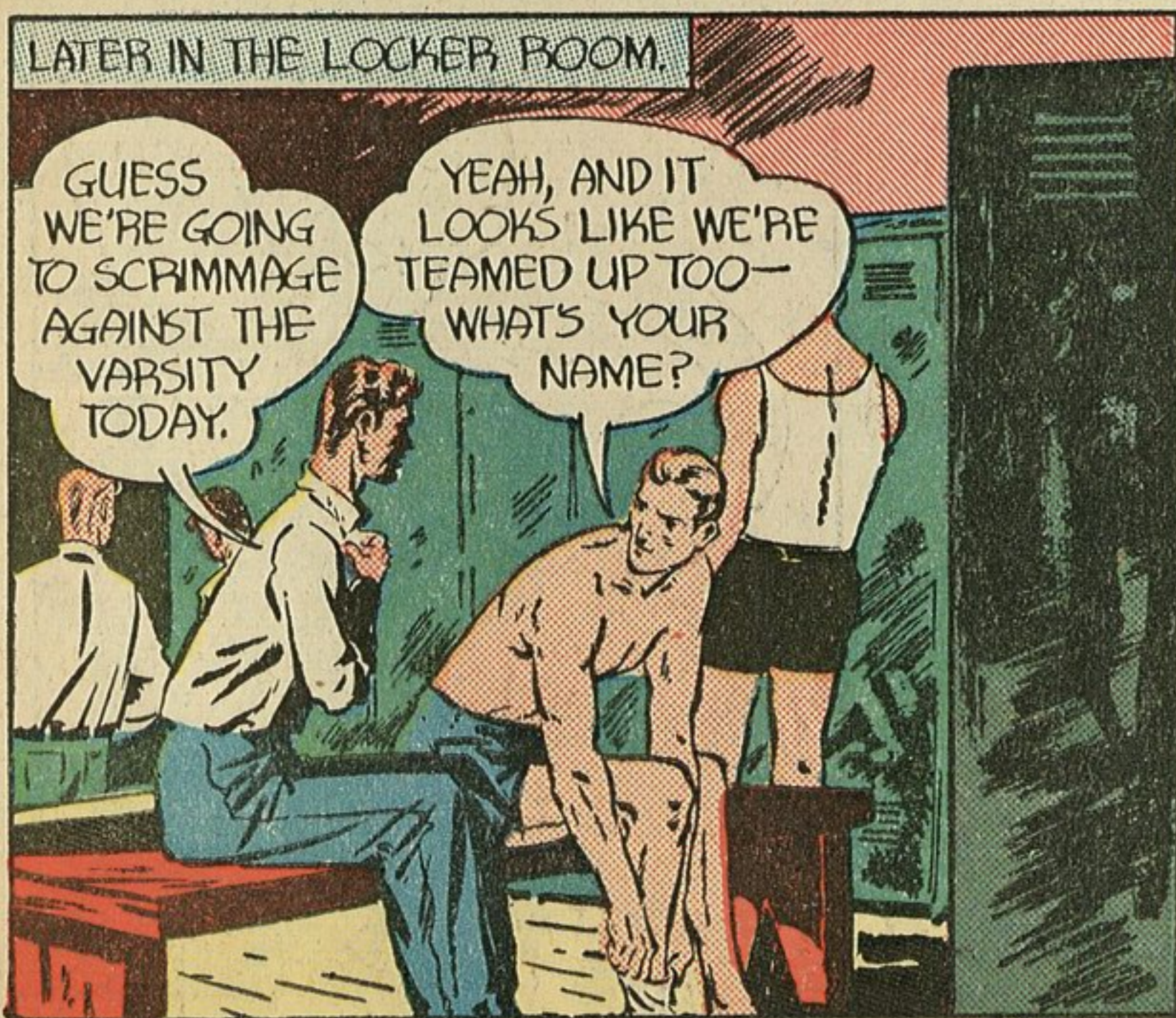
COMIN' OUT TO PRACTICE TODAY, FROSH?

HI, BART!

YES, I'LL BE THERE.



WE'RE SCRIMMAGING TODAY — I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU!



LATER IN THE LOCKER ROOM.

GUESS WE'RE GOING TO SCRIMMAGE AGAINST THE VARSITY TODAY.

YEAH, AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE TEAMED UP TOO — WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



BOB JANNINGS. WHAT'S YOURS?

"RIP" RORY.



THE FROSH TEAM STARTS THEIR WARMUP...



...WHILE AT THE OTHER BASKET, THE VARSITY HAS ITS WARMUP.



SAY! TAKE A SQUINT AT THAT BOY RORY, COACH—NICE FORM!

YEAH—LET'S SEE WHAT SORT OF SET-SHOT HE'S GOT.

COACH ANDY PETERSON AND TRAINER "POP" HARMON WATCH THE WARM-UPS WITH KEEN EYES.



RIP GETS SET FOR A LONGSHOT.

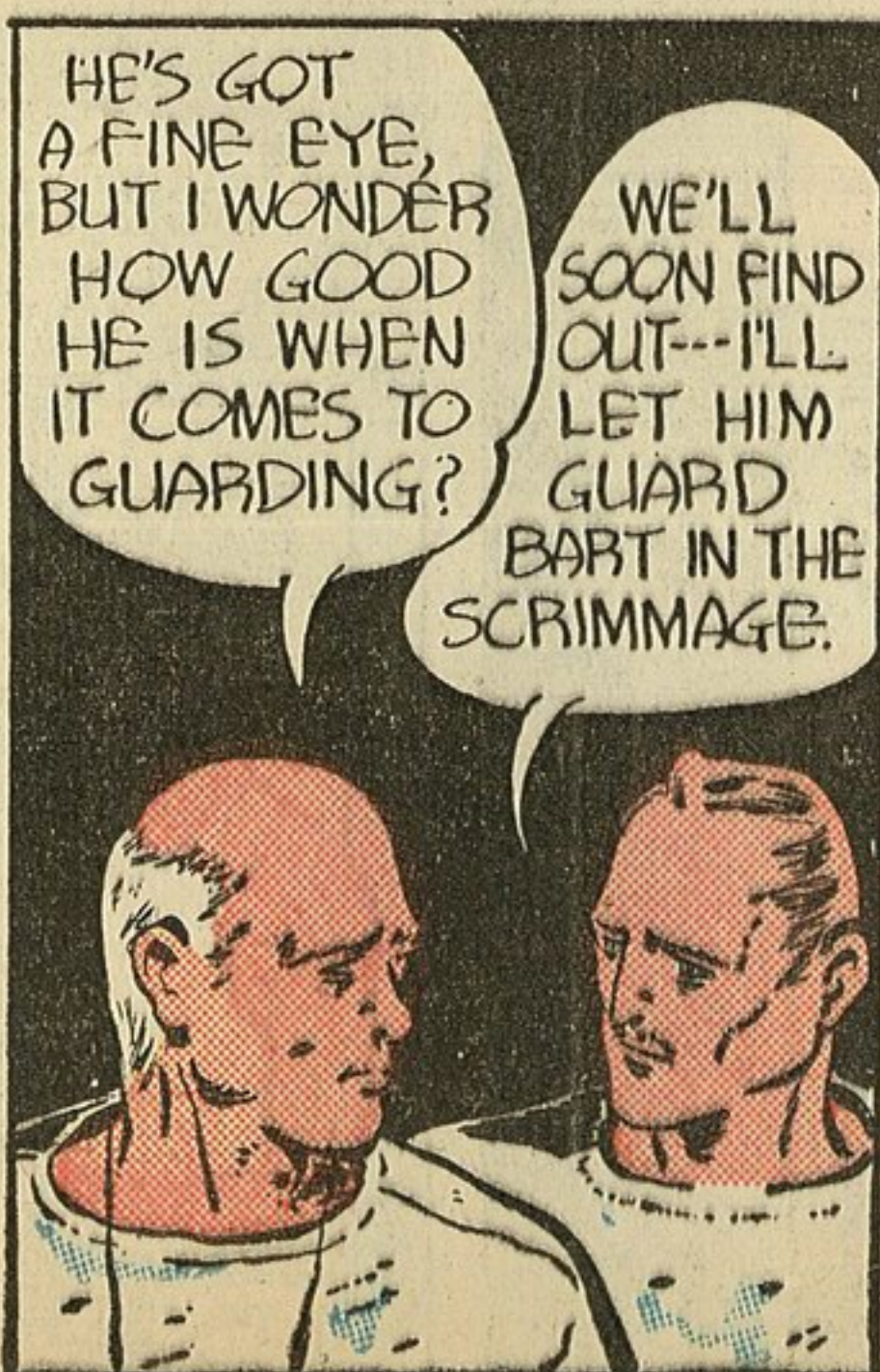


THE BALL ARCHES BEAUTIFULLY AND SWISHES THROUGH THE NET!



M-M-M!

CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!



HE'S GOT A FINE EYE, BUT I WONDER HOW GOOD HE IS WHEN IT COMES TO GUARDING?

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT—I'LL LET HIM GUARD BART IN THE SCRIMMAGE.



ALL RIGHT MEN—I WANT TO ASSIGN YOU TO YOUR POSITIONS.

YOU BOYS WILL TAKE YOUR REGULAR POSITIONS. RORY-I'M SHIFTING YOU TO LEFT GUARD-JANNINGS, YOU'LL PLAY RIGHT GUARD.

THE FRESHMEN PLAY SHIRTLESS.

BART'S YOUR MAN, RIP- HE'S THEIR SCORING ACE, SEE IF YOU CAN HOLD HIM.

O.K., BOB- THEIR CENTER WILL PROBABLY CONTROL THE TAP, SO WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR TOES.

SO-YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO KEEP ME FROM SCORING, EH?

WELL, I'M GOING TO TRY!

AS IS CUSTOMARY, THE OPPOSING PLAYERS SHAKE HANDS.....

...AS "POP" TOSSES THE BALL UP AT CENTER, BART STILL HOLDING ON TO "RIP'S" HAND GIVES HIM A SUDDEN PULL!

AS "RIP" FALLS OFF BALANCE, BART CUTS FOR THE BASKET...

...THE OTHER FORWARD FLIPS THE BALL TO BART, UNDER THE BASKET...

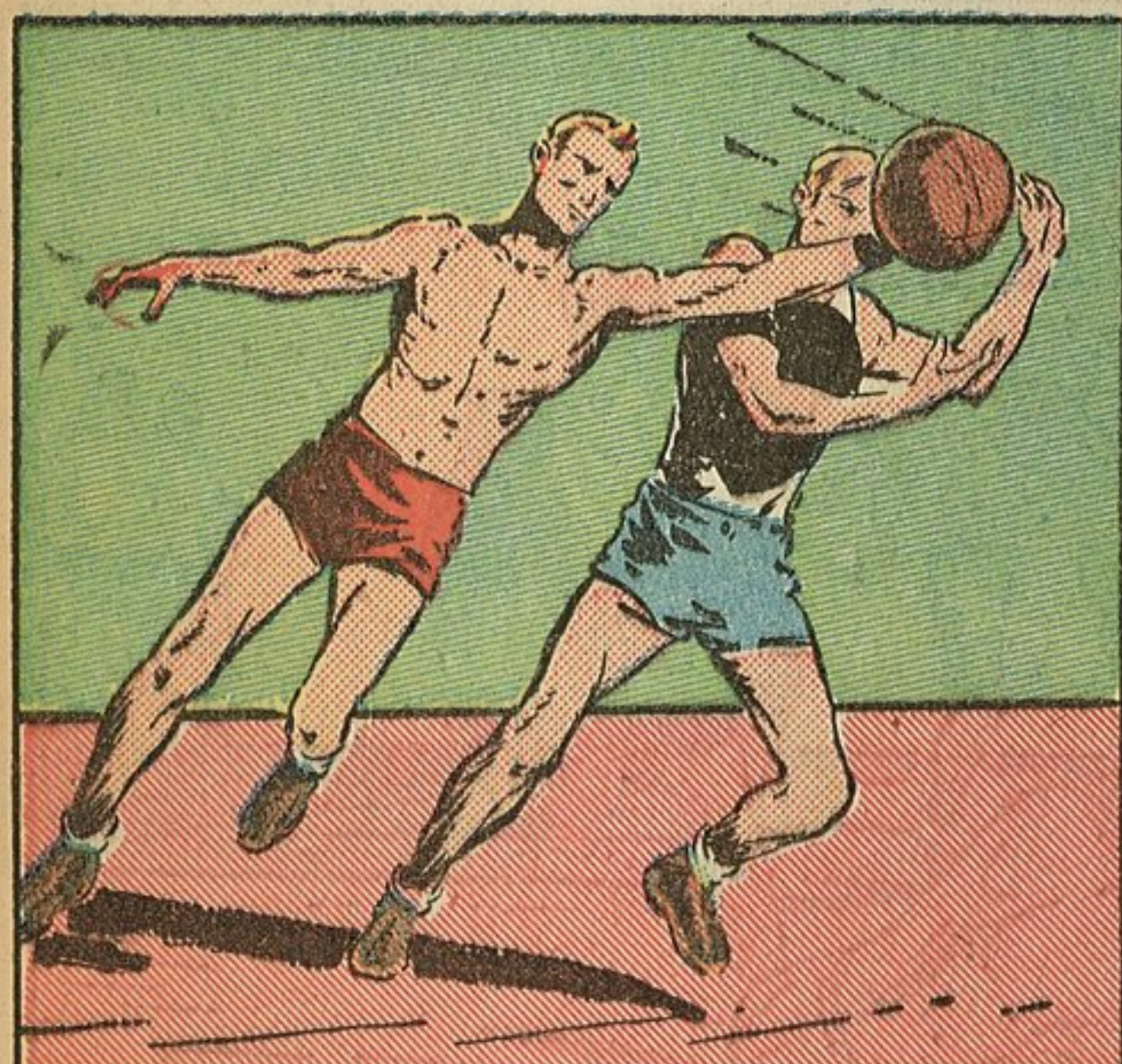
EXPLANATION OF PLAY.

AS BART CUTS FOR THE BASKET, HIS OTHER FORWARD, (A) COMES IN FOR THE TAP, AND FLIPS THE BALL TO THE UN-GUARDED BART.

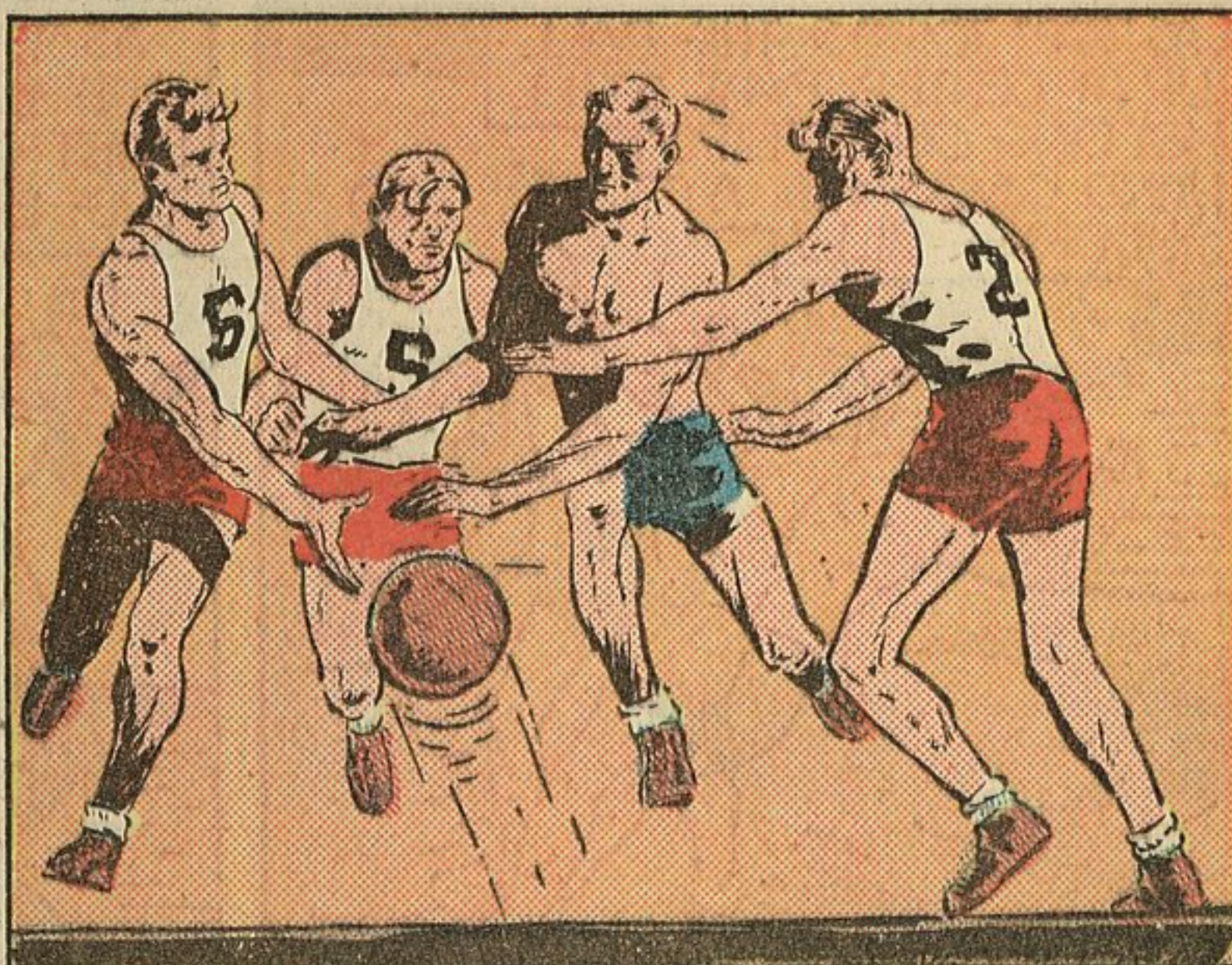
...AND BART SCORES EASILY!!



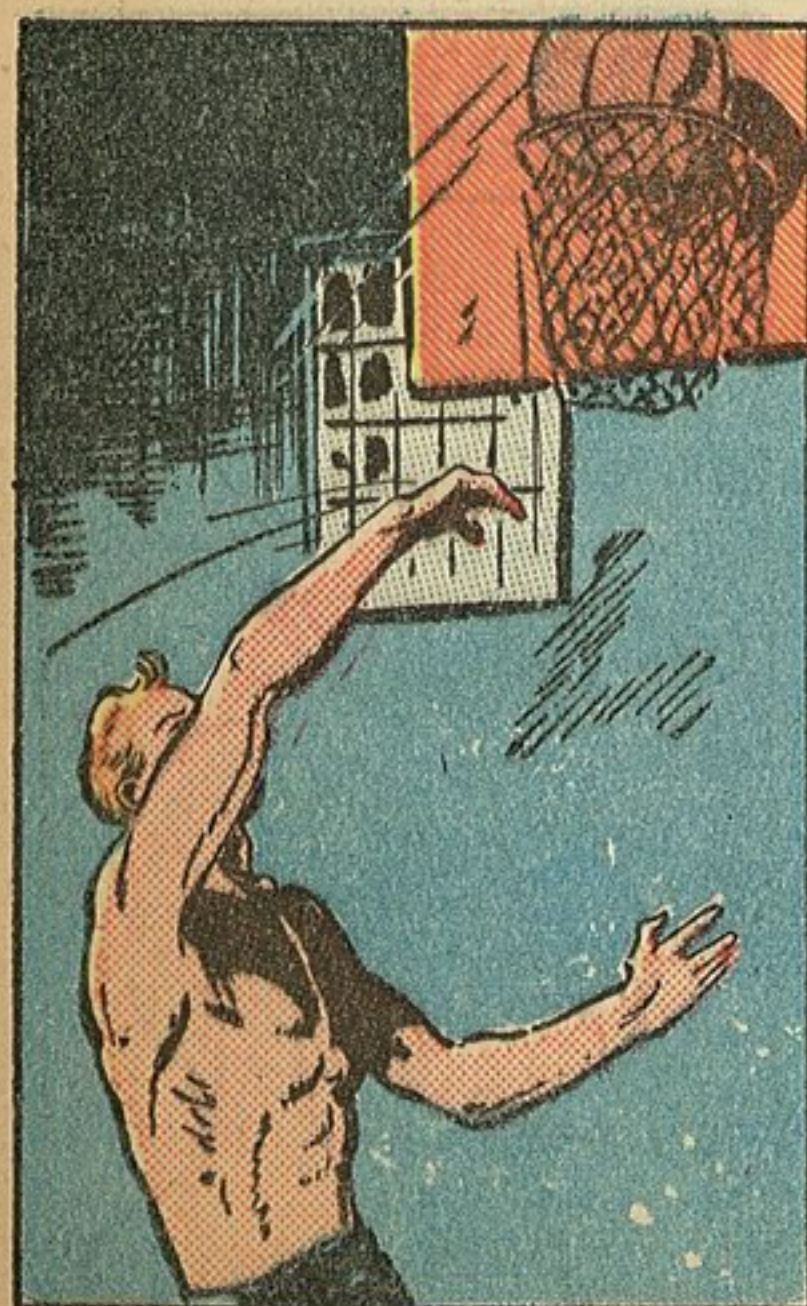
THE BALL IS TOSSED UP AT CENTER AGAIN....



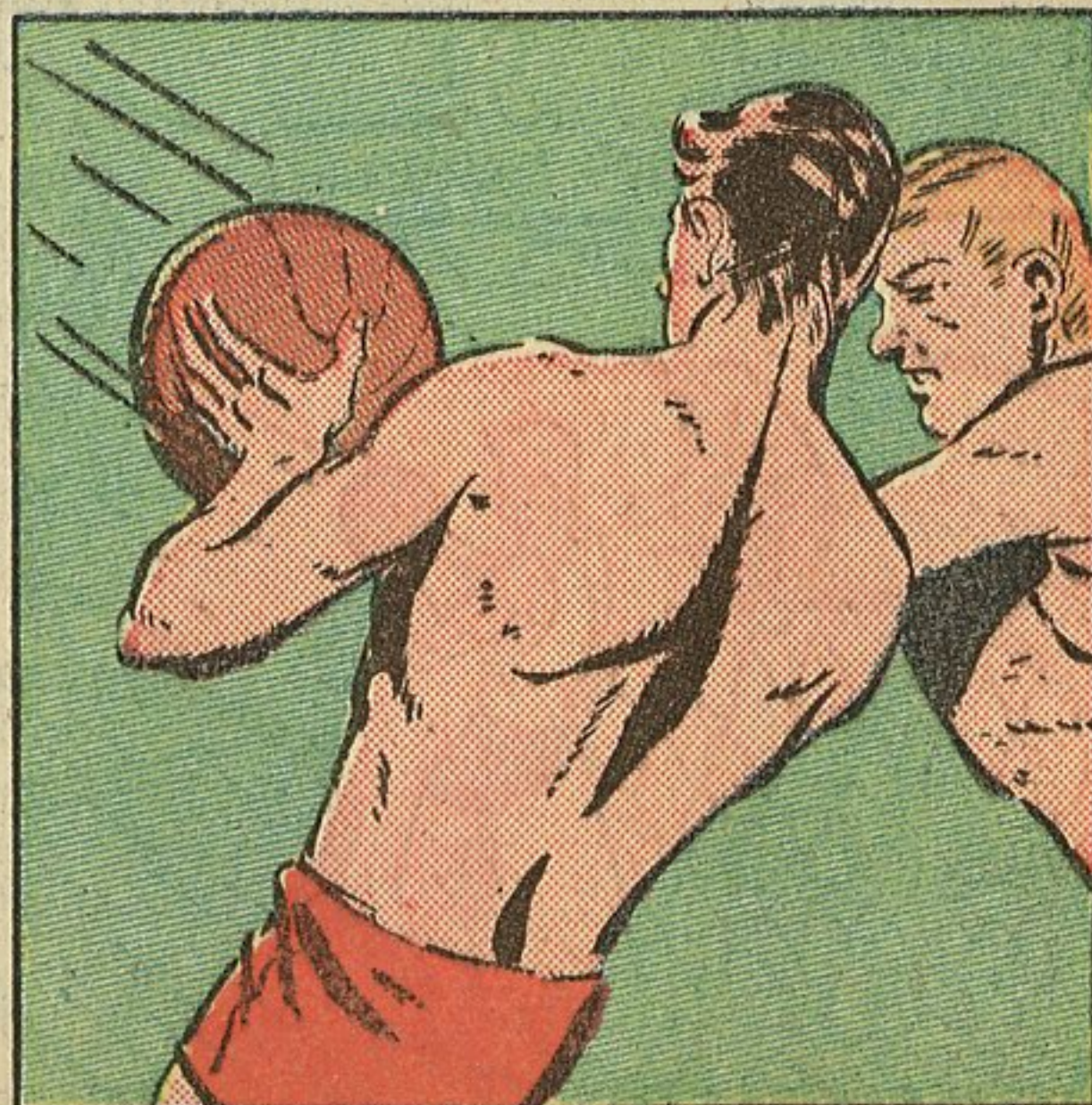
....RIP CUTS IN AHEAD OF BART AND STEALS THE TAP....



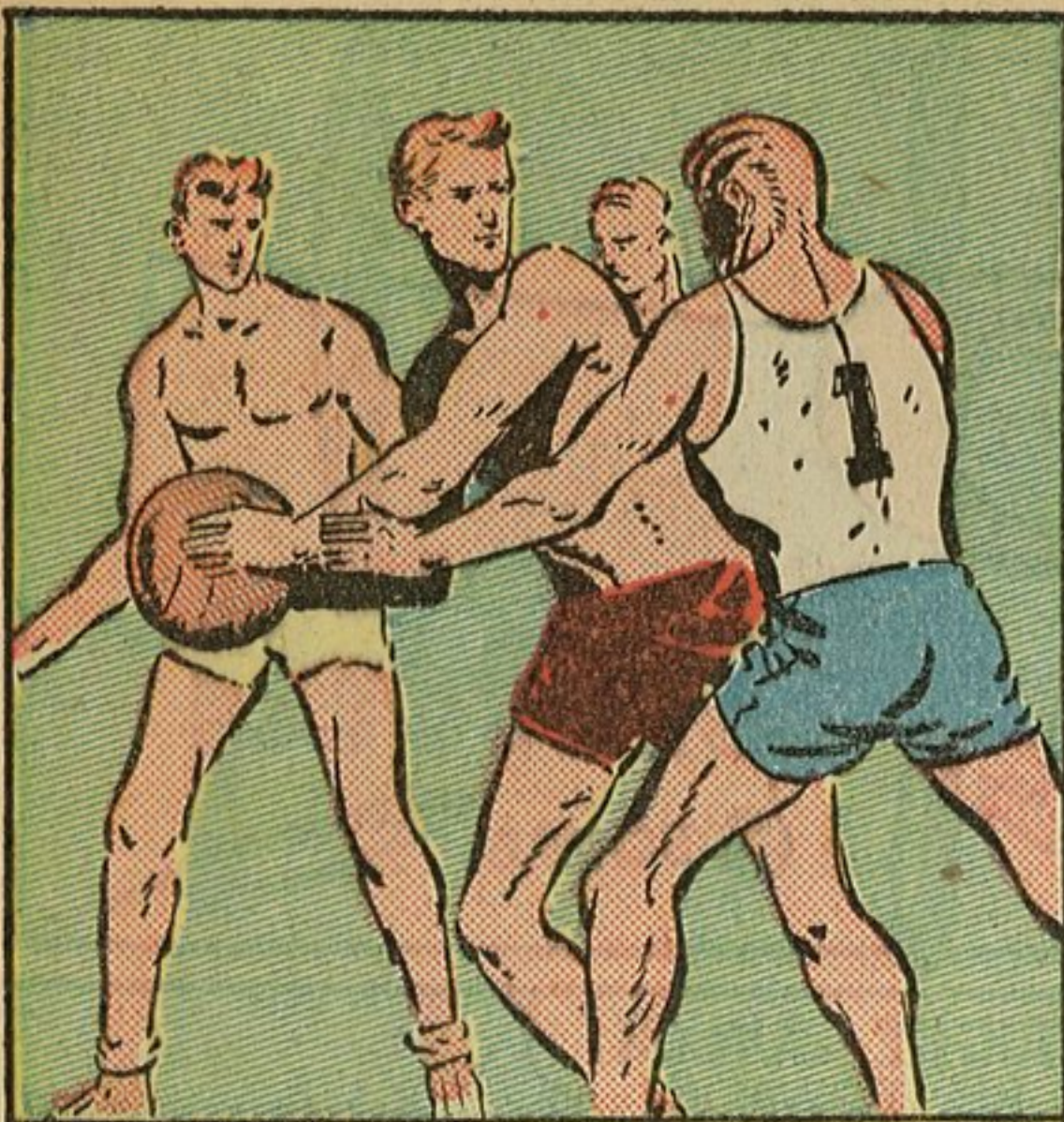
..... DRIBBLES DOWN THE COURT THROUGH THE OPPOSING PLAYERS...



...AND SCORES EASILY!



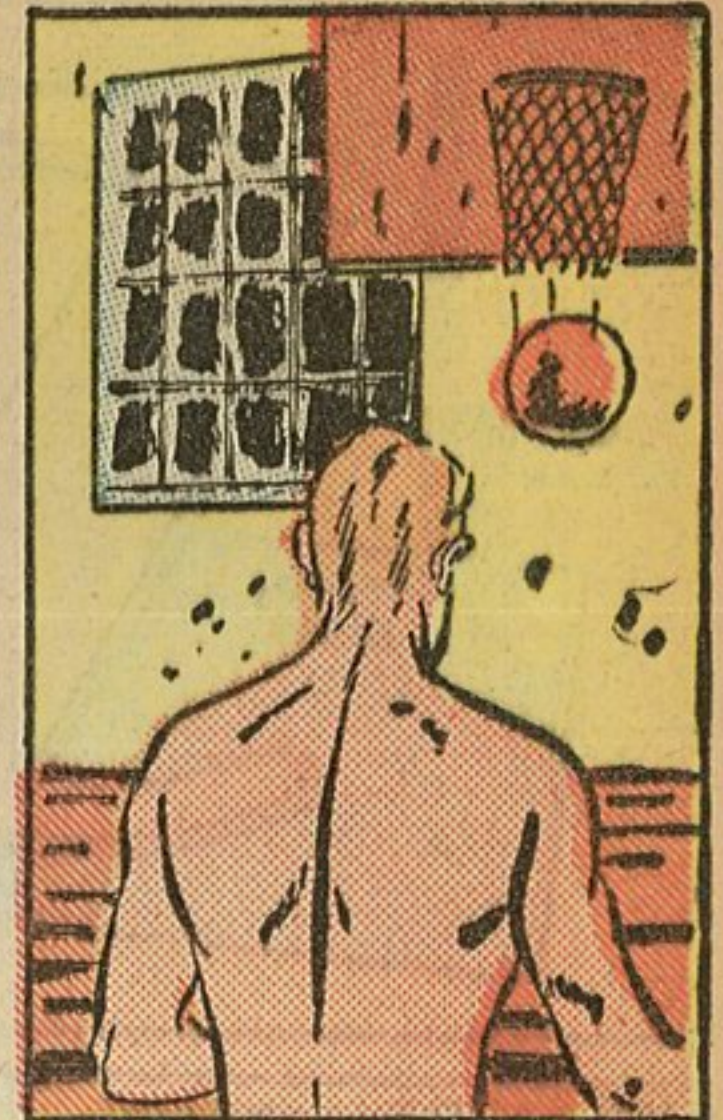
AT THE NEXT TOSS-UP, RIP'S FORWARD COMES IN AND STEALS THE TAP!



THE FORWARD FLIPS THE BALL TO "RIP," WHO CUTS TOWARDS THE BASKET....



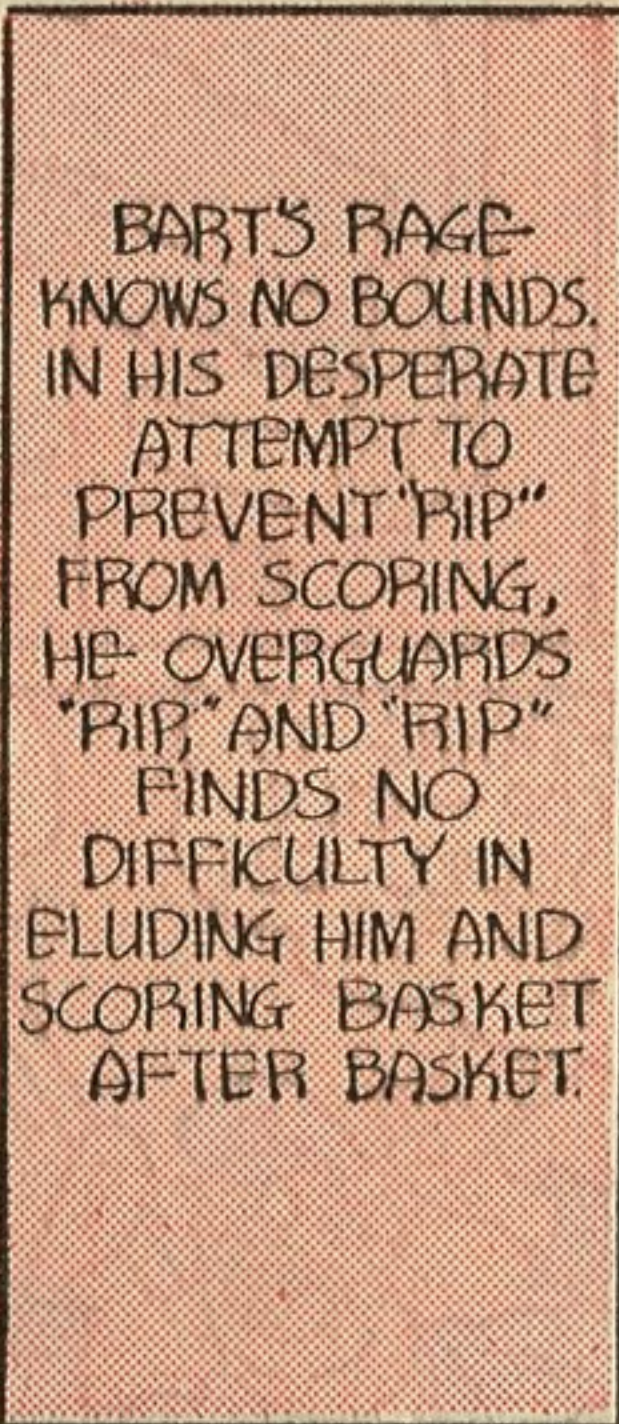
...AND WITH BART HANGING AROUND HIS NECK, "RIP" TOSSES THE BALL OVER HIS HEAD AND INTO THE BASKET.



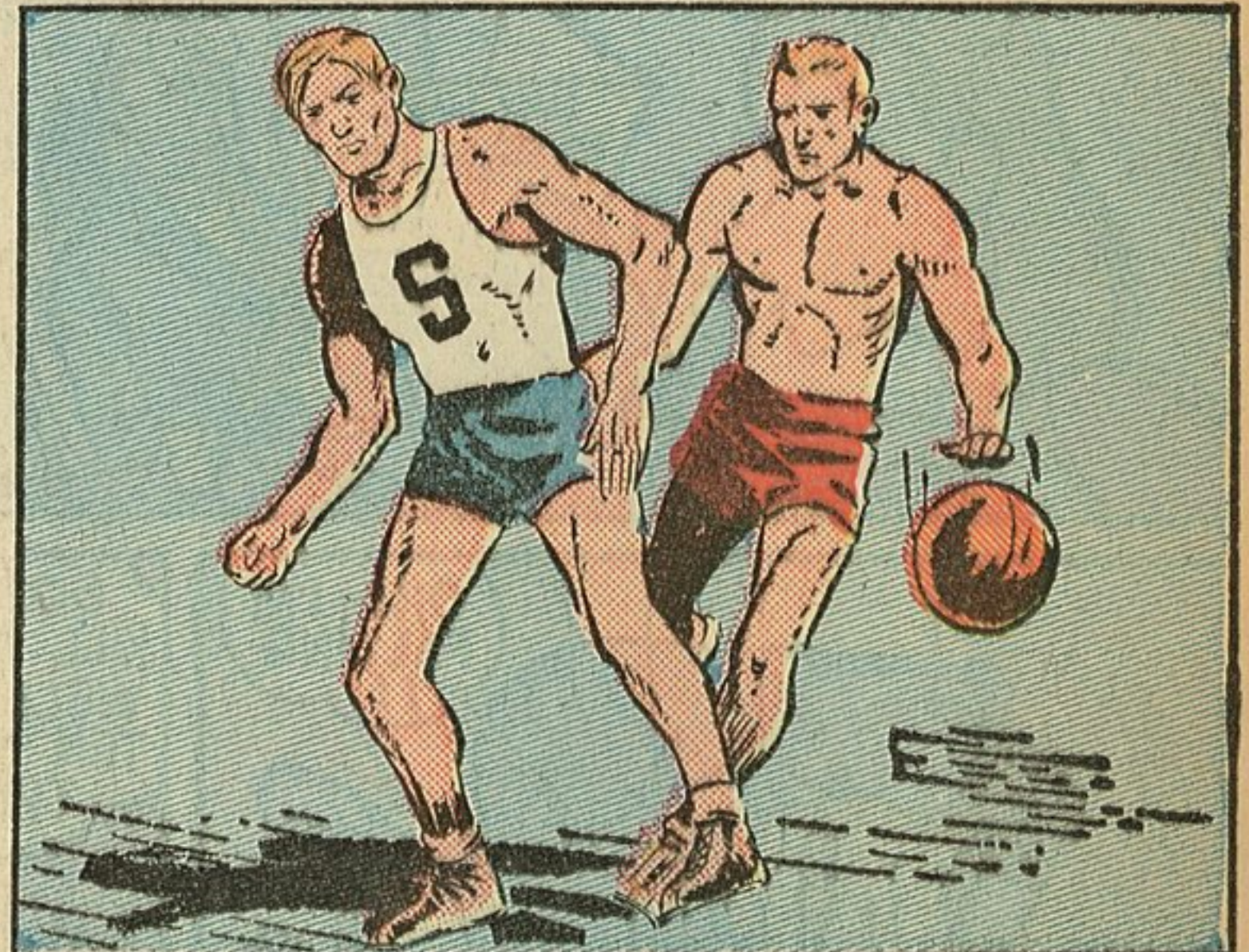
"RIP" IS AWARDED A FREE THROW BECAUSE OF BART'S FOULING TACTICS.



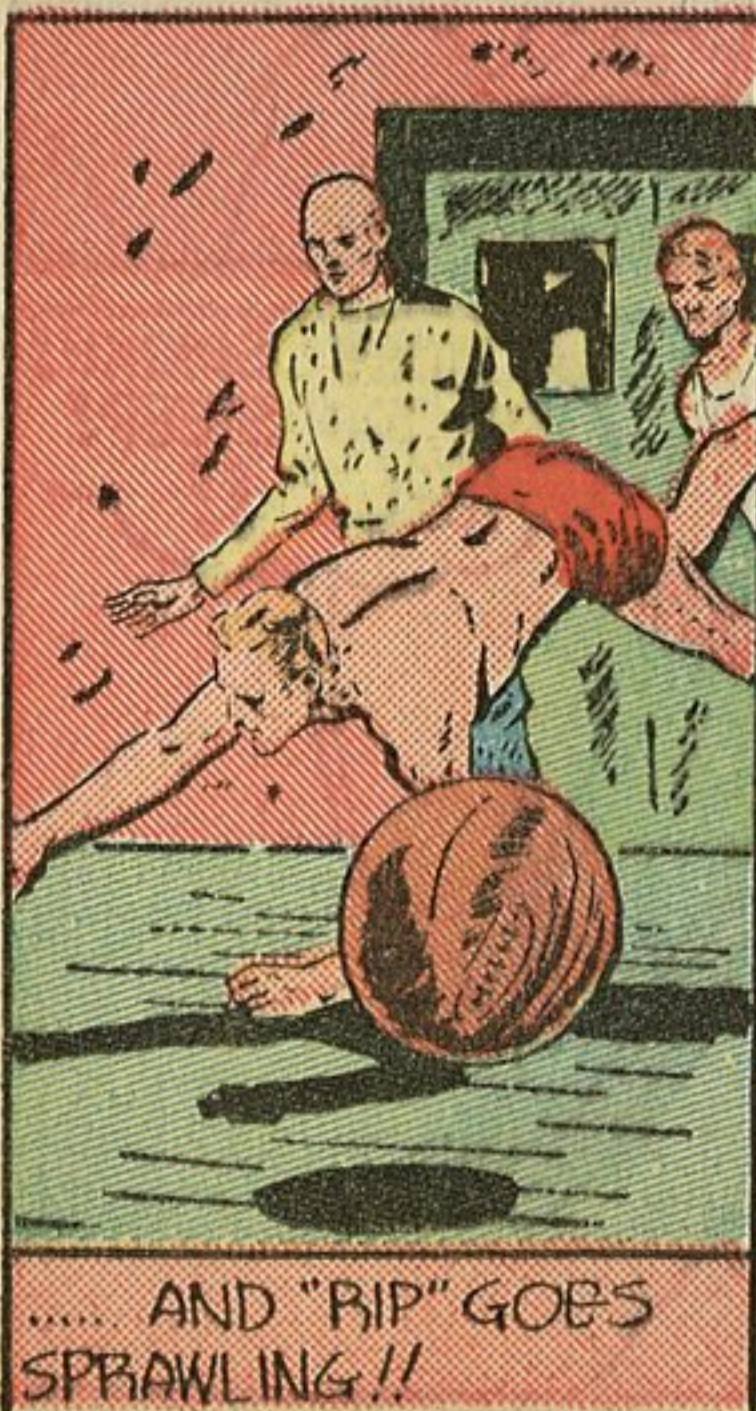
I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON FRESHIE!



BART'S RAGE KNOWS NO BOUNDS. IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO PREVENT "RIP" FROM SCORING, HE OVERGUARDS "RIP," AND "RIP" FINDS NO DIFFICULTY IN ELUDING HIM AND SCORING BASKET AFTER BASKET.



BART, FINDING NO OTHER WAY TO STOP "RIP," ATTEMPTS TO TRIP HIM AS HE DRIBBLES TOWARDS THE BASKET....



..... AND "RIP" GOES SPRAWLING!!



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN GO TO THE SHOWERS NOW BART!

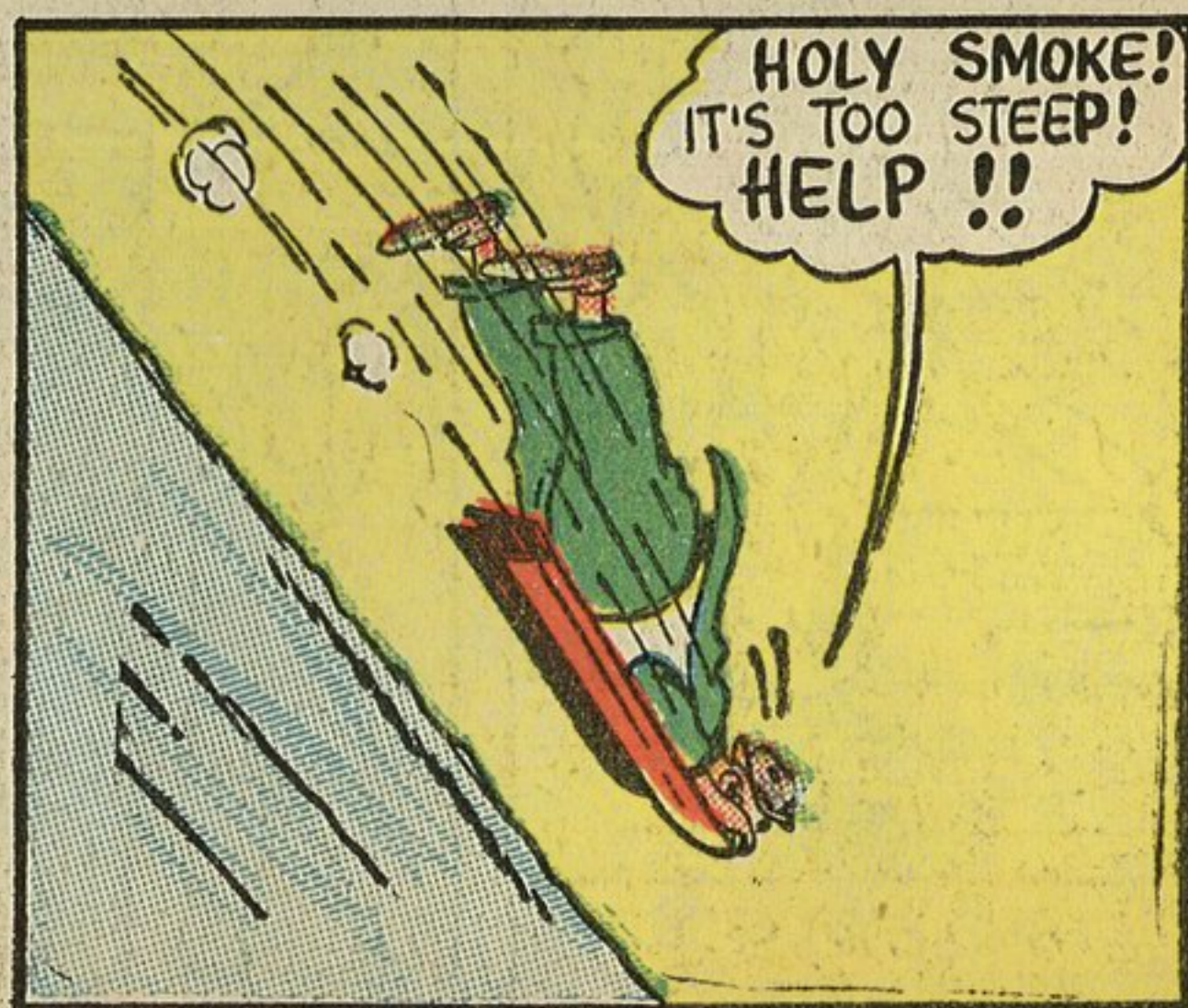
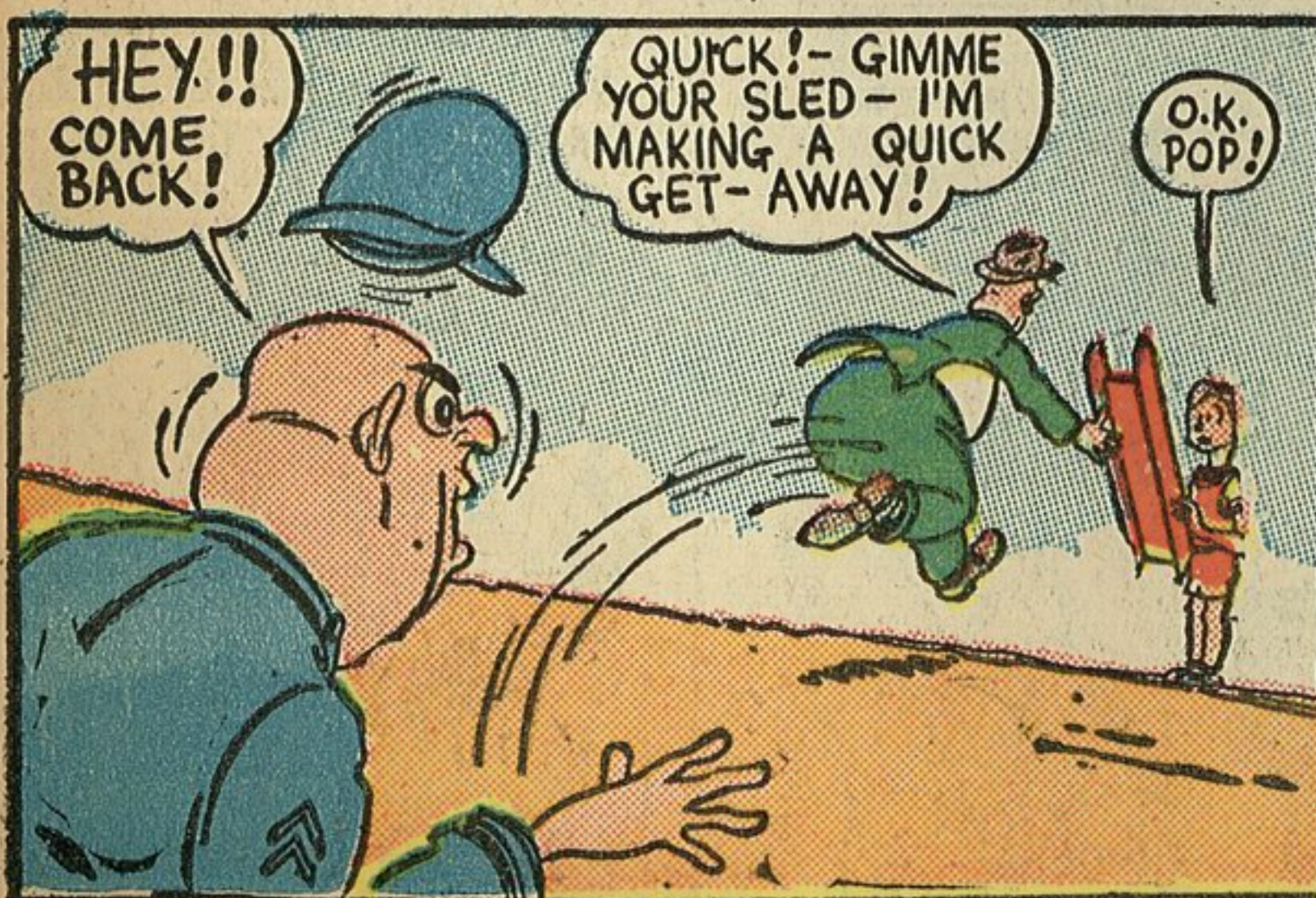
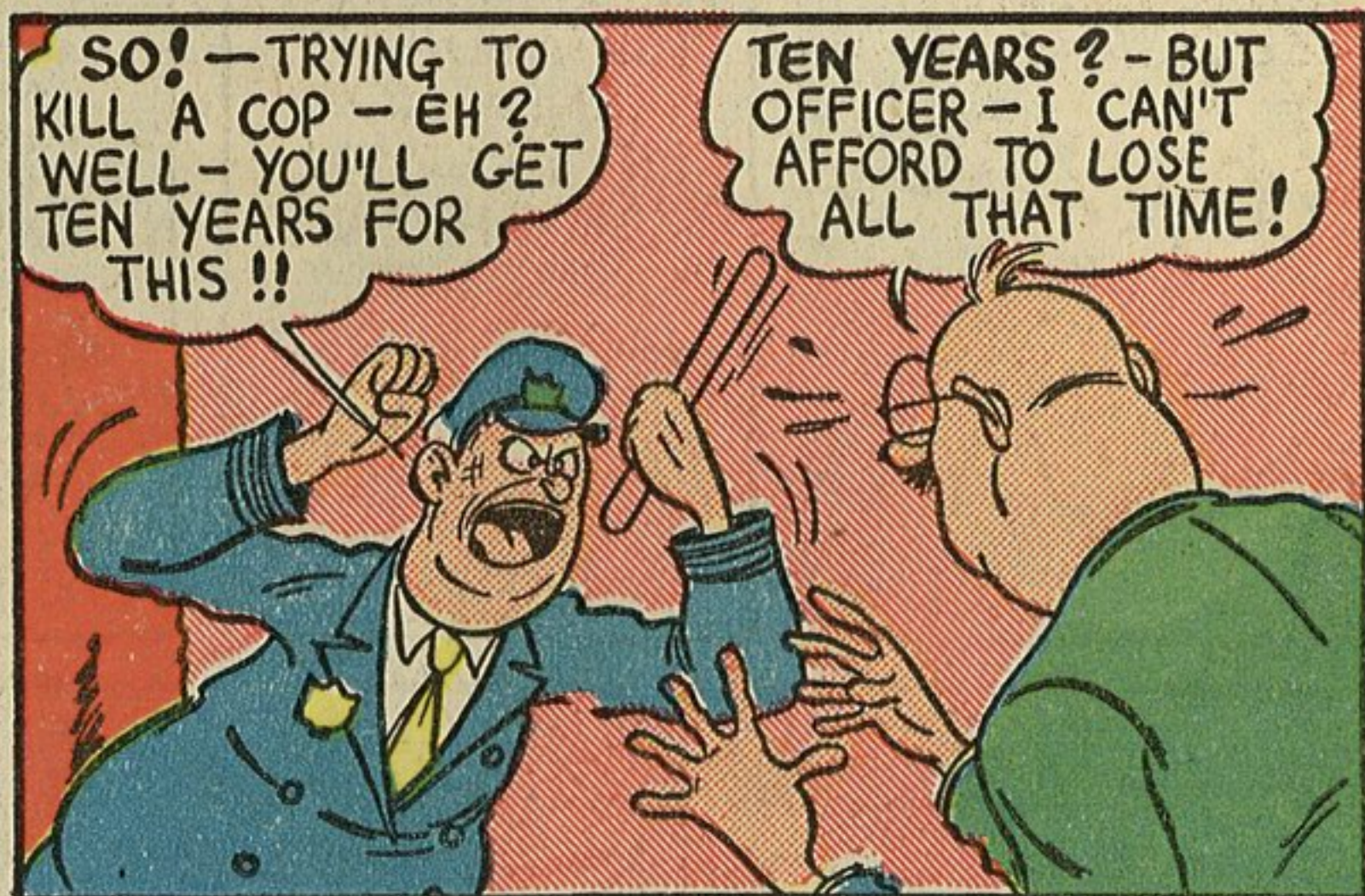
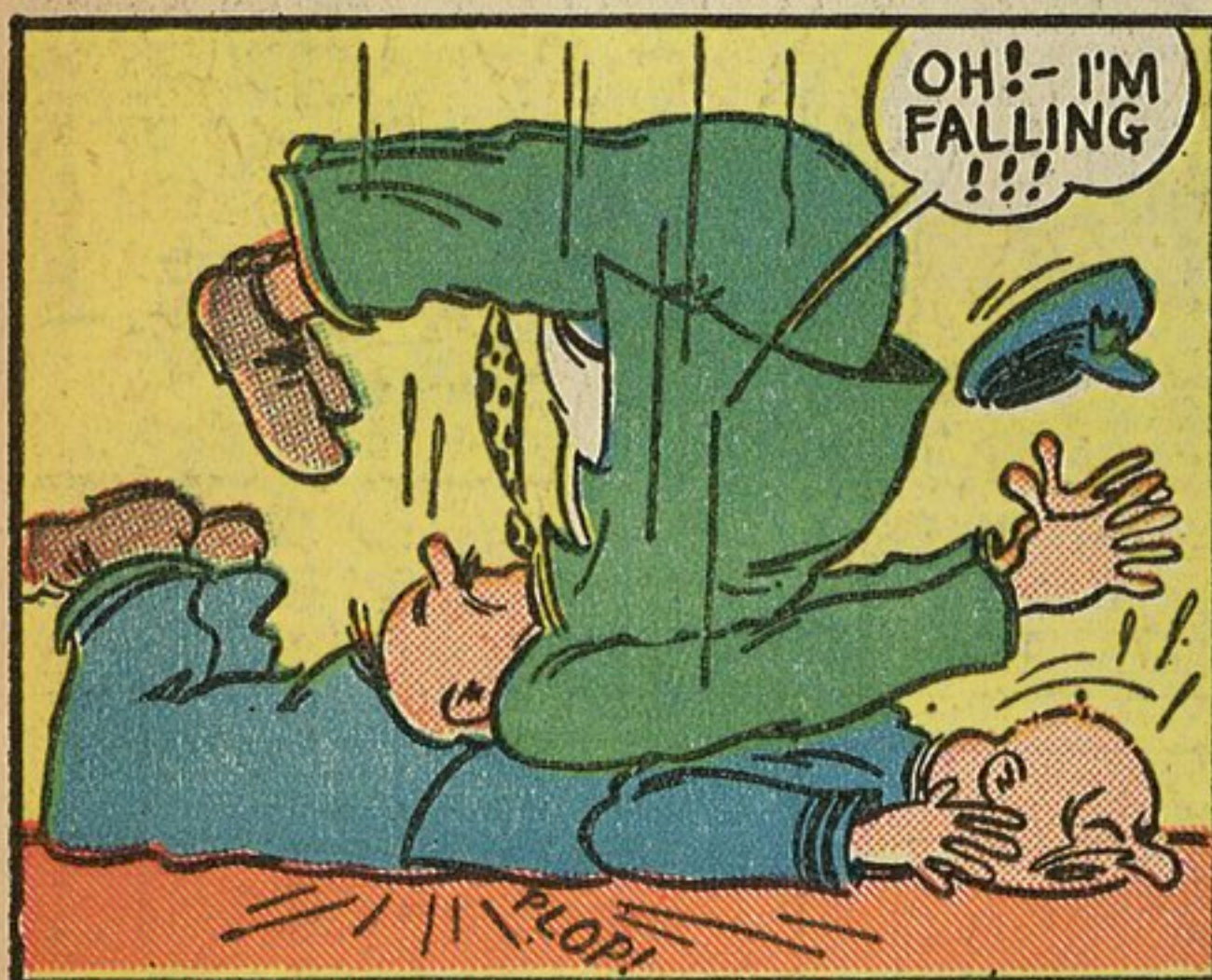
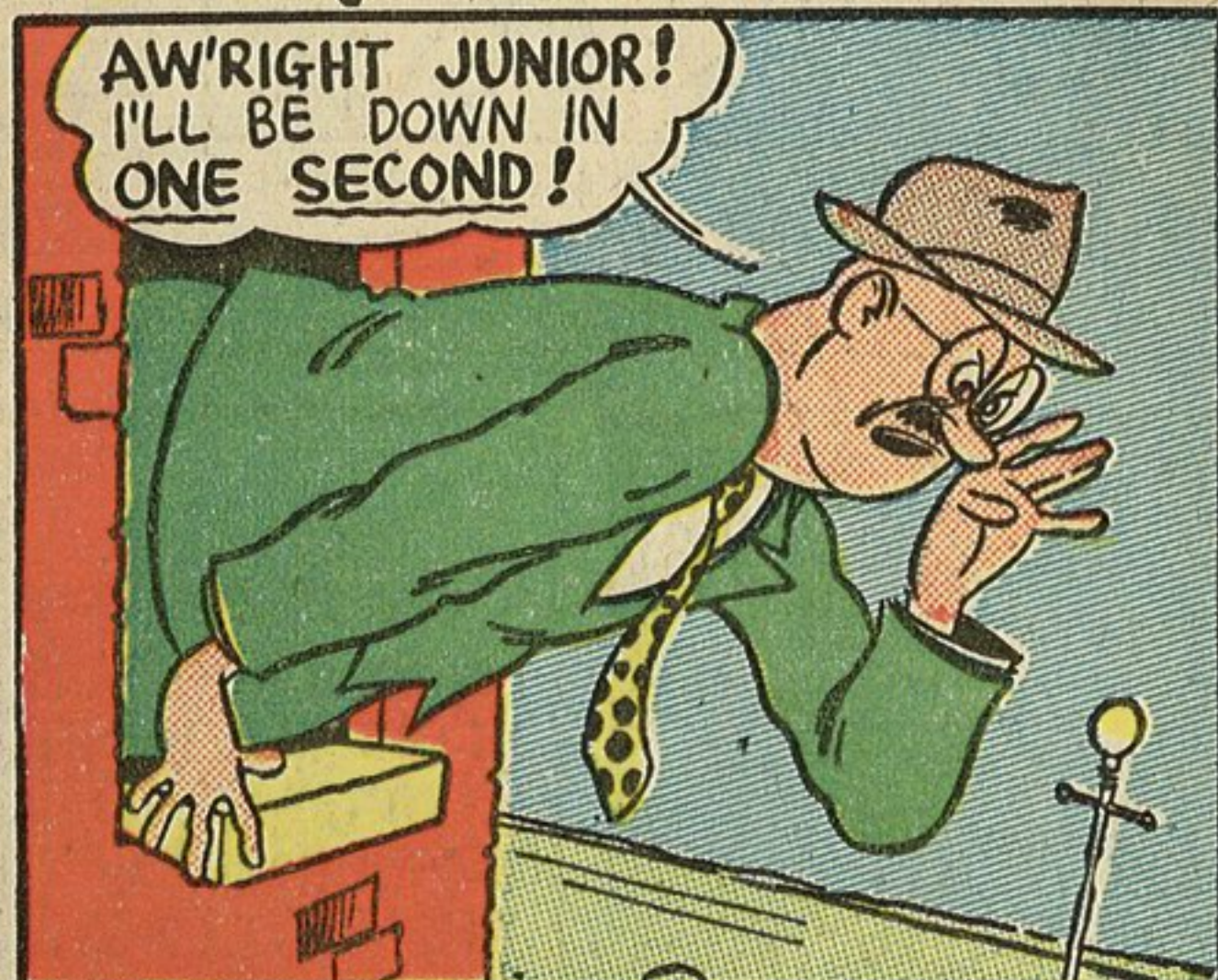
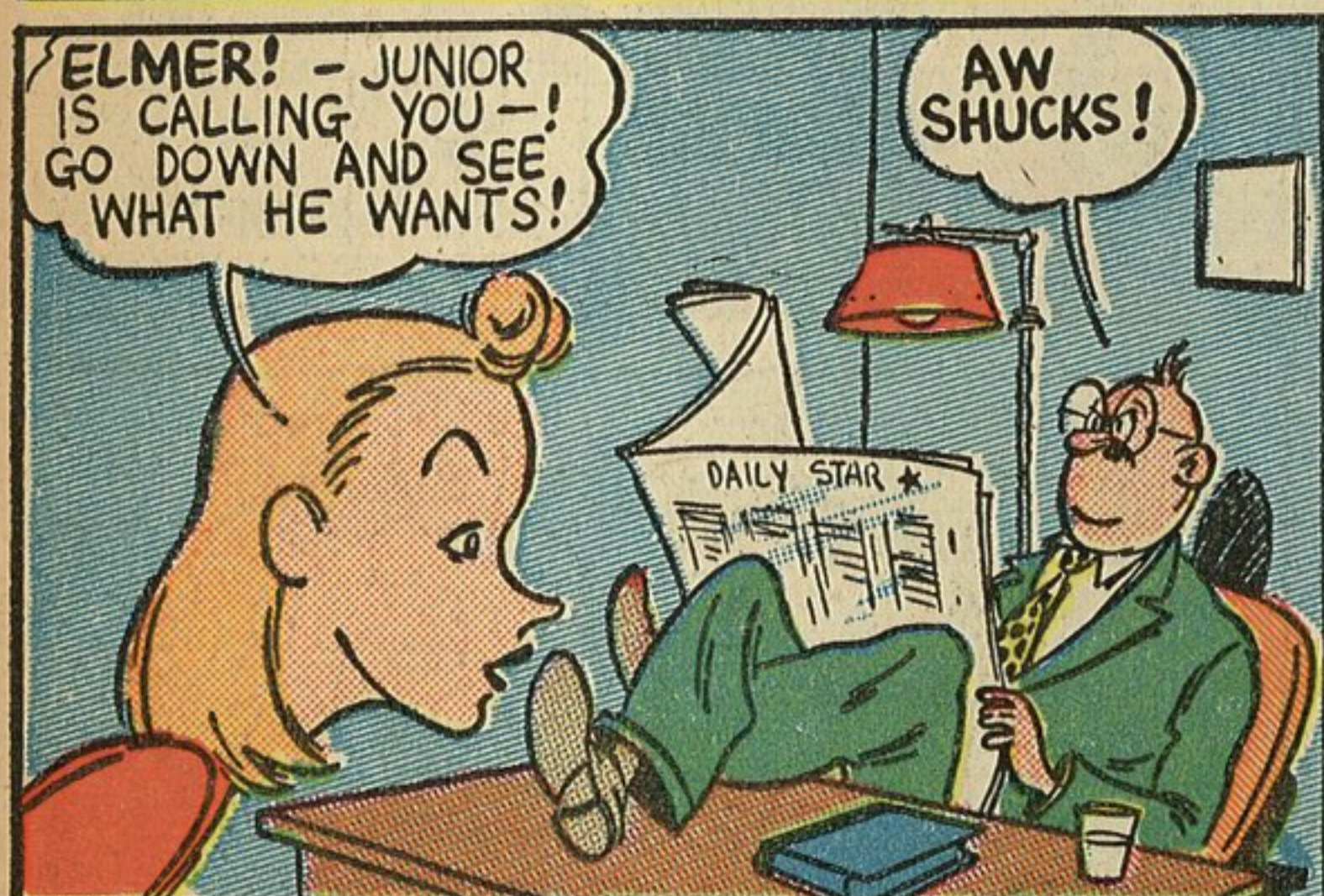


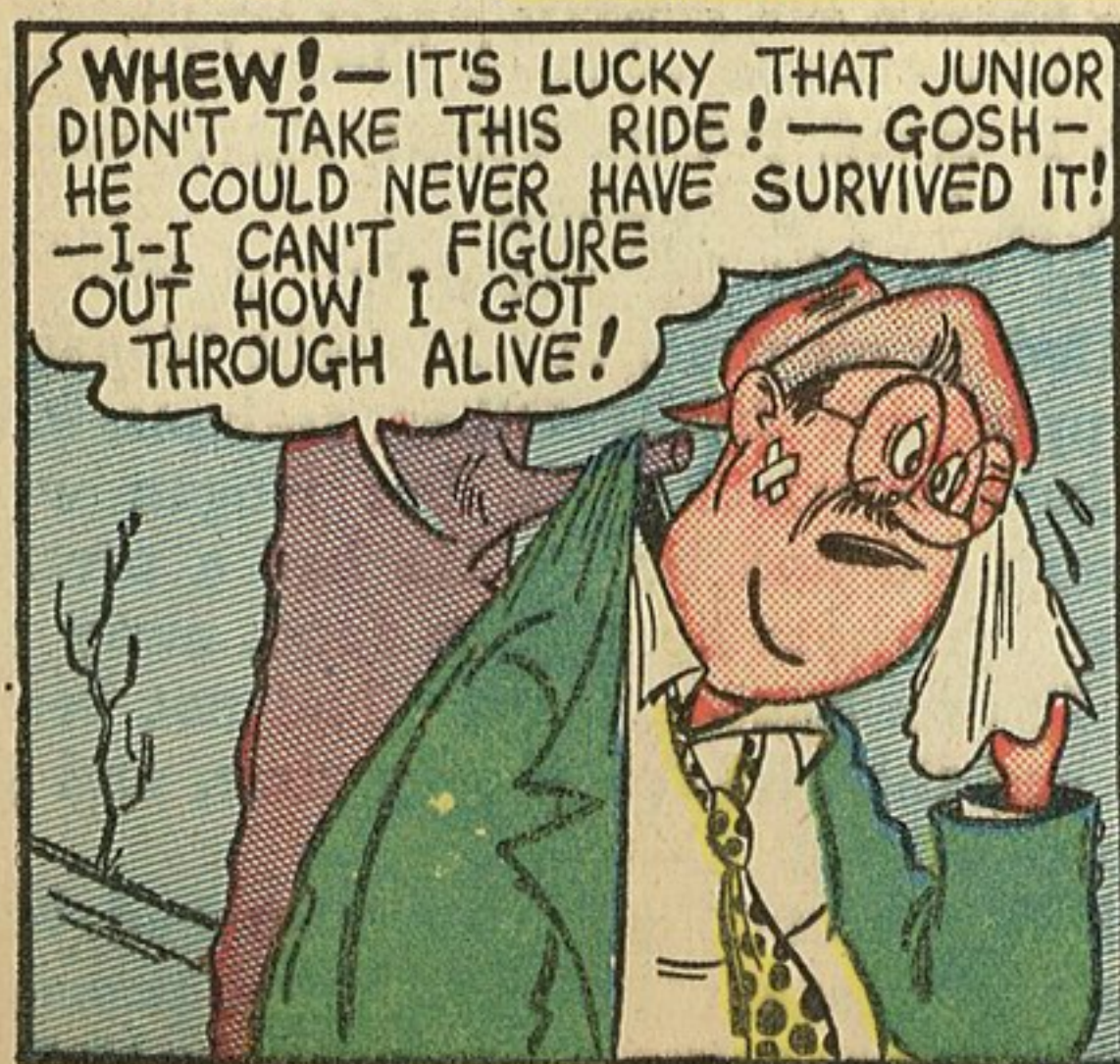
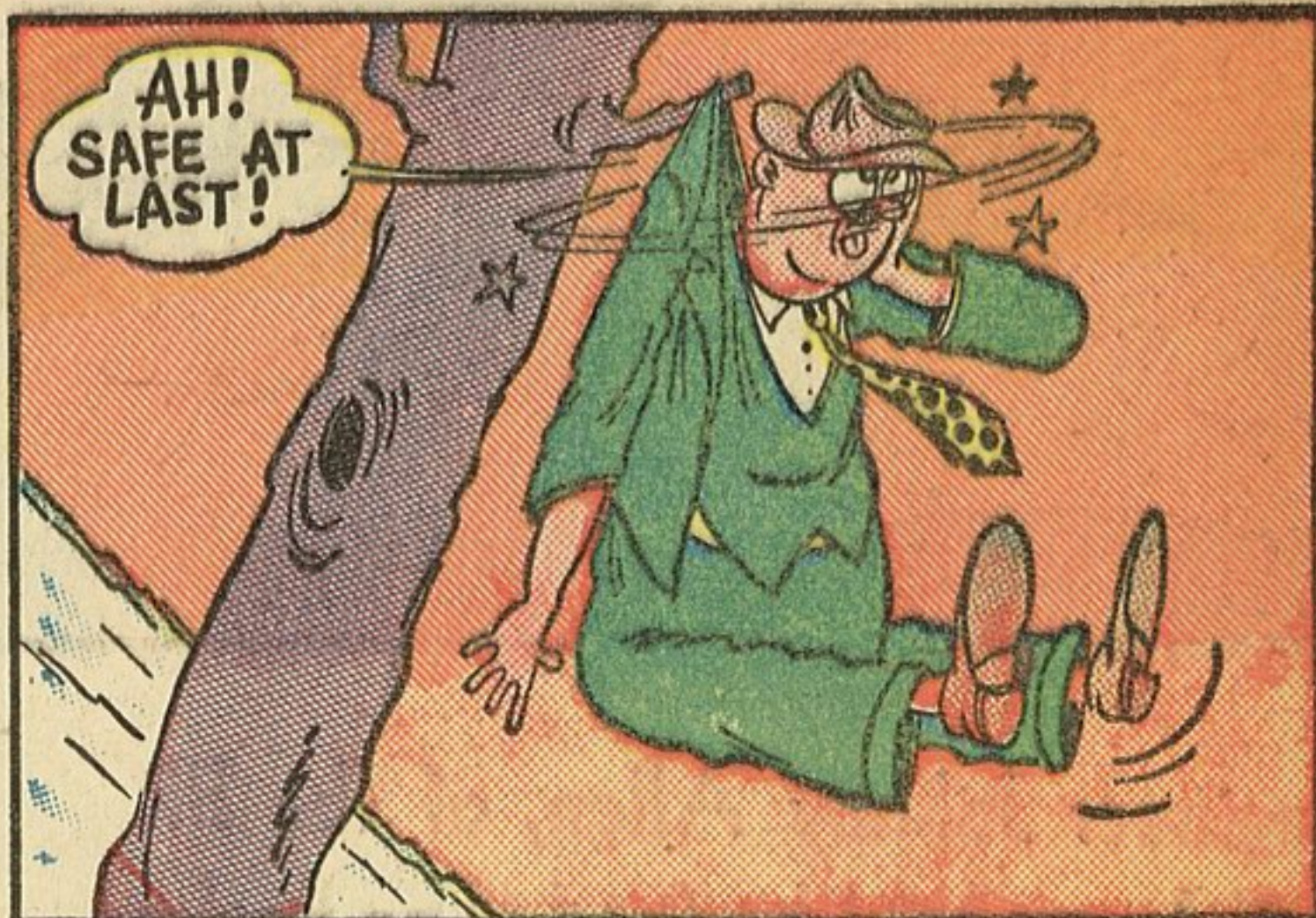
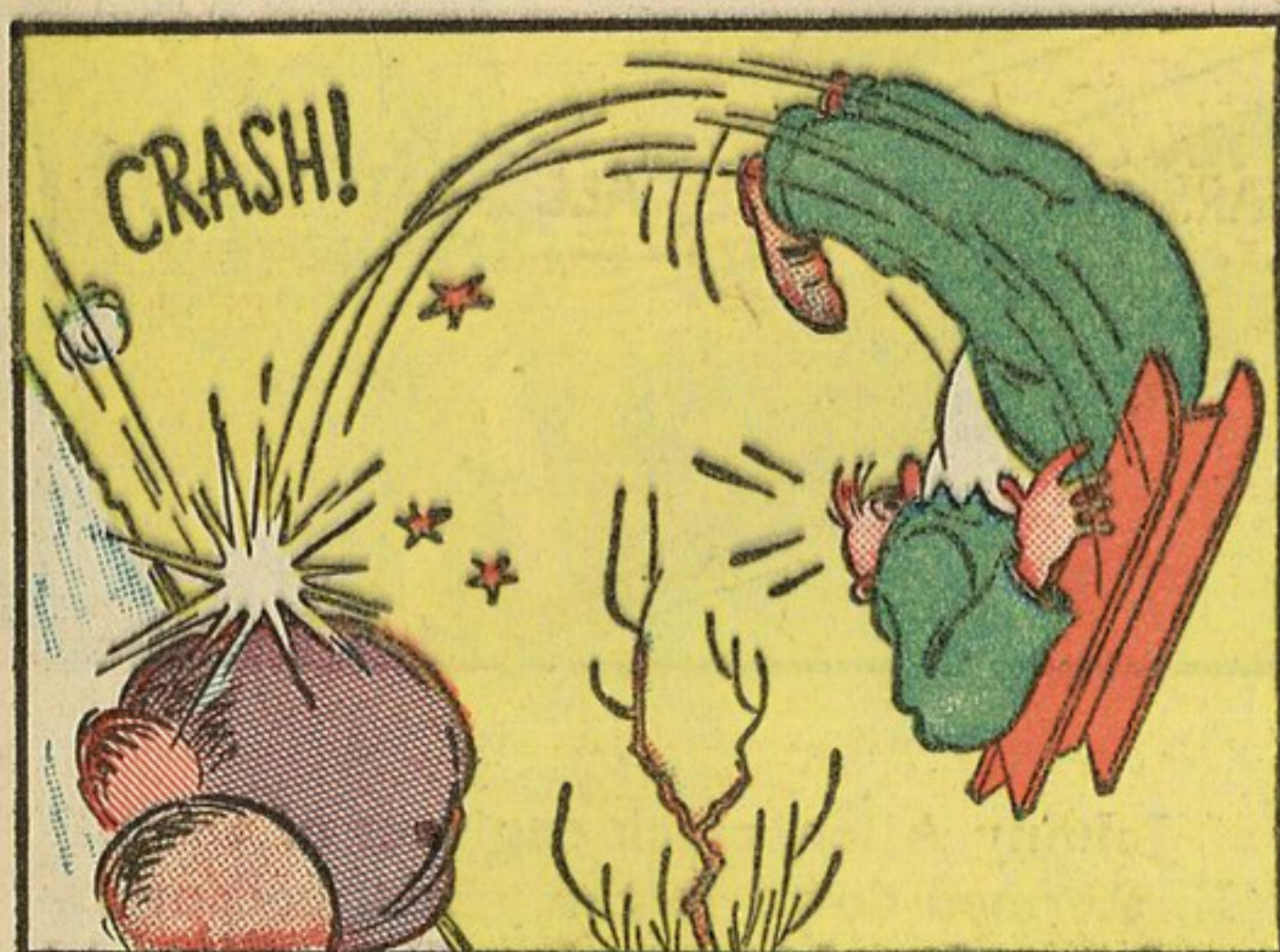
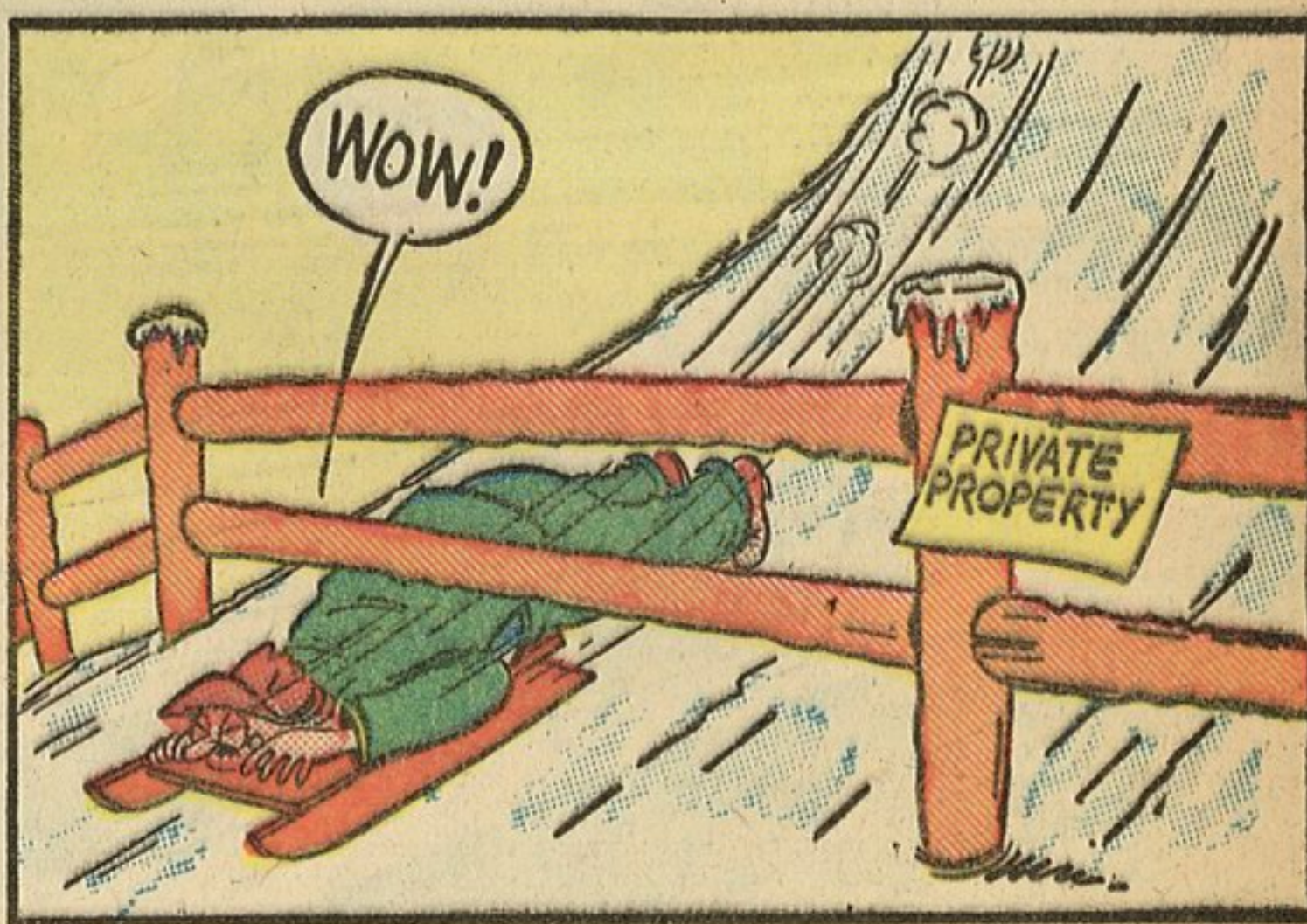
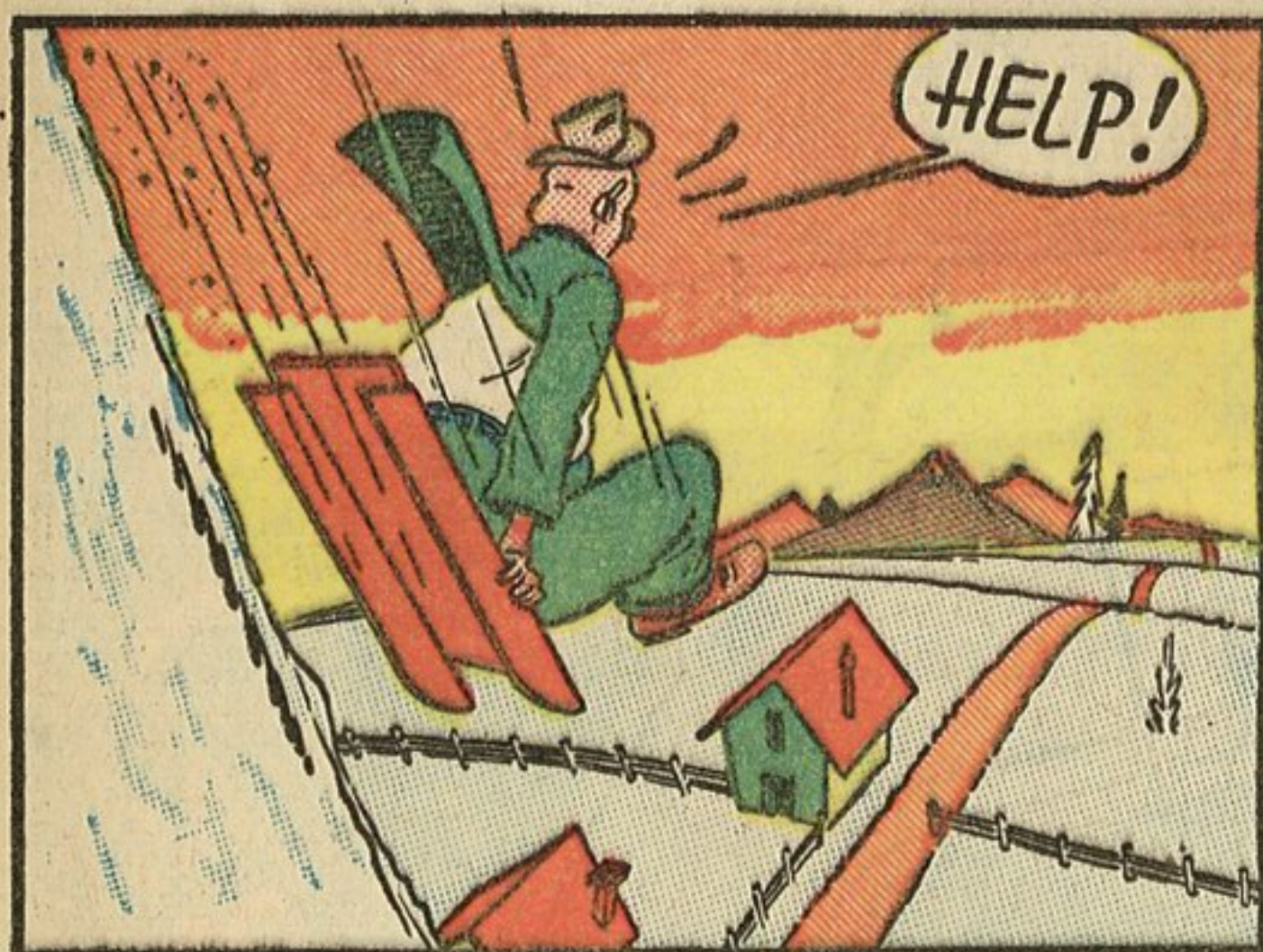
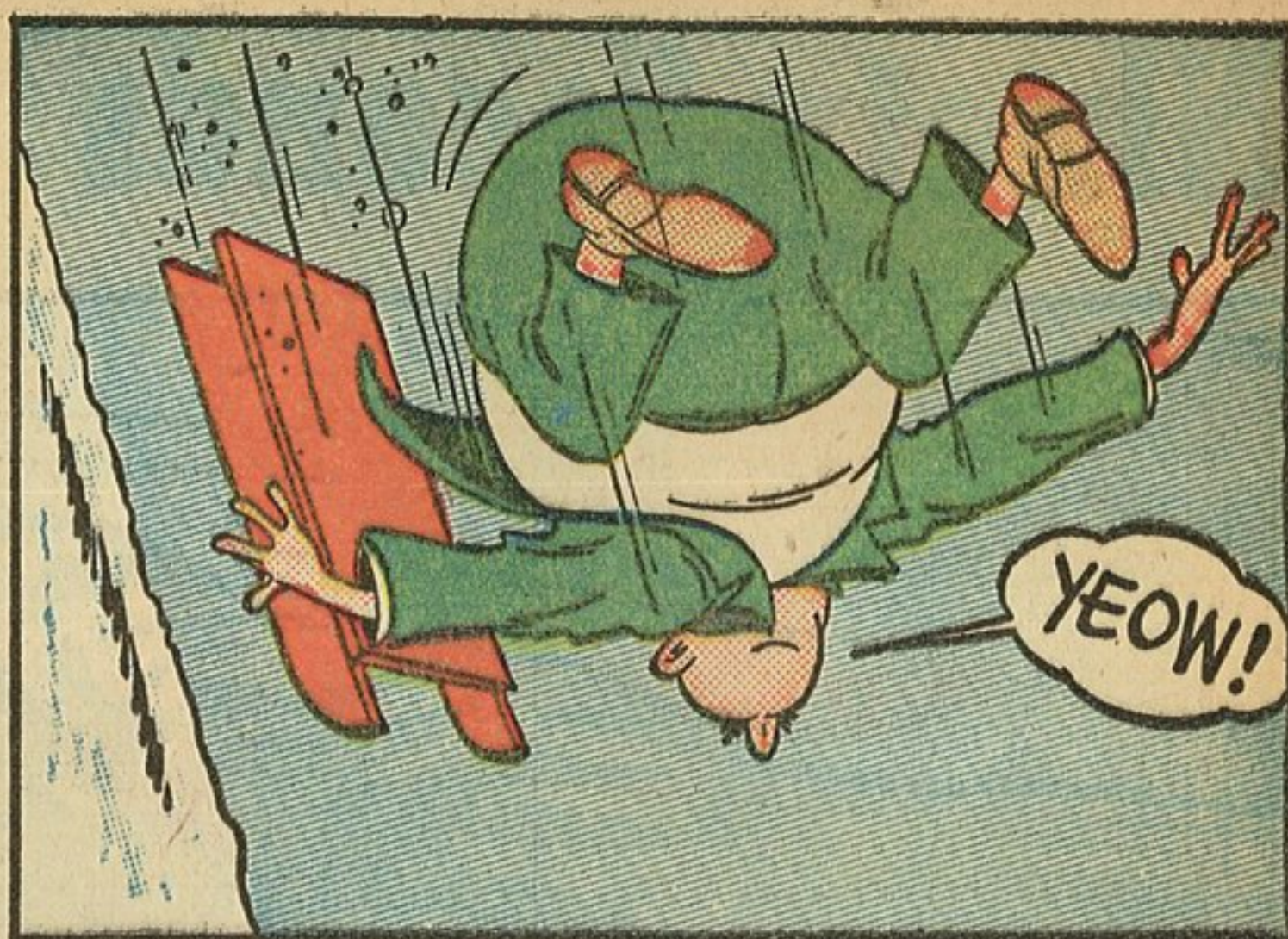
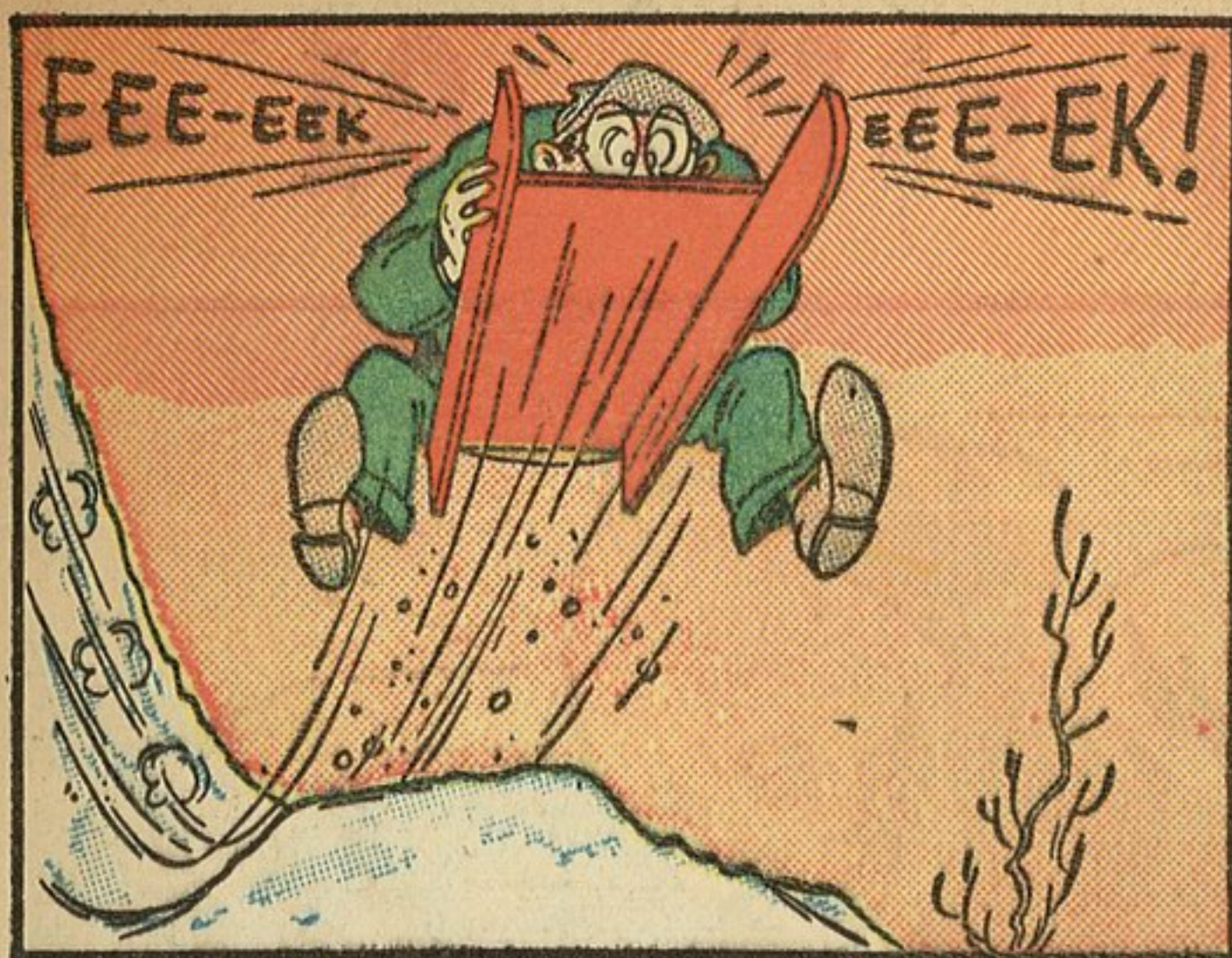
BOYS, NEXT WEEK WE PLAY OUR FIRST GAME AGAINST WILLOUGHBY. THE LINE-UP WILL BE POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD. I WANT YOU ALL TO GET PLENTY OF REST. O.K., YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SHOWERS NOW.

WATCH NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR STATE COLLEGE'S FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON AGAINST WILLOUGHBY COLLEGE.

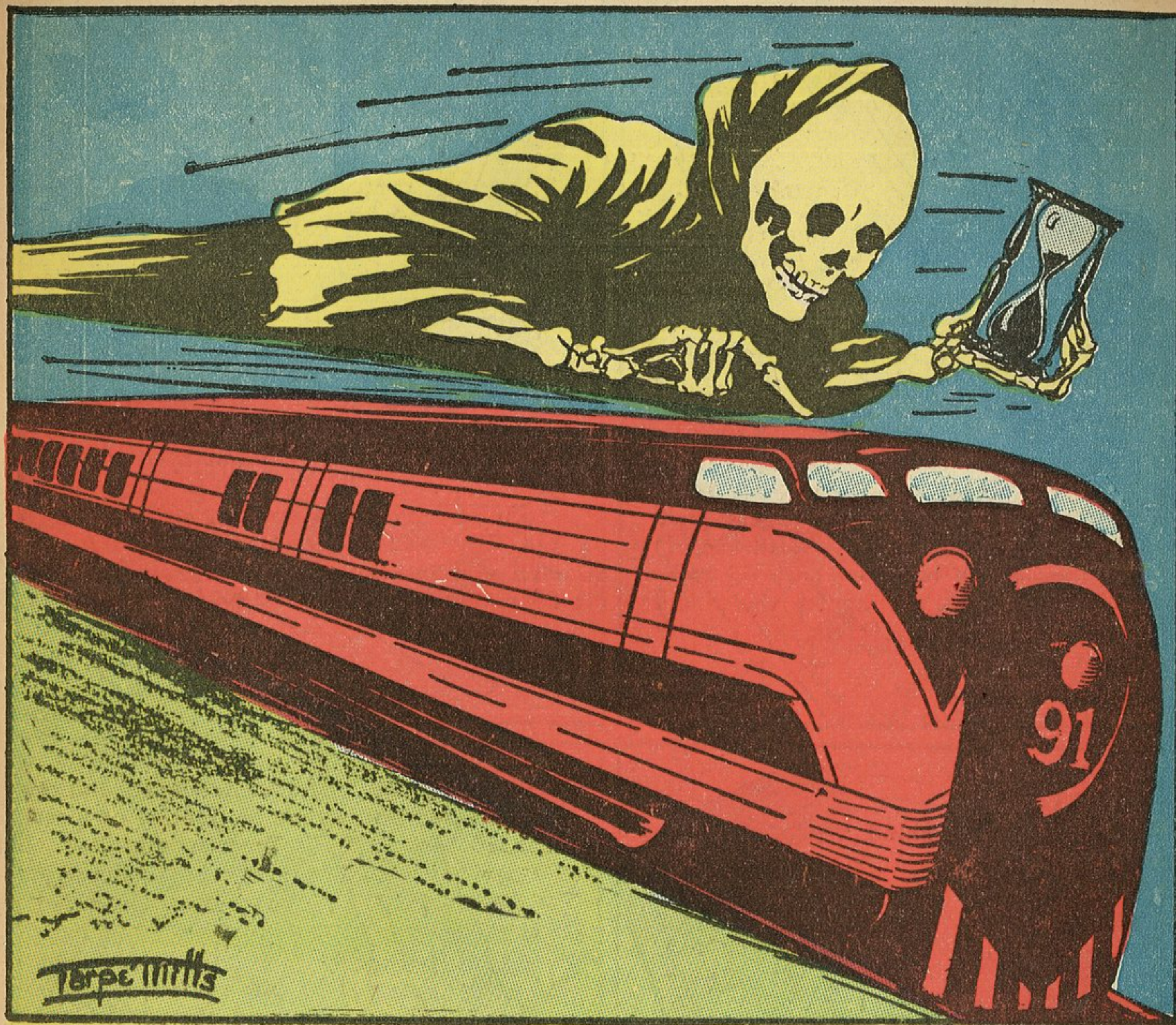
The JAPP Family

by SCHWAB.





Ninety Seconds For No. 91 —



Engineer Johnny Allen, of the BR & E knew he'd be fired if he broke a rule — even if it meant saving someone's life — so Johnny did some fast work!

A Fast-Moving Modern Railroad Short Story
By Jason Sanborn

TRAINMASTER HOGAN banged on his desk and barked: "I'm through talking, Allen! The next time you break a rule, you're fired! Now, get out and go to work."

Johnny Allen, crack engineer of the BR & E, stormed down to the yards, boiling mad, and got aboard his engine. True, he had hit seventy on a stretch of track limited by regulations to sixty, but he was trying to make up time lost by a hot-box.

He had thought he was doing right. He had pulled in on time, but brought Hogan's wrath upon his head. Other trainmasters would have overlooked it, but Hogan was short-tempered and bitter. He had a pretty daughter of whom he was so fond, away at school. It was known that he had not been able to see the girl for a long time, and it had soured him.

Thinking about this, Johnny backed his train into the terminal and watched passengers and baggage going aboard until, at 10:32,

Conductor Dick Wright, left alone on the platform, put his watch away and dropped his upraised hand.

"Board!" he cried, and swung to the steps.

Johnny released his brakes, adjusted the Johnson bar, and fed the big Pacific locomotive steam. The exhaust crashed and echoed in the terminal shed; eleven Pullmans rolled out into the yards and onto the main line, the engine climbing into her stride. BR & E Train No. 91, "The Plainsman," was off on her two-hundred mile run to Hamilton City

POUNDING drivers and thundering exhaust put miles behind, and Johnny, feeling better, reviewed his orders. The single-track right of way was his clear to Hamilton City, except at Millersburg, where they took siding at 1:16 to let No. 13 pass. This was the hotshot freight racing eastward from Pacific Coast ports with a load of raw silk, with rights over everything on the line. During the thirty-minute wait "The Plainsman" would take on water and passengers from the Wheatvale branch local. With No. 13 cleared, they would head out onto the main again and never stop rolling for the ninety miles to Hamilton City. Hogan would have no cause for complaint.

So Johnny thought until Dick Wright came scrambling over the tender, grabbed for support in the rocking cab, and shouted:

"Trouble on board, Johnny!"

"What's up?"

Wright gestured behind. "Sick girl back there," he gasped. "We found a doctor; says she's got to get to a hospital fast, or he won't give much for her chances!"

Johnny stared. "There isn't any hospital this side of Hamilton City!" he cried above the roar of the racing engine.

Wright nodded. "So I told him. He thinks she can hold out till then if we roll right through."

"What about the stop at Millersburg?"

Wright snapped: "There's another siding at Williamsville, beyond Millersburg. Can't you skip Millersburg and make it there before Thirteen does? It'll save almost half an hour; it may be the difference between life and death for this girl!"

Hastily Johnny calculated. Wide open, they could make the far siding with some five minutes margin. Too close for comfort, but . . .

"How's the water?" he yelled across the cab.

The fireman grinned. "We could make it with a tea-cupful to spare. Well, say a thimbleful."

JOHNNY grinned back and settled his cap.

It meant missing the Wheatvale connection, and perhaps burning up a valuable engine; it meant taking a chance that No. 13 wouldn't be early and smack them on a curve. It meant Hogan's anger again; Hogan would claim he should have left the girl at Millersburg in the care of some country horse-doctor. It meant . . . phew! It meant his job!

"Well, I guess I can get odd jobs cutting grass," he muttered.

"What?" asked the fireman.

"I said, keep that fire hot!" yelled Johnny, and he opened the throttle wide.

THE less said about that wild ride, the better. The startled passengers waiting at Millersburg saw "The Plainsman" roar through town without even slowing down. She made the Williamsville siding with a minute and a half to spare before the silk train crashed by, its crew pop-eyed with surprise.

She screeched to a smoking stop at Hamilton City, and Johnny saw them carry the sick girl away, still alive, attended by the doctor and a big, well-dressed man who seemed somehow familiar. But Johnny forgot them, for now he had to think of facing Hogan tomorrow.

IT took Hogan just one minute to fire Johnny, and the ex-engineer was about to creep away when the door flew open, and the well-dressed man strode in. Johnny now recognized him as T. C. Preston, president of the BR & E. Hogan began to bow and scrape.

"Don't go, Allen," boomed the president. "Hogan, I heard you shouting just now. It happened to be on that train when your daughter was taken ill. She's safe now, thanks to this man's courage, and she's asking for you. If I were you, I wouldn't fire him just yet. I'd have him take me on a special to Hamilton City."

"What? My daughter, Peggy? . . . Get the fastest engine in the round-house, Allen!" barked Hogan. "With your permission, Mr. Preston, this is one time we'll break every rule in the book! We'll burn this railroad up!"



CALLING 2-R

CALLING 2-R

2-R

CALLING 2-R

CAPTAIN, THE TELEVISOR SHOWS THERE IS TROUBLE RIDING THIS WAY FAST! ONE OF OUR RANGERS IS TRAILING IT! JUDGING FROM THE POSITION OF HIS ARM, HE IS CALLING US ON HIS HEADSET IT'S VX-1; I'M SURE! ANSWER HIM!!

RANGE RIDERS
OF TODAY'S FRONTIER

CALLING-2-R-CALLING-2-R! CAPTAIN THIS IS VX-1! AM TRAILING SUSPICIOUS CAR GOING TOWARD BOY STATE! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS? ANSWER, PLEASE!

DRUSELLA, IN THAT TOWN AHEAD, ARE SECRET INVENTIONS AND FORMULAS I MEAN TO OBTAIN-AND WHEN I GET THEM, I WILL CONQUER AND RULE THE WORLD! I'LL BE THE BIGGEST OF ALL BIG SHOTS!

CAPTAIN ANSWERING VX-1! BE CAREFUL! WE WILL LAY DOWN THE FORCE WALL! IT WILL STOP THEM-FIND OUT THEIR BUSINESS IN BOY STATE-AND REMEMBER, A RANGE RIDER IS ALWAYS COURTEOUS

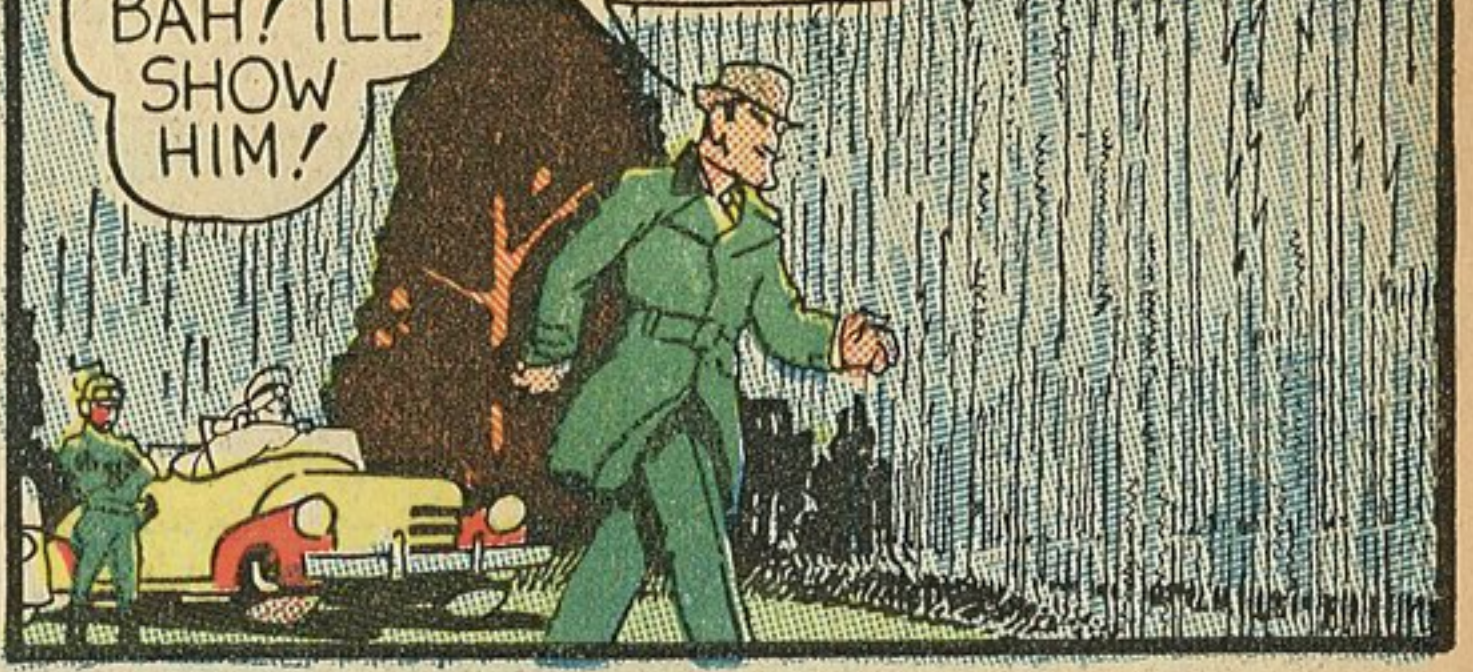
CAN I BE OF SERVICE TO YOU?

YES YOU CAN, IF YOU CAN TELL US WHY OUR CAR STOPPED RUNNING ALL OF A SUDDEN!

YOUR CAR STOPPED BECAUSE YOU ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE COSMO FORCE WALL THAT SURROUNDS BOY STATE! IF YOU HAD TRIED TO GO ON, THE RAYS WOULD HAVE KNOCKED YOU DOWN! DON'T TRY IT!



COSMO FORCE WALL, BAH! THAT'S GOING TOO FAR! AND HE SAYS EVEN A FOURTEEN INCH SHELL COULDN'T PENETRATE IT- BAH! I'LL SHOW HIM!



OW-OO-EE **HELP!**
WHAT HIT ME???



YOU WERE WARNED, MISTER! NOW, MAY I ASK WHOM YOU WISH TO SEE AND WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS IN BOYVILLE? THIS IS NOT VISITOR'S DAY!

ER-AH-WE-



WHY, BIG BOY, OUR BUSINESS IS VERY SIMPLE. WE KNOW A BOY-AH-A POOR ORPHAN-HOMELESS-AND WE-AH-WANT TO FIND A HOME FOR HIM BEFORE HE GETS INTO TROUBLE. AND-AH-



CALLING 2-R! VX-I
CALLING 2-R---
THEY WANT TO
SEE BOY STATE-
O.K.?

GOOD WORK,
DRUSELLA!



CAPTAIN ANSWERING VX-I! FORCE WALL BEING RAISED-ESCORT THEM AROUND! SHOW THEM ANYTHING THEY WANT TO SEE-A RANGER IS CAUTIOUS!

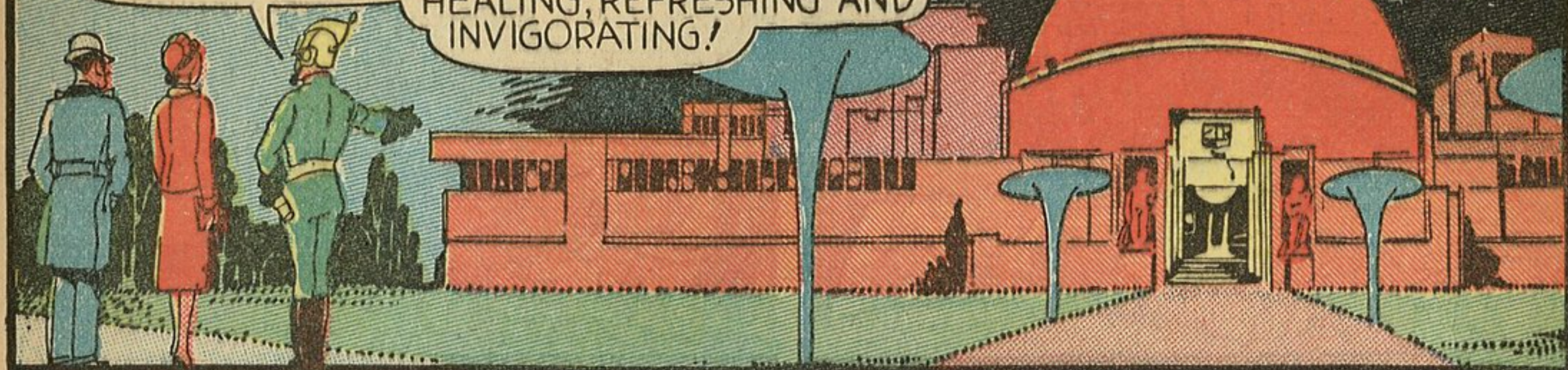


I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD TO MAKE YOU WELCOME AND SHOW YOU AROUND. IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR PART YOU WISH TO SEE?

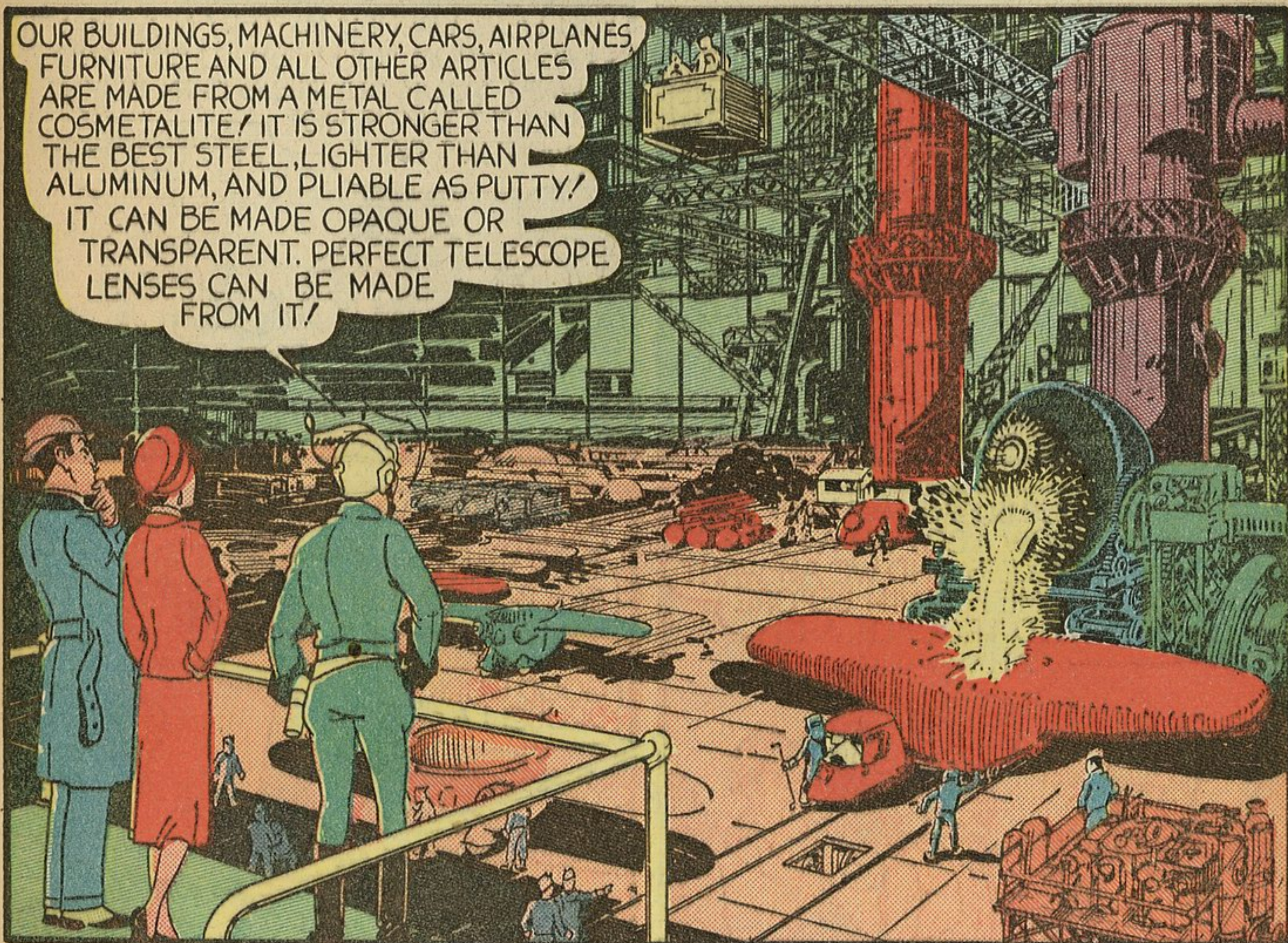
YES! YOUR HOMES AND AIRPLANES AND WHERE THEY'RE MADE!



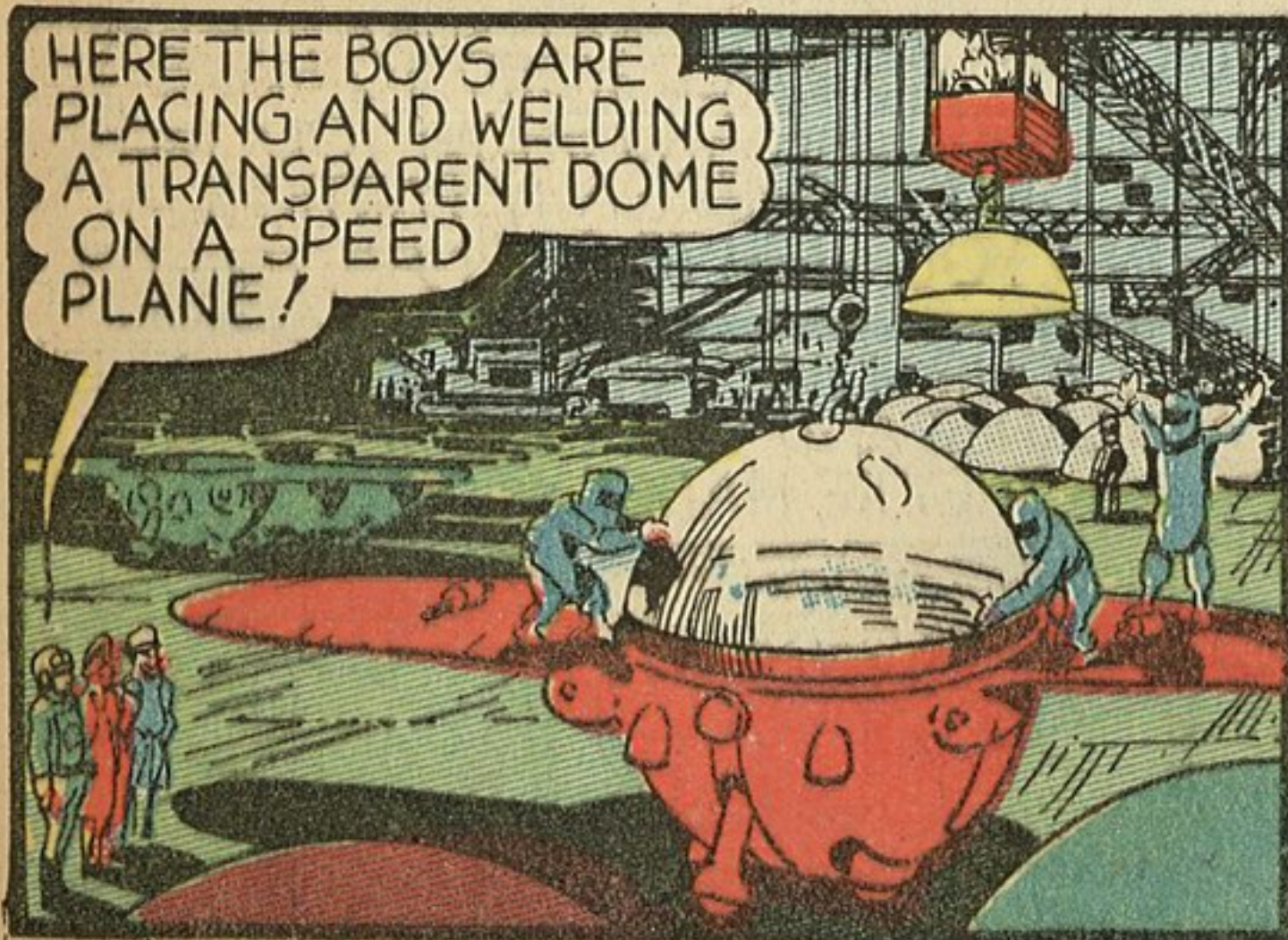
THIS IS OUR BARRACKS. BENEATH THAT GLASS DOME
WE RETIRE TO READ AND REST. AN HOUR OF
BATHING IN THERE IN COSMIC AIR AND LIGHT,
MAKES A NEW PERSON OF ONE! IT IS
HEALING, REFRESHING AND
INVIGORATING!



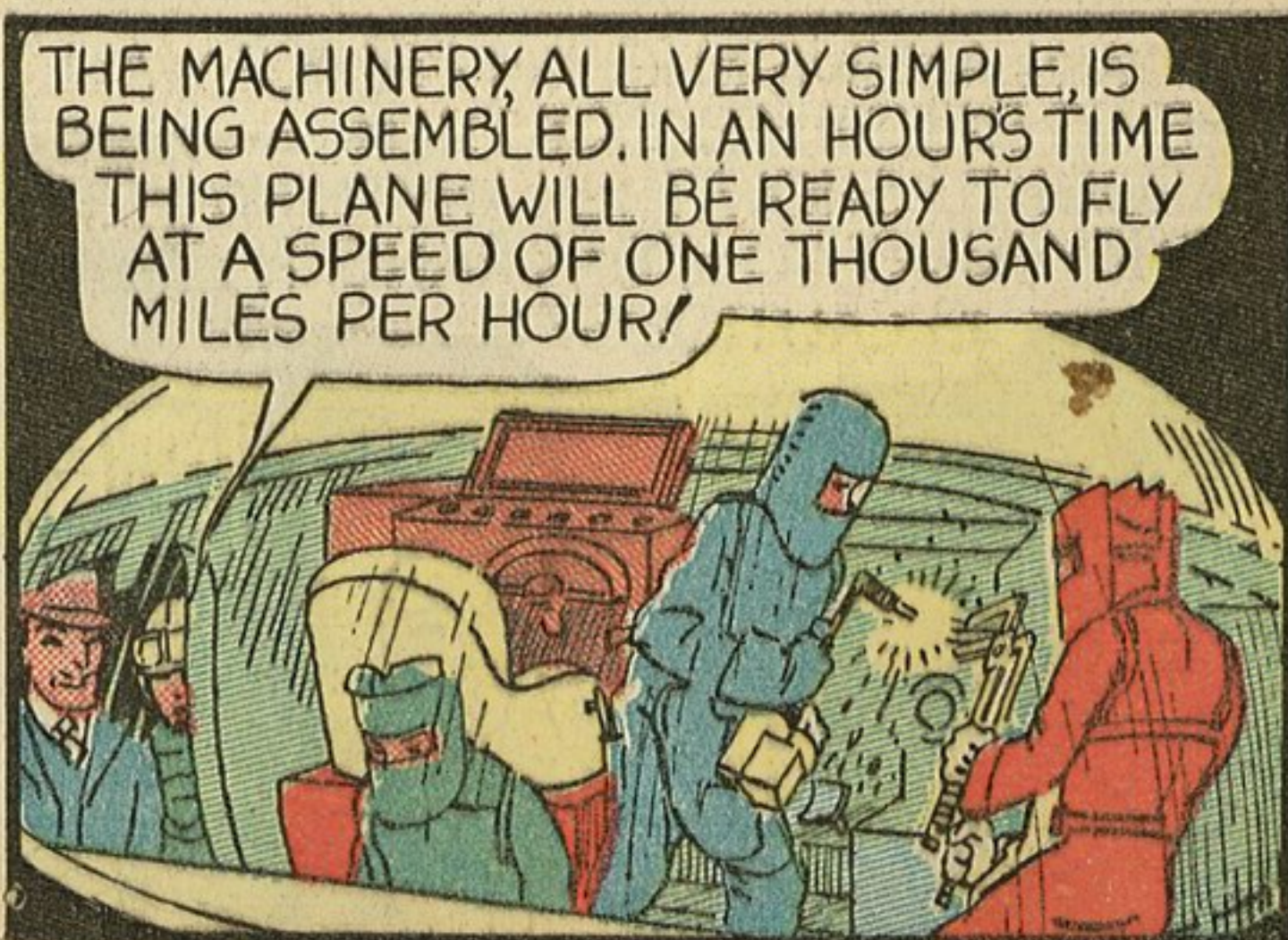
OUR BUILDINGS, MACHINERY, CARS, AIRPLANES,
FURNITURE AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES
ARE MADE FROM A METAL CALLED
COSMETALITE! IT IS STRONGER THAN
THE BEST STEEL, LIGHTER THAN
ALUMINUM, AND PLIABLE AS PUTTY!
IT CAN BE MADE OPAQUE OR
TRANSPARENT. PERFECT TELESCOPE
LENSES CAN BE MADE
FROM IT!



HERE THE BOYS ARE
PLACING AND WELDING
A TRANSPARENT DOME
ON A SPEED
PLANE!



THE MACHINERY, ALL VERY SIMPLE, IS
BEING ASSEMBLED. IN AN HOUR'S TIME
THIS PLANE WILL BE READY TO FLY
AT A SPEED OF ONE THOUSAND
MILES PER HOUR!

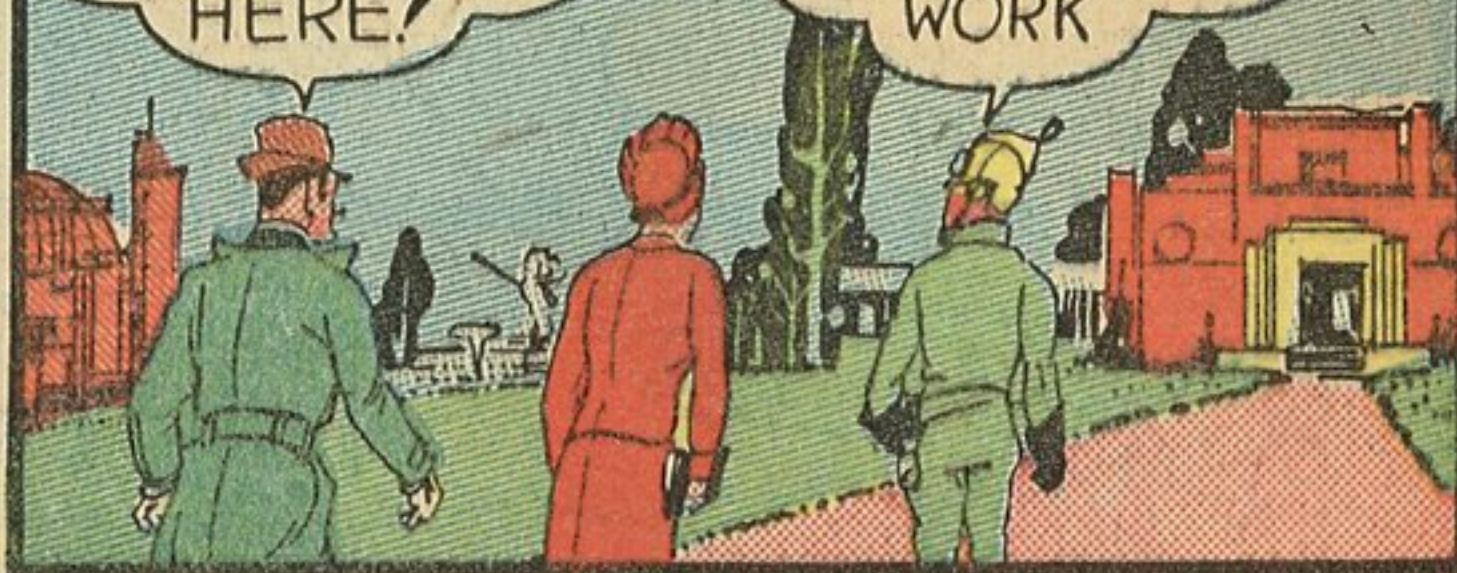


A NEW PILOT CAN LEARN TO FLY A SHIP IN AN HOUR'S TIME! FOR INSTANCE, TOUCHING A CERTAIN BUTTON, RELEASES GRAVITY AND THE SHIP WILL GO STRAIGHT UP. ANOTHER BUTTON STARTS THE PROPELLORS, AND SO ON!

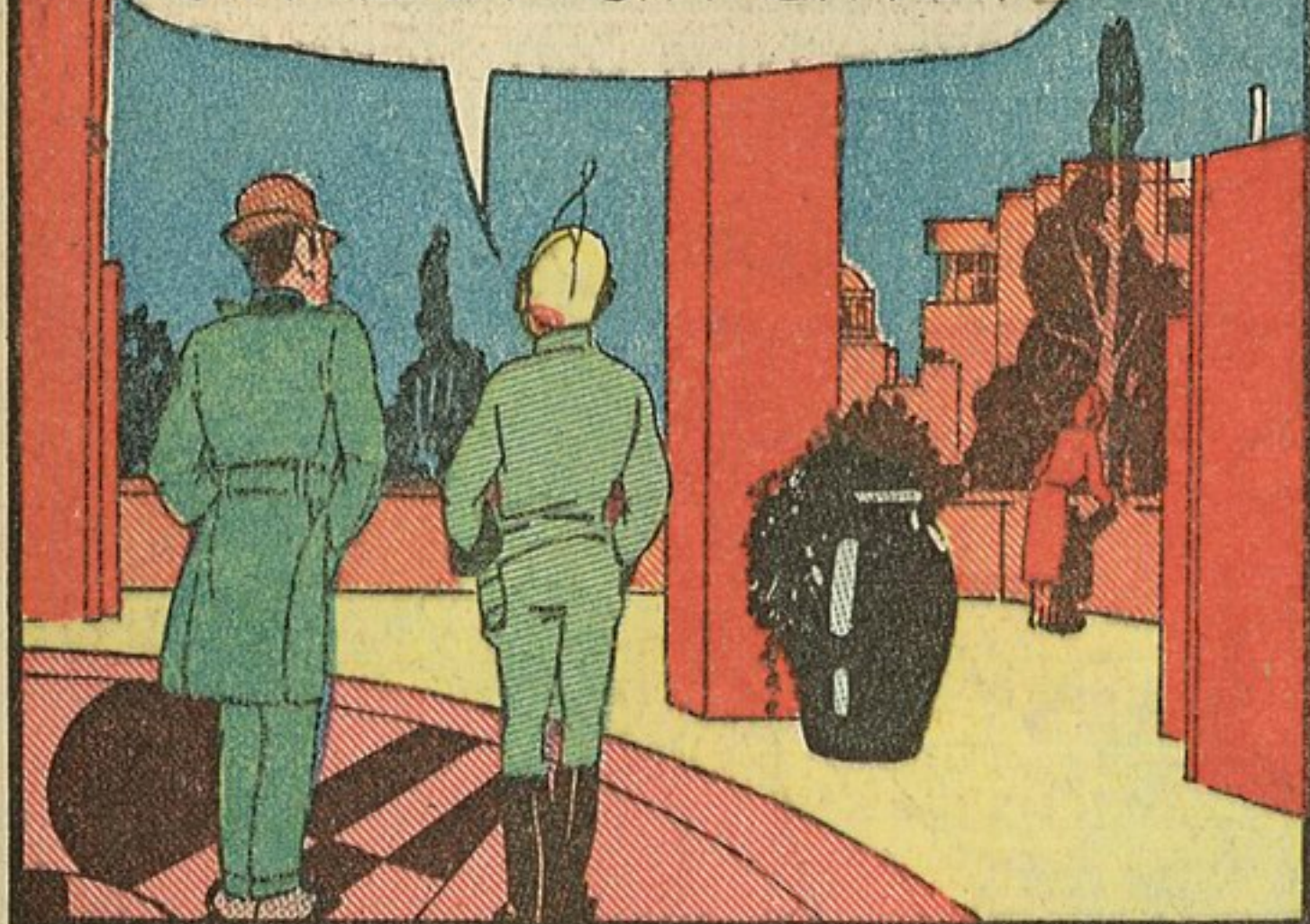


CAN ANY BODY LEARN ALL THIS? I JUST KNOW OUR YOUNG FRIEND WOULD LOVE IT IF HE COULD COME HERE!

YES! AFTER HE DOES THE GROUND WORK AND OBEYS THE LAWS HERE, HE MAY CHOOSE HIS OWN LINE OF WORK



YES, WE DO HAVE MANY MORE INVENTIONS HERE THAN THOSE THE OUTSIDE WORLD KNOWS ABOUT! SUCH AS THE ALL-SEEING TELEVISION EYE, THE MIND PICTURE MACHINE, WHICH PICTURES WHAT A PERSON IS THINKING, PAST PRESENT OR FUTURE! THE FORCE GUN, BODY PROTECTOR, WHICH WILL REPEL EVEN A RIFLE BULLET! AND ALL OUR MACHINERY, CARS AND PLANES ARE RUN BY COSMIC FORCE! AND OTHER INVENTIONS WHICH ARE BEING SAVED FOR THE FUTURE, AS THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR THEM YET!



COULD WE SEE AND TALK TO YOUR WONDERFUL CAPTAIN, PLEASE

CALLING 2-R! VX-I- CALLING THE SKIPPER. THESE PEOPLE WISH TO SEE AND TALK WITH THE CAPTAIN!



HERE THEY COME. THEY CARRY A GRAVITY DIMINISHER, WHICH EQUALIZES THEM WITH THE COSMIC FORCE. THIS ENABLES THEM TO WALK THROUGH SPACE!

HOW WONDERFUL!



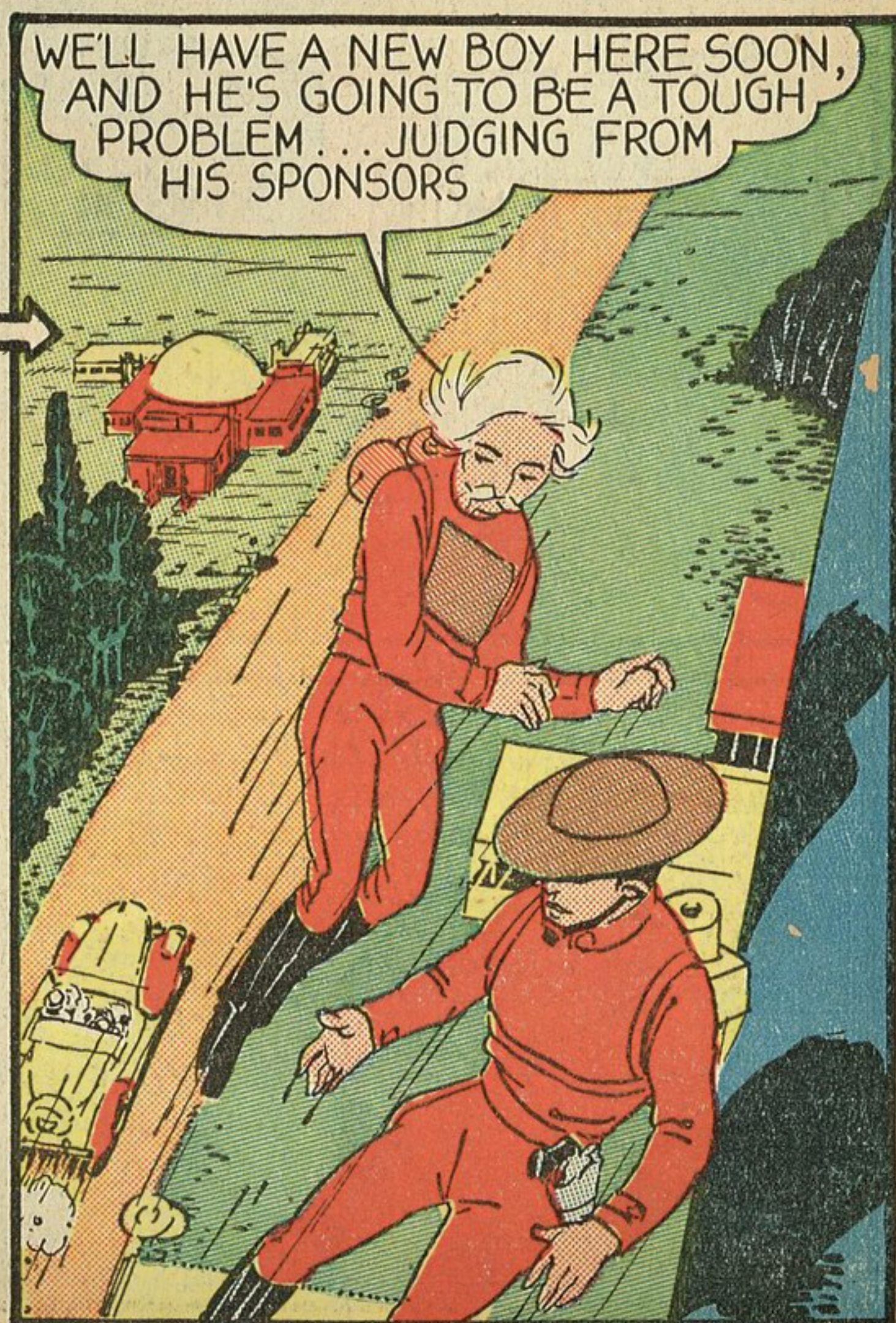
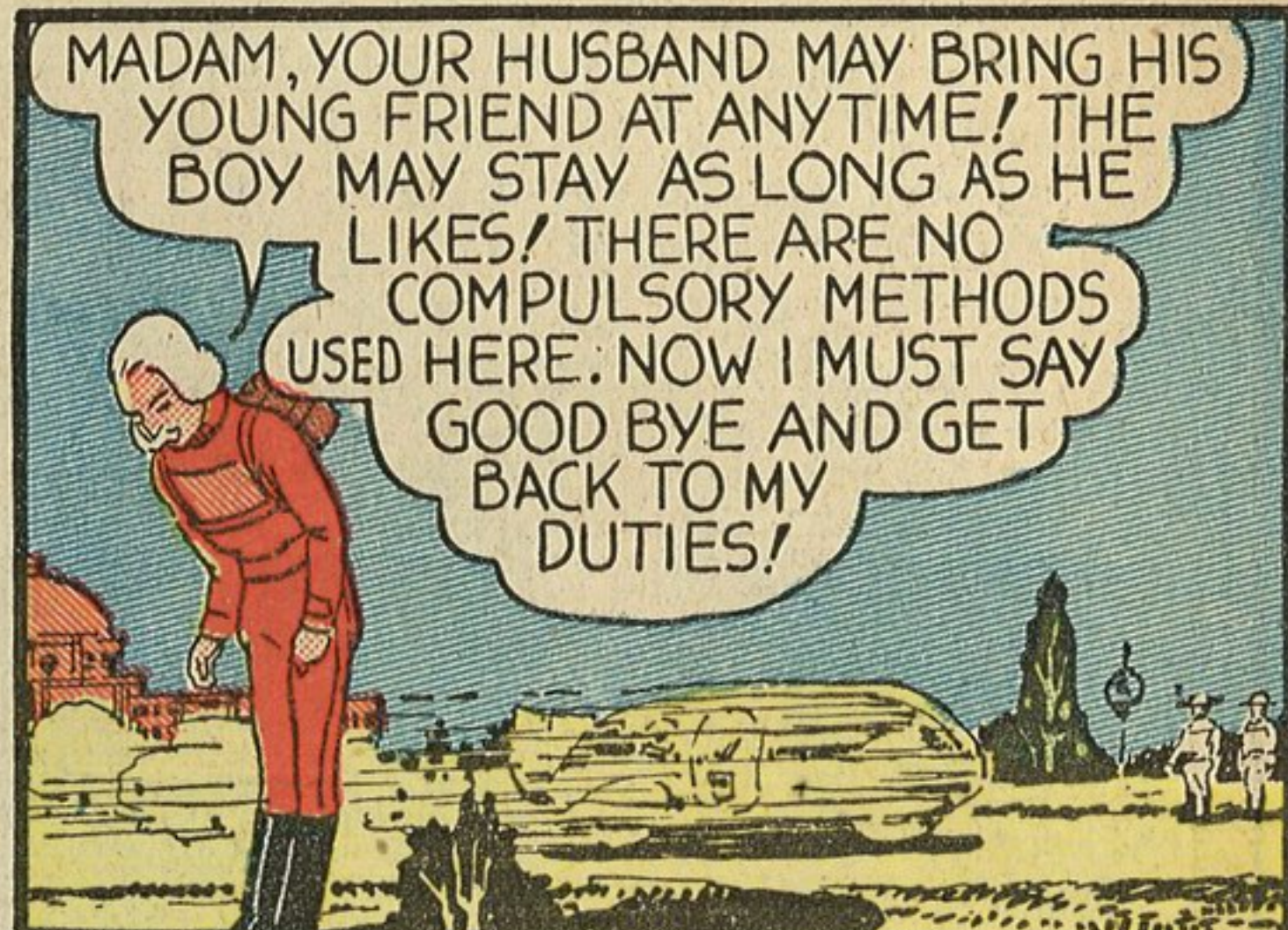
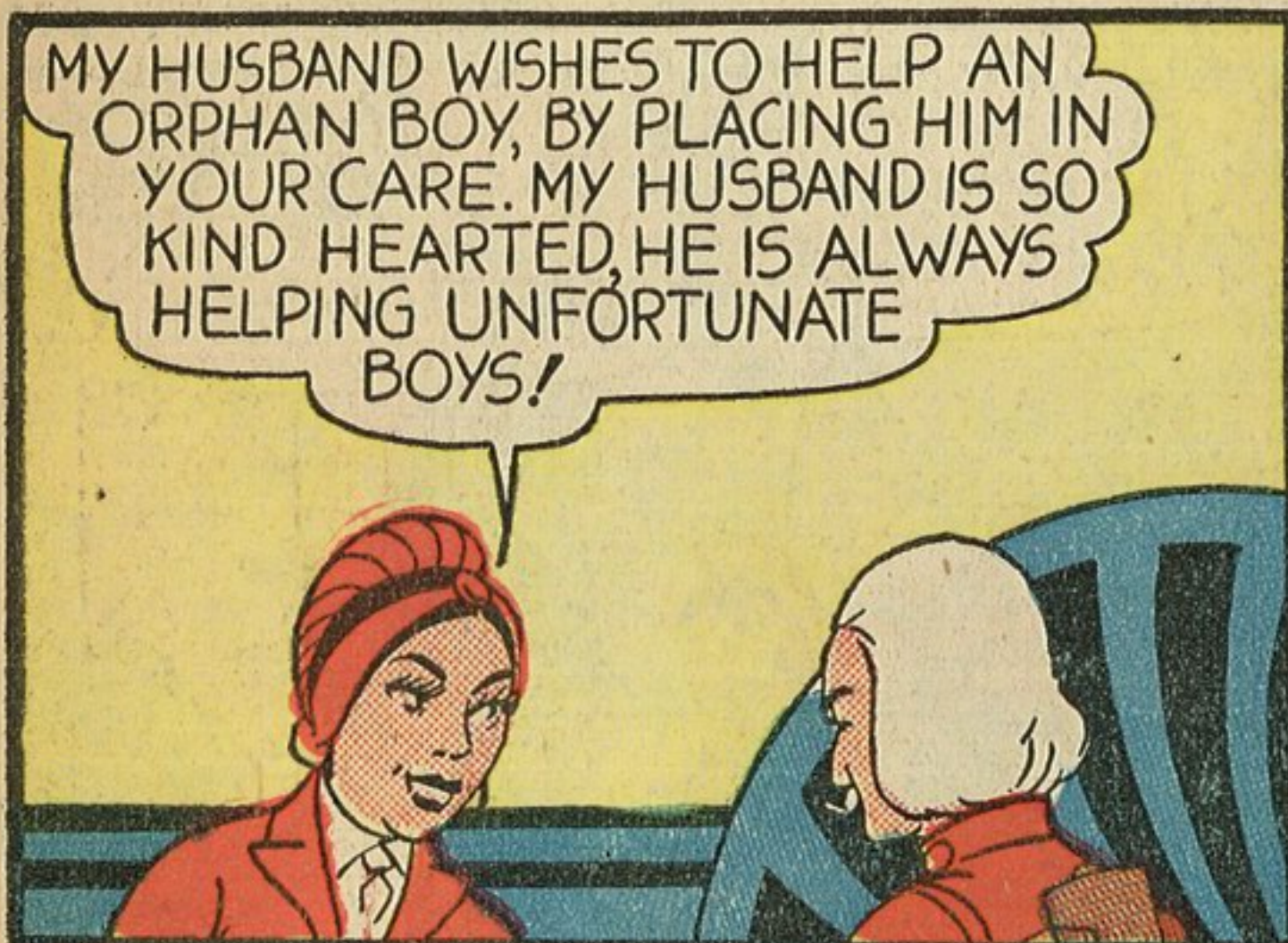
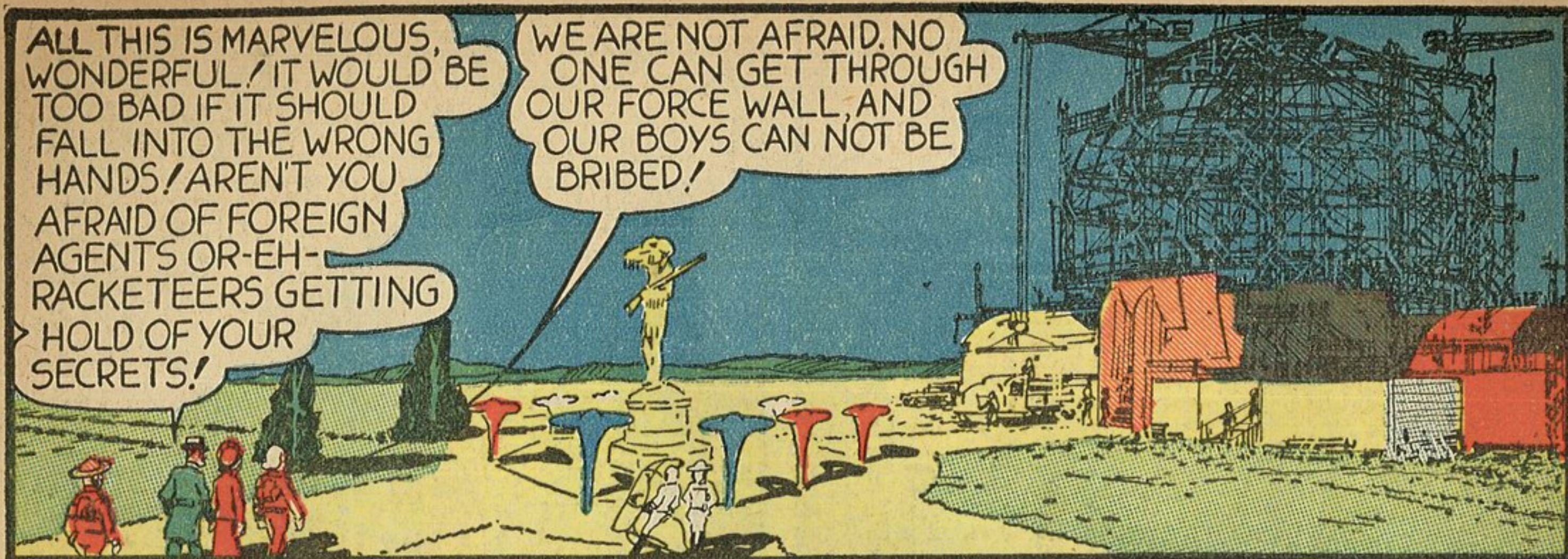
CAPTAIN, THE GREATEST MYSTERY TO ME IS WHY MAN WILL NOT LEARN THAT IN TRYING TO FOOL OTHERS, HE ONLY FOOLS HIMSELF!



THIS IS OUR SKIPPER AND THE CAPTAIN

OH, MR. SKIPPER AND YOU GREAT BIG STRONG HANDSOME CAPTAIN! GOSH I'M SO THRILLED!

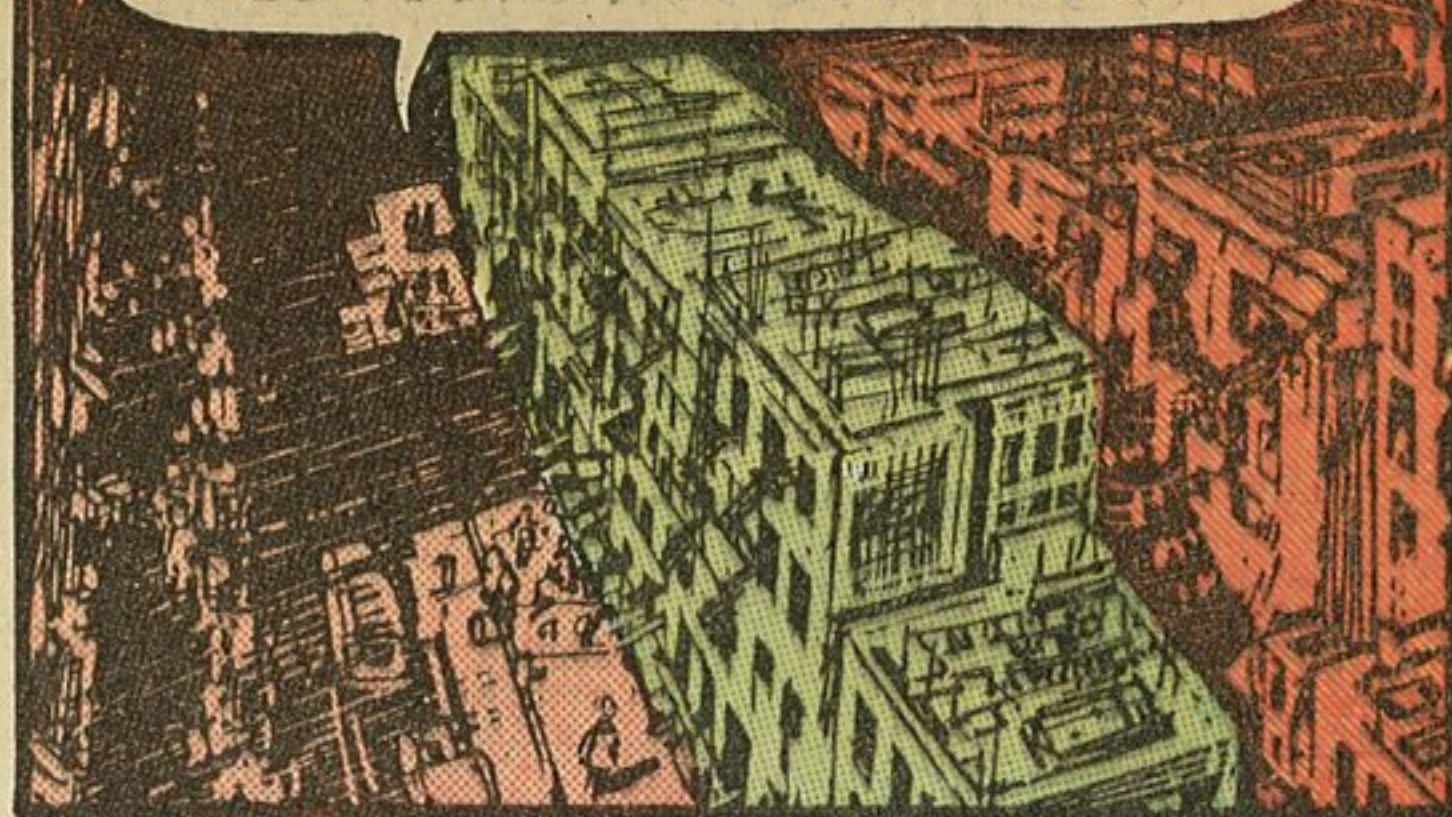




I CAN SEE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO GET IN TO STEAL THEIR FORMULAS AND PLANS-EXCEPT A PLANT, AND OUR DEAR LITTLE BOY FRIEND IS GOING TO BE THAT PLANT! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY! HA-HA-HA!



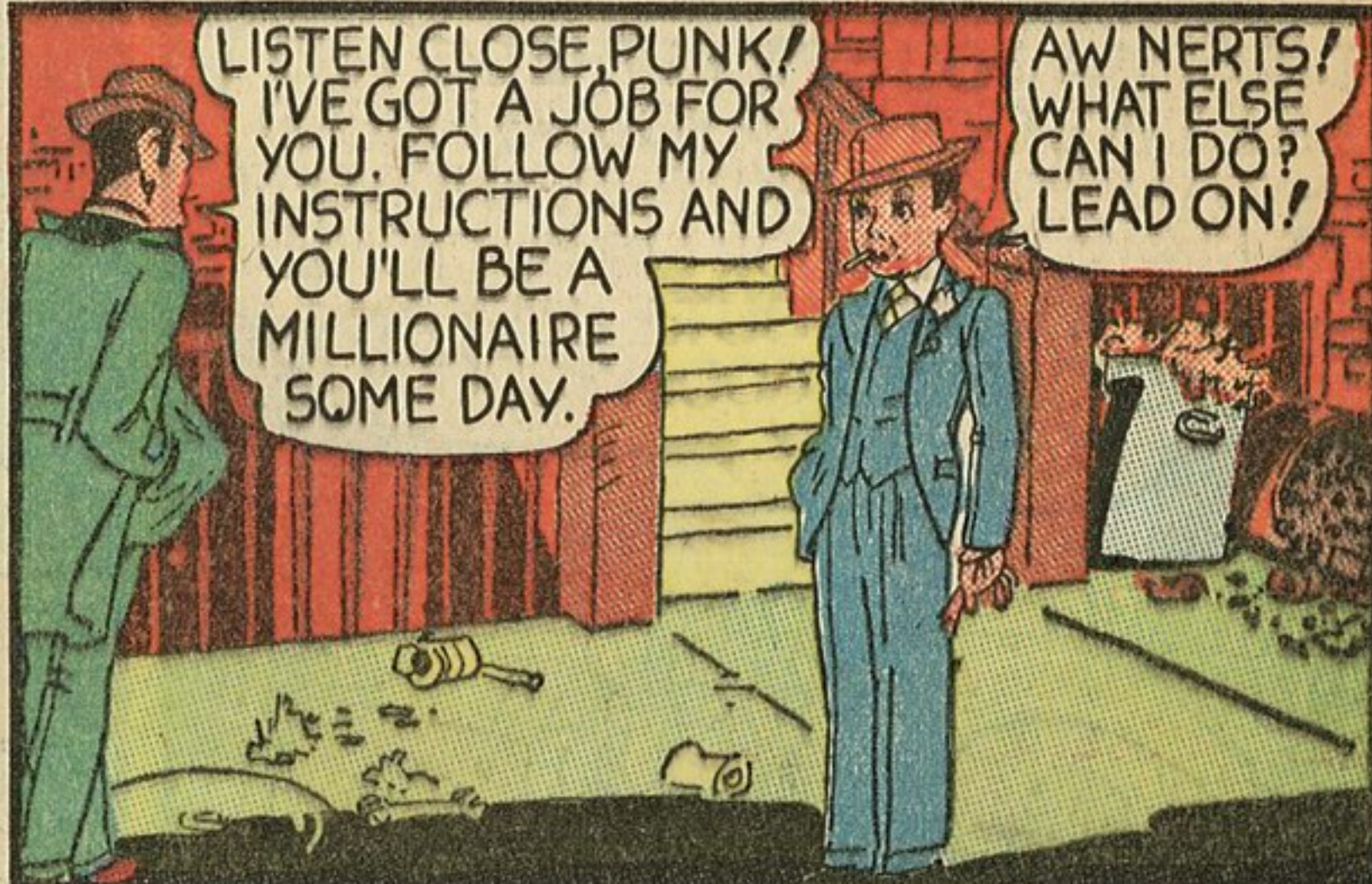
AH-HERE COMES OUR LITTLE HERO NOW! DON'T LET THAT BABY-FACE OF HIS FOOL YOU! HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!



GET YOUR MITT OFF THAT GAT AND OUTTA YOUR POCKET, OR I'LL BLAST YOU DOWN! YOU KNOW, PRETTY KID, I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON YOU TO SEND YOU TO THE BIG HOUSE!



LISTEN CLOSE, PUNK! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU. FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND YOU'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE SOME DAY.



AW NERTS! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? LEAD ON!

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A SISSY, EH? GO TO SCHOOL AND LEARN. HA-HA! YES SIR-LEARN-LEARN WHAT I TELL YOU TO. NO MORE DRINKING, SMOKING OR WHITE LIGHTS. JUST A NICE LITTLE SCHOOL BOY. NOW GET OUT OF THOSE FANCY CLOTHES!



NIX ON DE SISSY SCHOOL STUFF-I LIKE ME GREAT WHITE LIGHTS AND ALL DAT GOES WITH IT, SEE!



OH, YEH?



WELL, PUNK, DO WE TALK BUSINESS, OR DO I TURN YOU IN FOR THE BULLS TO WORK ON? C'MON TALK!

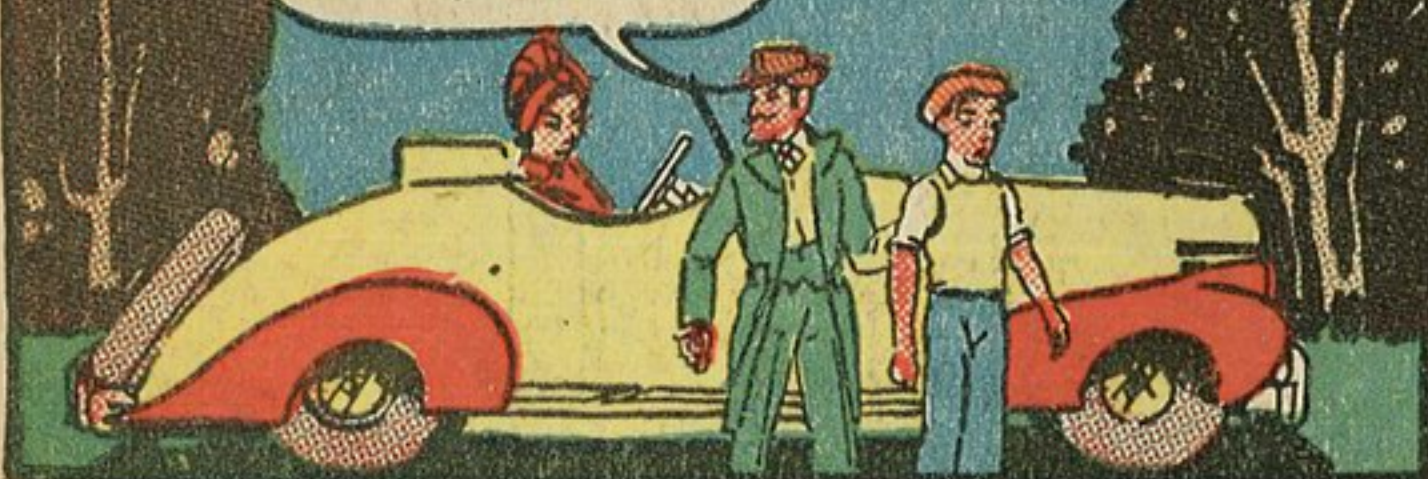


ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! LET GO OF ME, I'LL DO IT!

NOW, HERE'S YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. SEE TO IT THAT YOU FOLLOW THEM! I WANT YOU TO LEARN HOW THEY MAKE AND FLY THEIR PLANES AND POWER THEIR CARS. FIND OUT HOW THE FORCE WALL WORKS! FIND AND STEAL ALL PLANS AND FORMULAS! TO DO THIS YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE BOYS-GET IT?



DRUSELLA, YOU STAY IN THE CAR AND I'LL TAKE OUR DEAR YOUNG FRIEND TO MEET THE SKIPPER. AND YOU, PUNK, KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED! NOT A WORD! YOU'RE JUST AN ASTONISHED GOODY-GOODY BOY; COME!



MR. SKIPPER, HERE IS THE YOUNG MAN I WISH TO PLACE IN YOUR CARE. I'M SURE HE HAS GOOD STUFF AND WILL GO FAR WON'T YOU, SON? *SPEAK UP PUNK!*



GOOD MORNING, YOUNG FELLOW. WELCOME TO BOY STATE. THE CAPTAIN WILL CALL A RANGER AND SHOW YOU YOUR QUARTERS!



CALLING XY-I! REPORT TO THE SKIPPER!

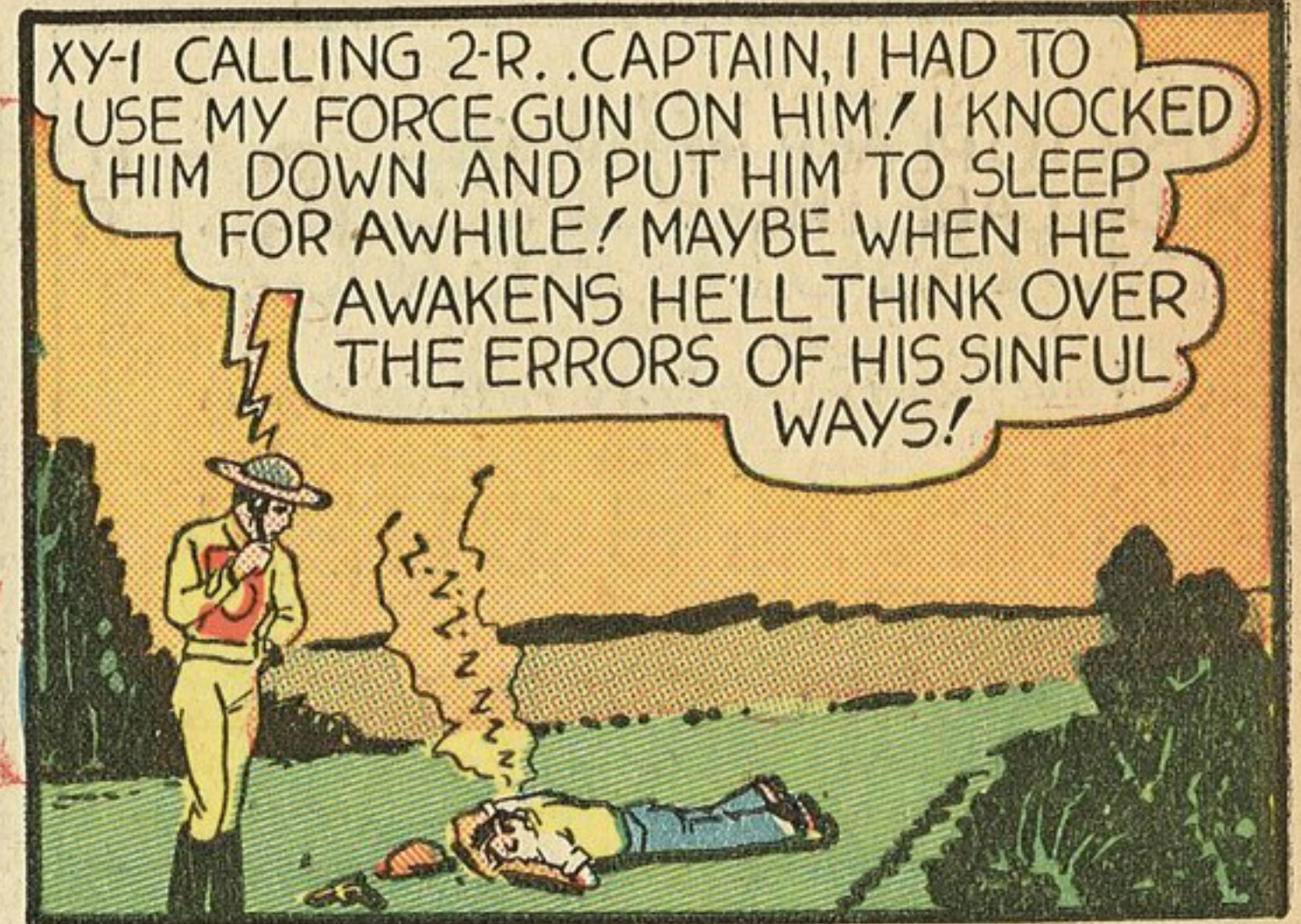
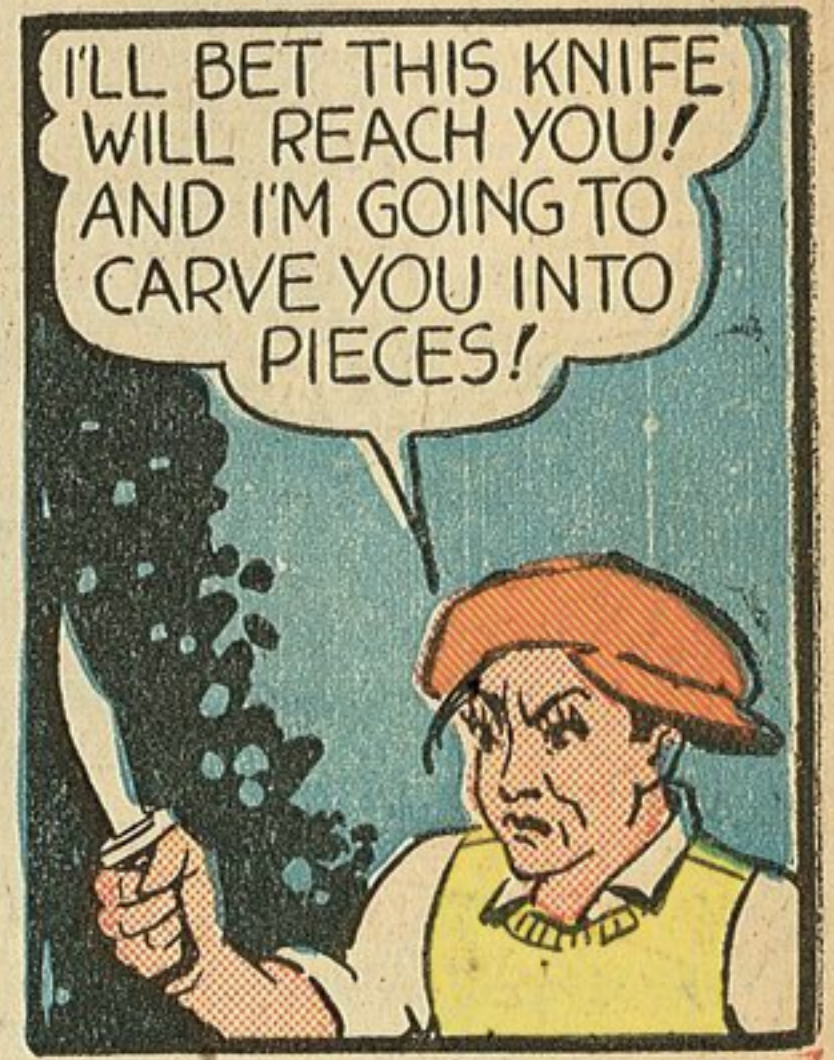
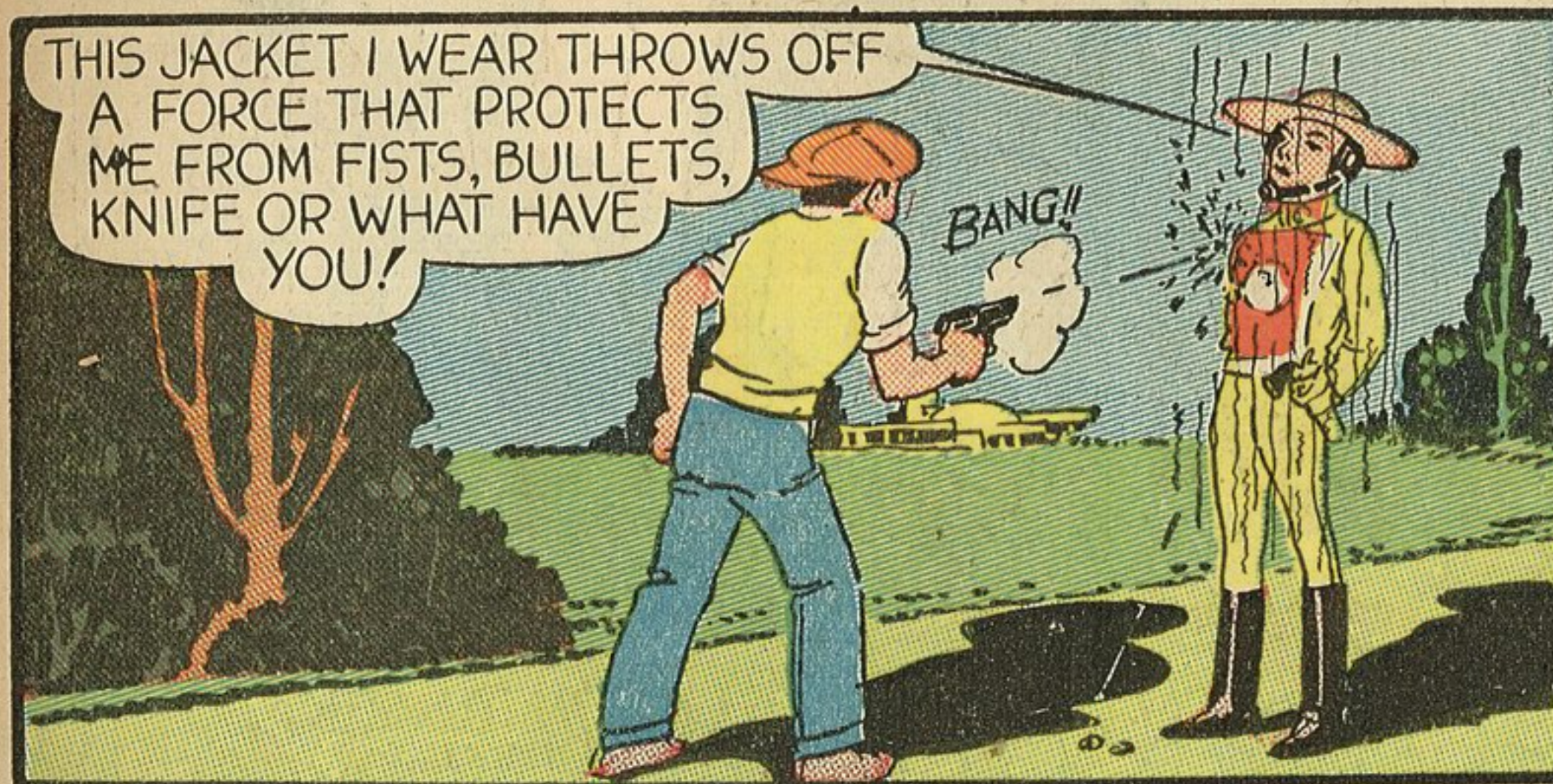
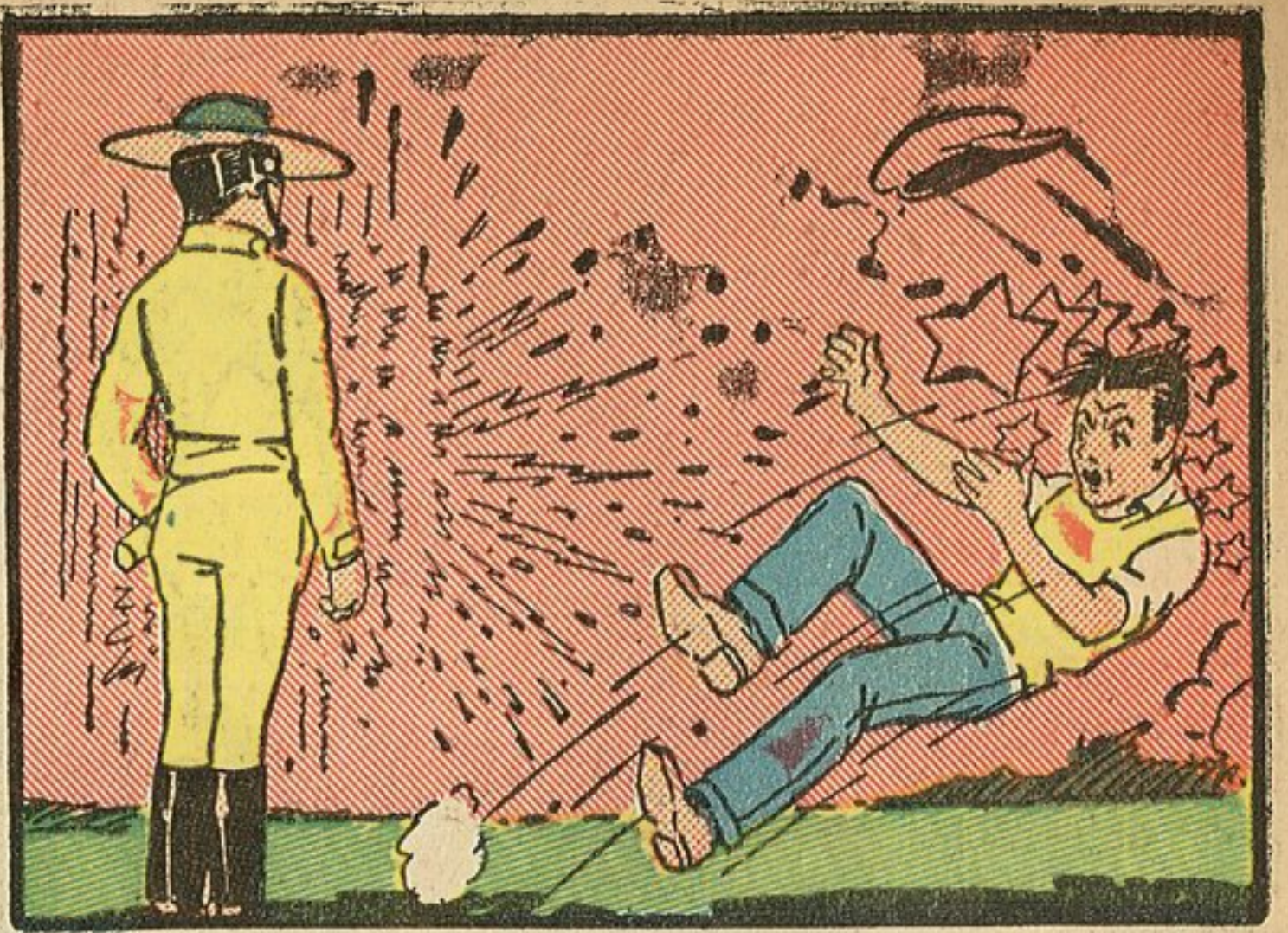
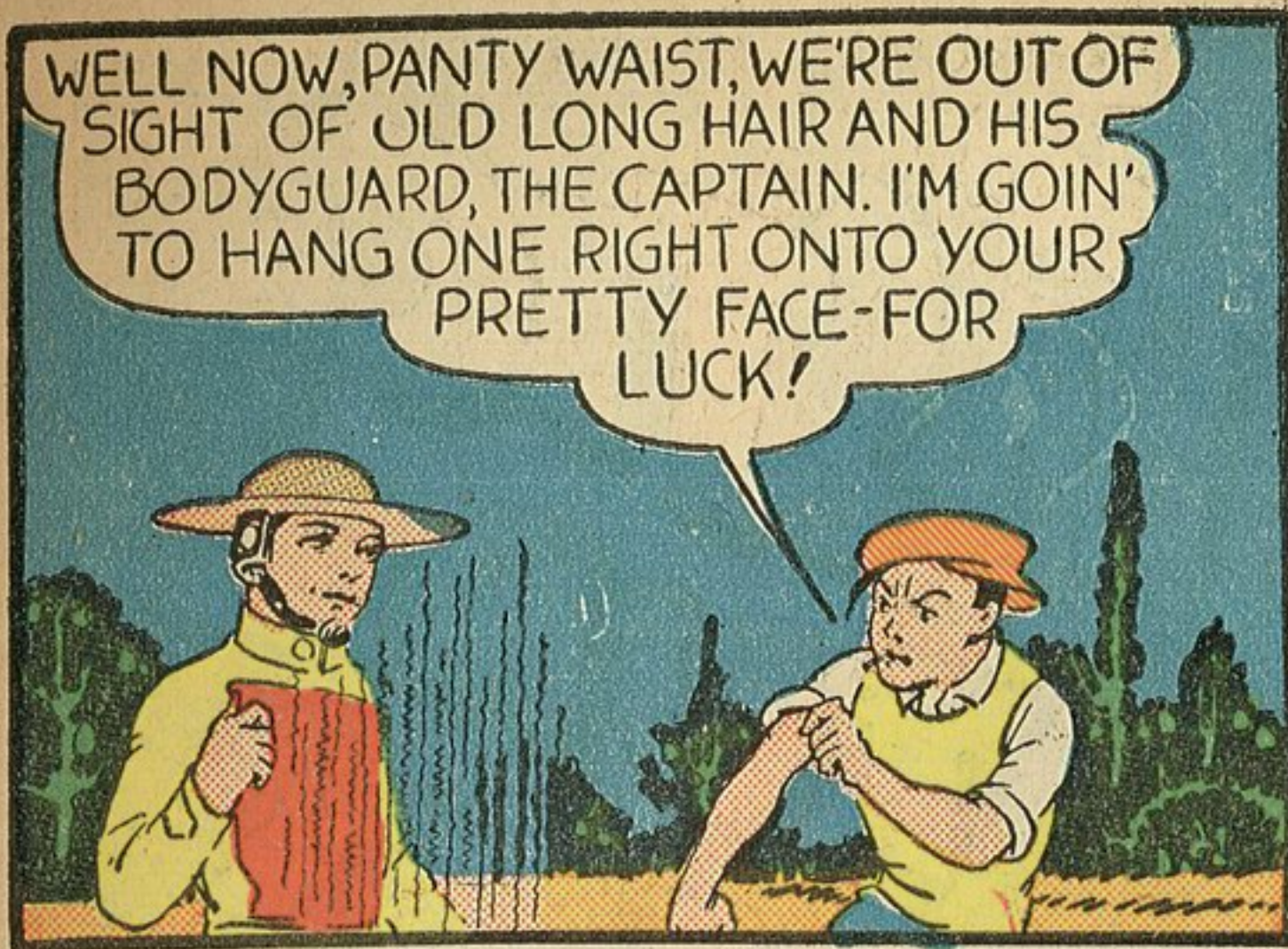


XY-I, YOU WILL TAKE OUR NEW FRIEND TO BARRACK C. PUT HIM UNDER THE CARE OF SPECK. TELL SPECK TO HELP HIM COLLECT HIS OUTFIT!



XY-I, CAPTAIN CALLING-BE ON YOUR GUARD. TURN ON YOUR JACKET RAY! YOUR COMPANION IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED-YET!





ALONZO VINCENT



Now Showing
ORSON BLACK

Portraying the Brilliant Role of Hugo, the Hideous

in
DEVIL'S DUST

with
BRUCE BRIAN

As The Daring American War Correspondent

*I*N the outskirts of a little town in France lives one of the most hated men in existence . . .

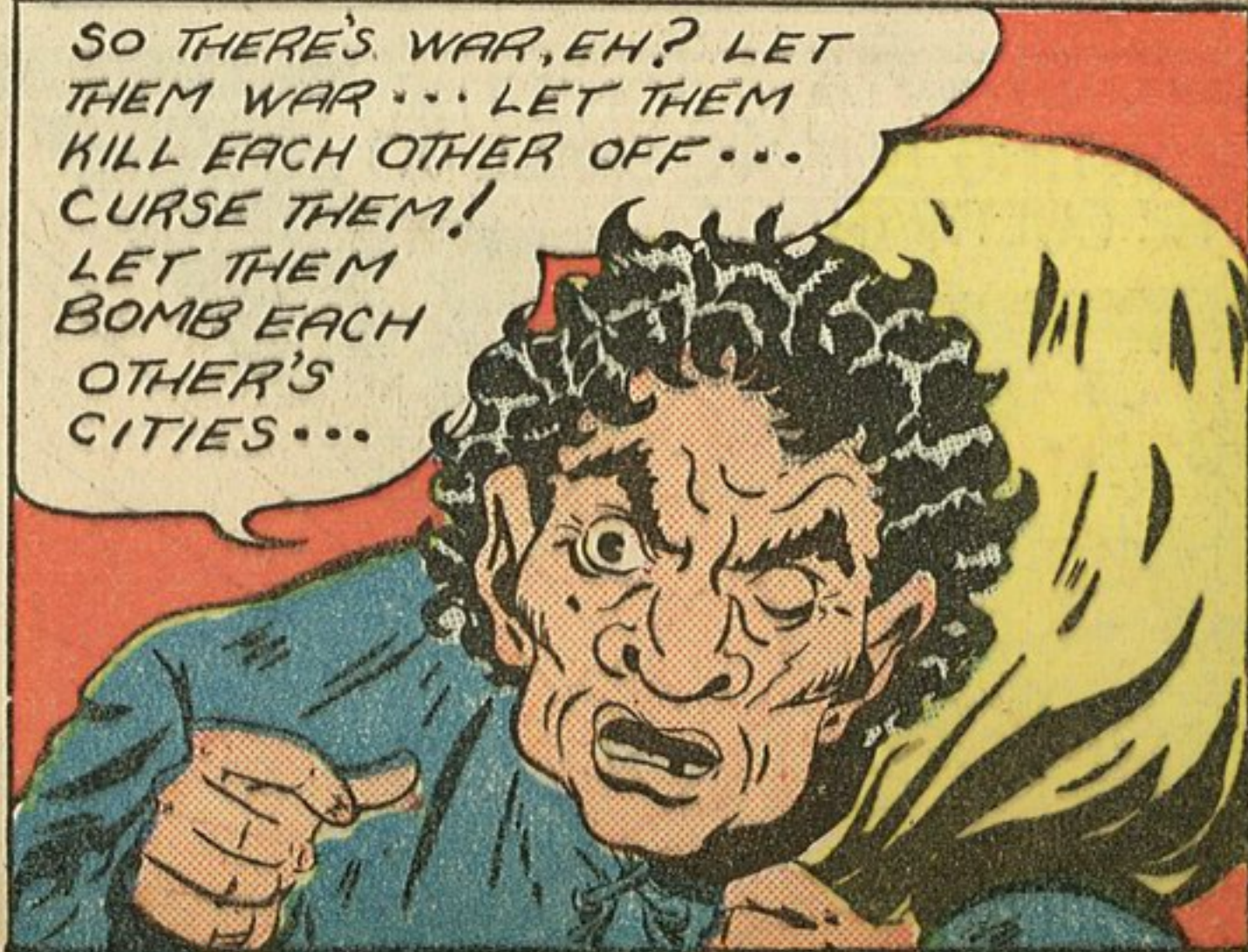
Despised and shunned by his fellow humans not because of any crime he may have committed . . . but solely because of his exceedingly repulsive and hateful appearance . . .

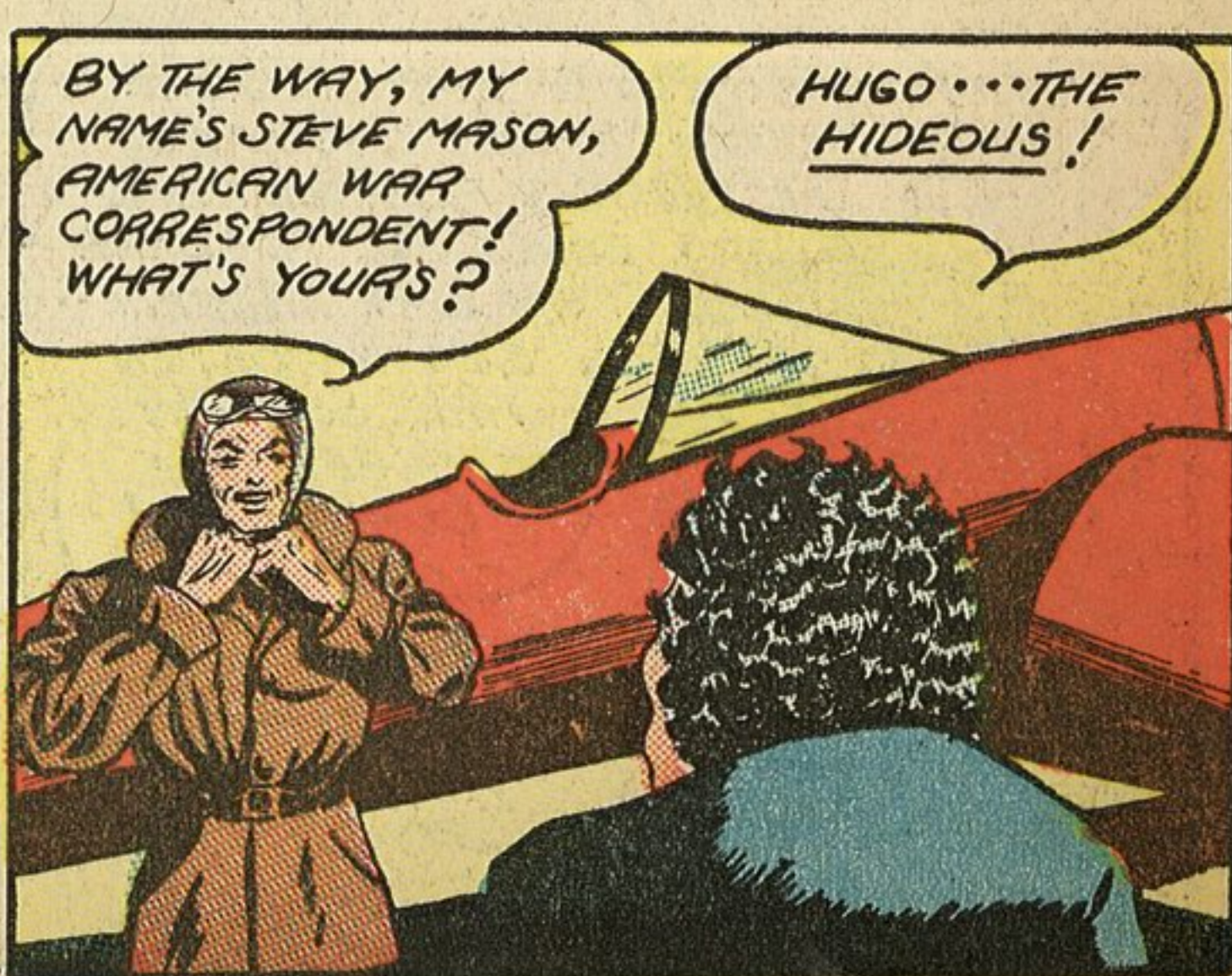
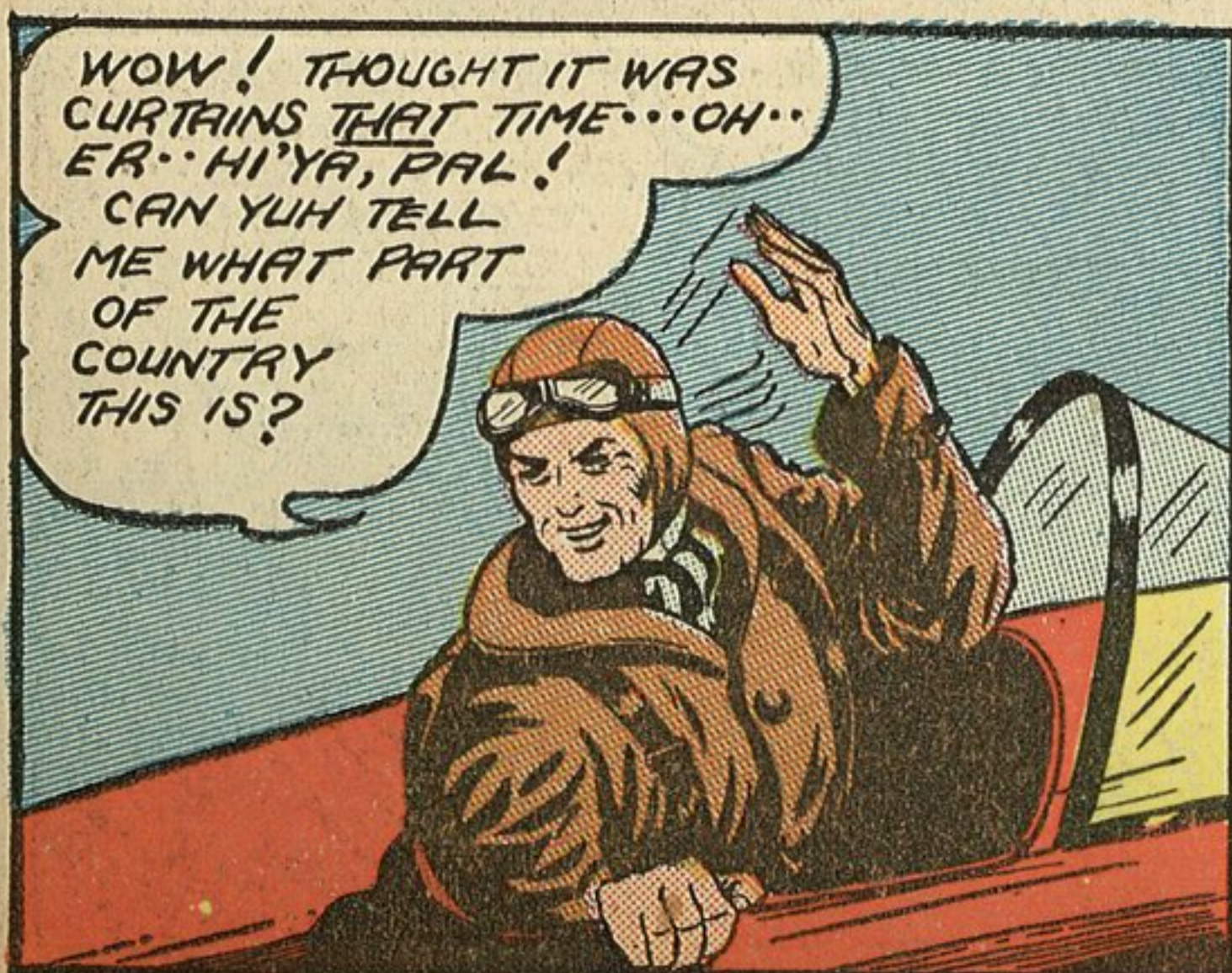
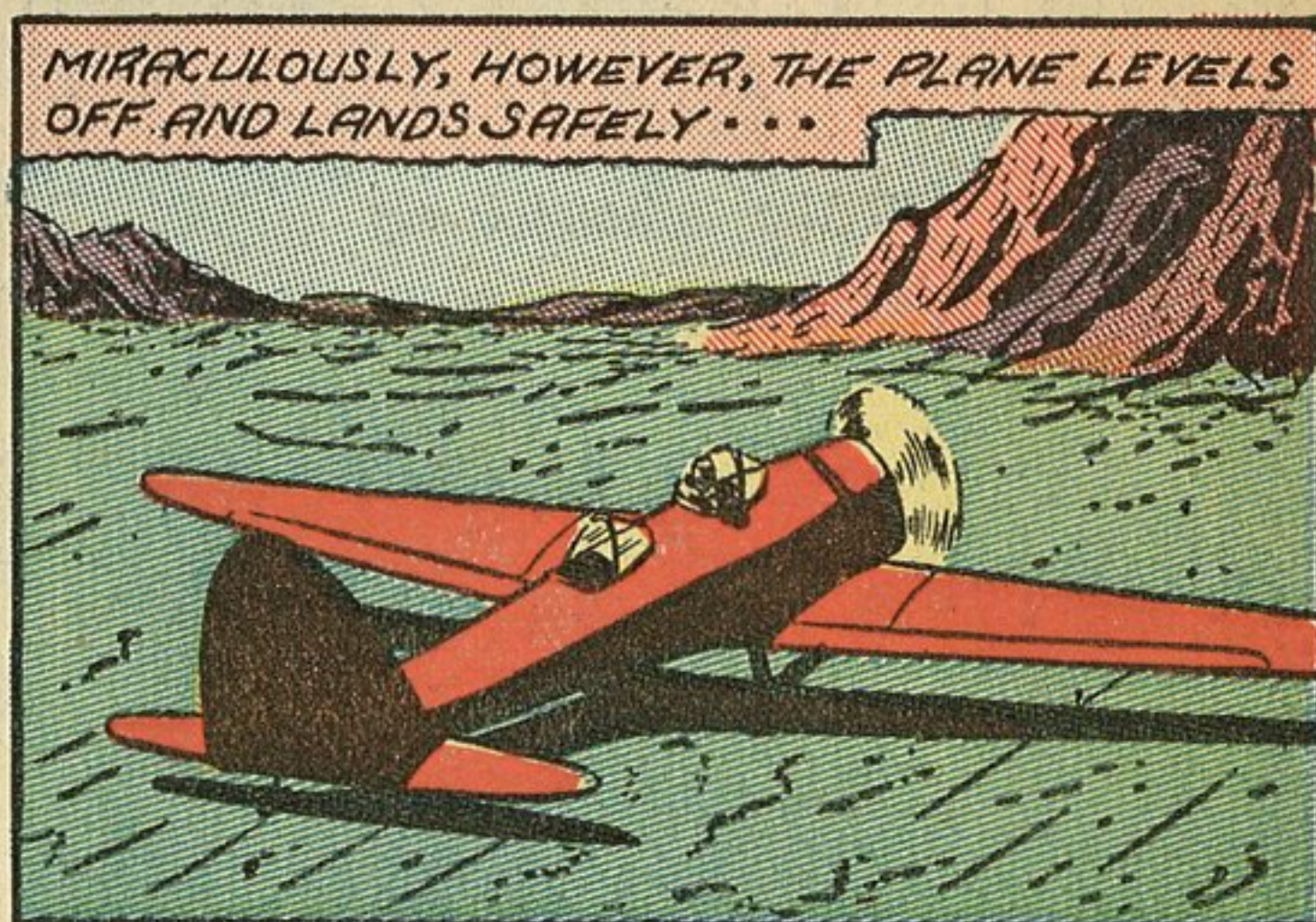
— Played by **ORSON BLACK**

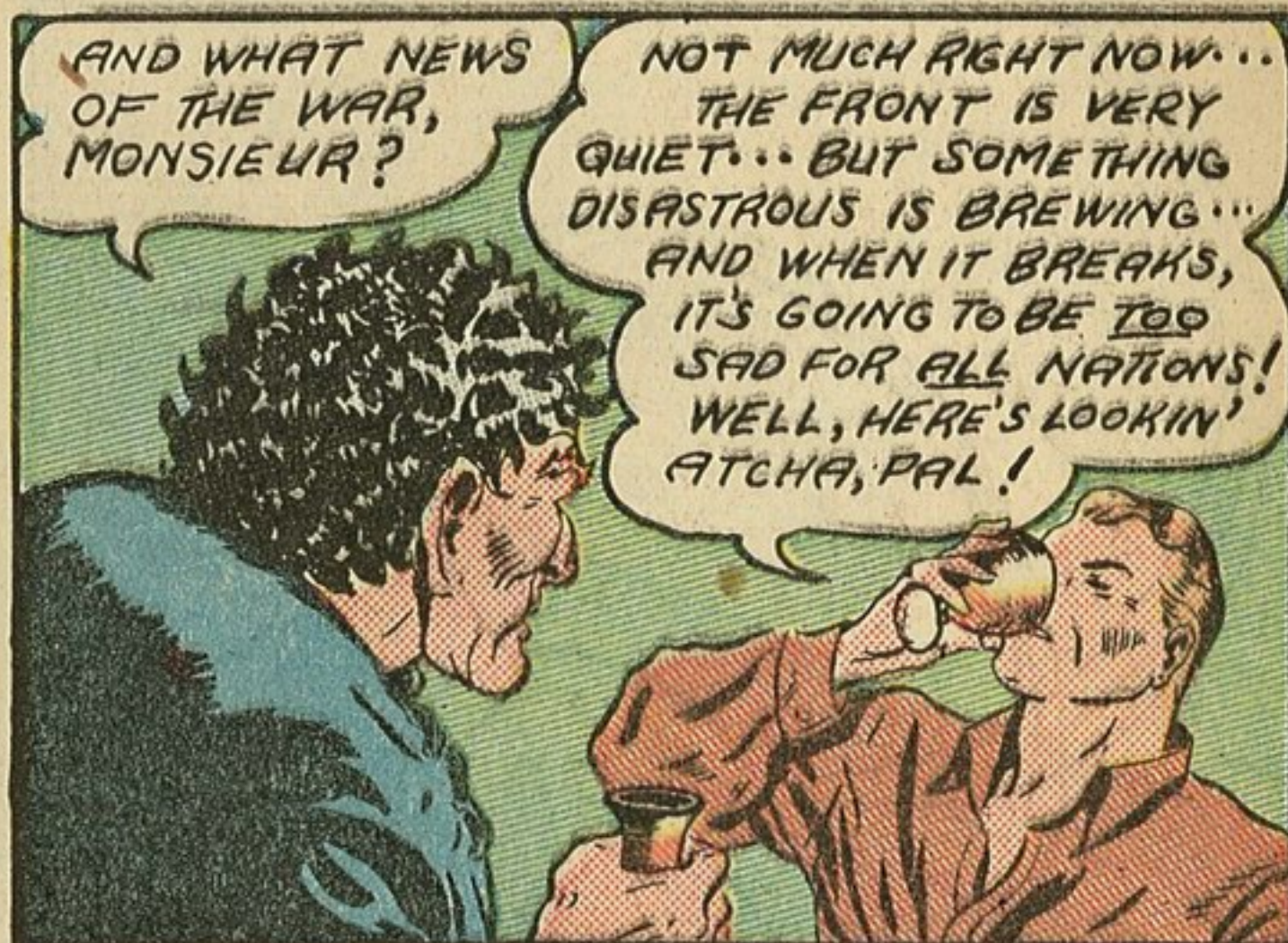
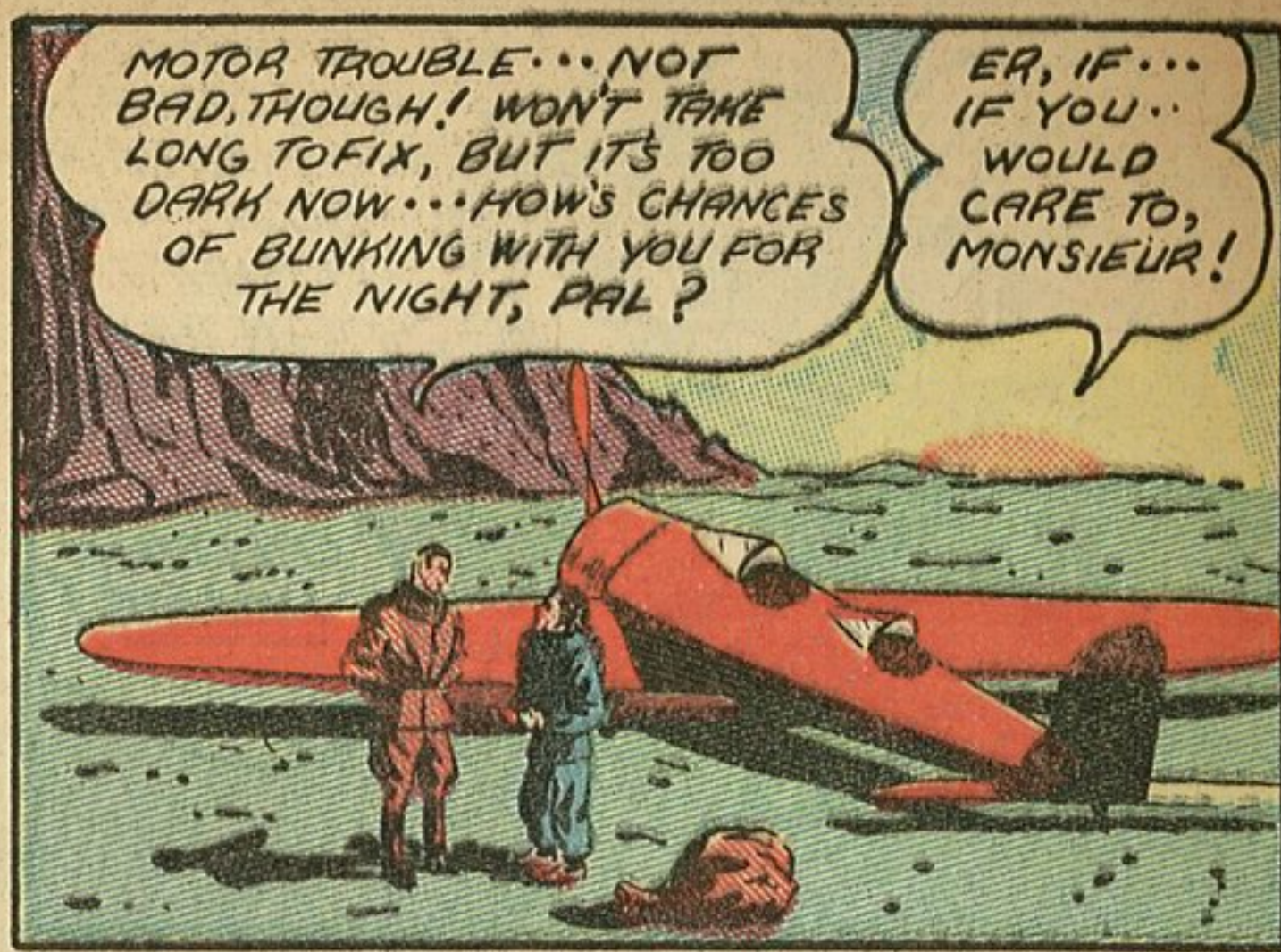
*F*EARED and scorned, he is refused admittance to the town by the snarls and vicious fangs of the inhabitants' watch dogs . . .

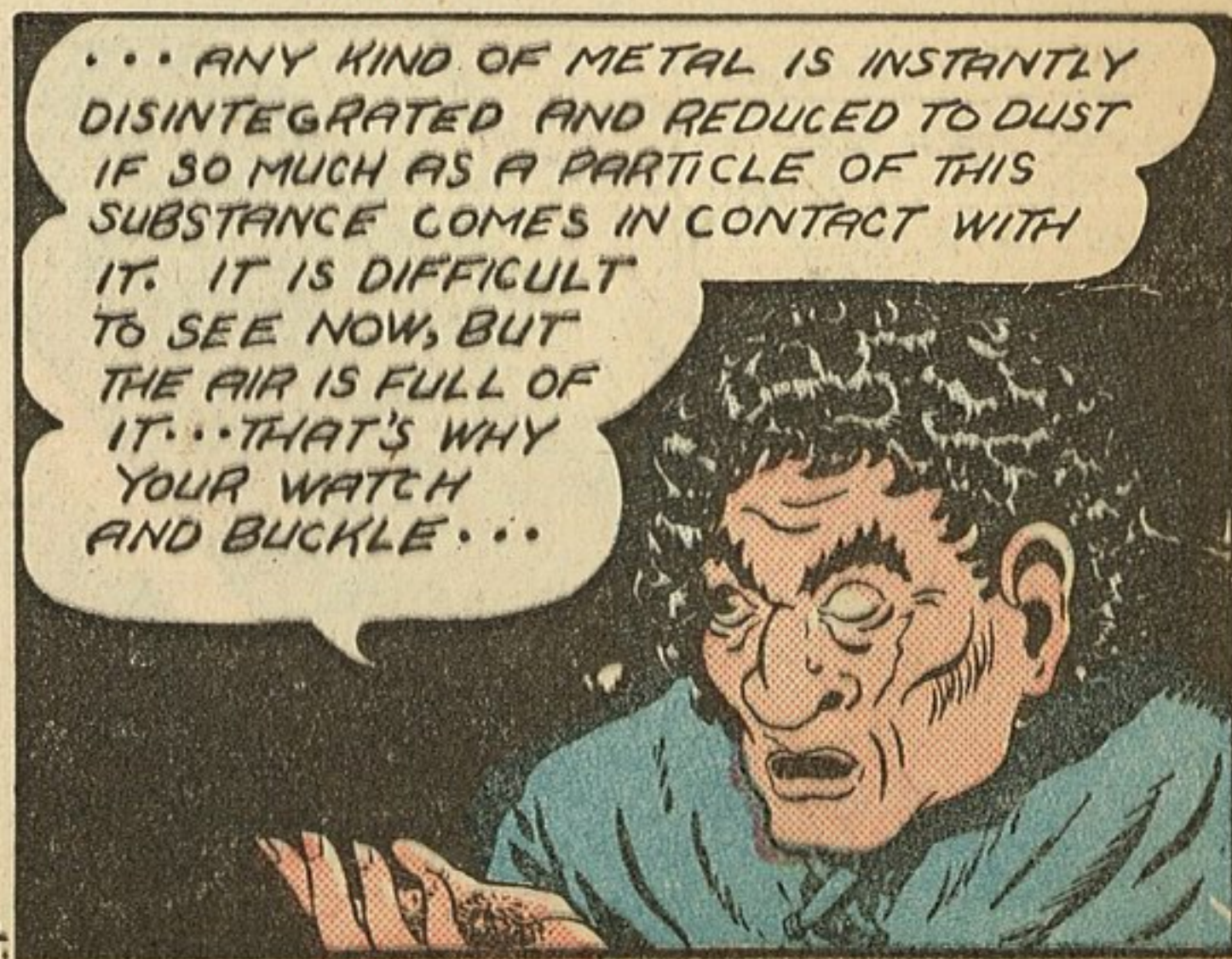
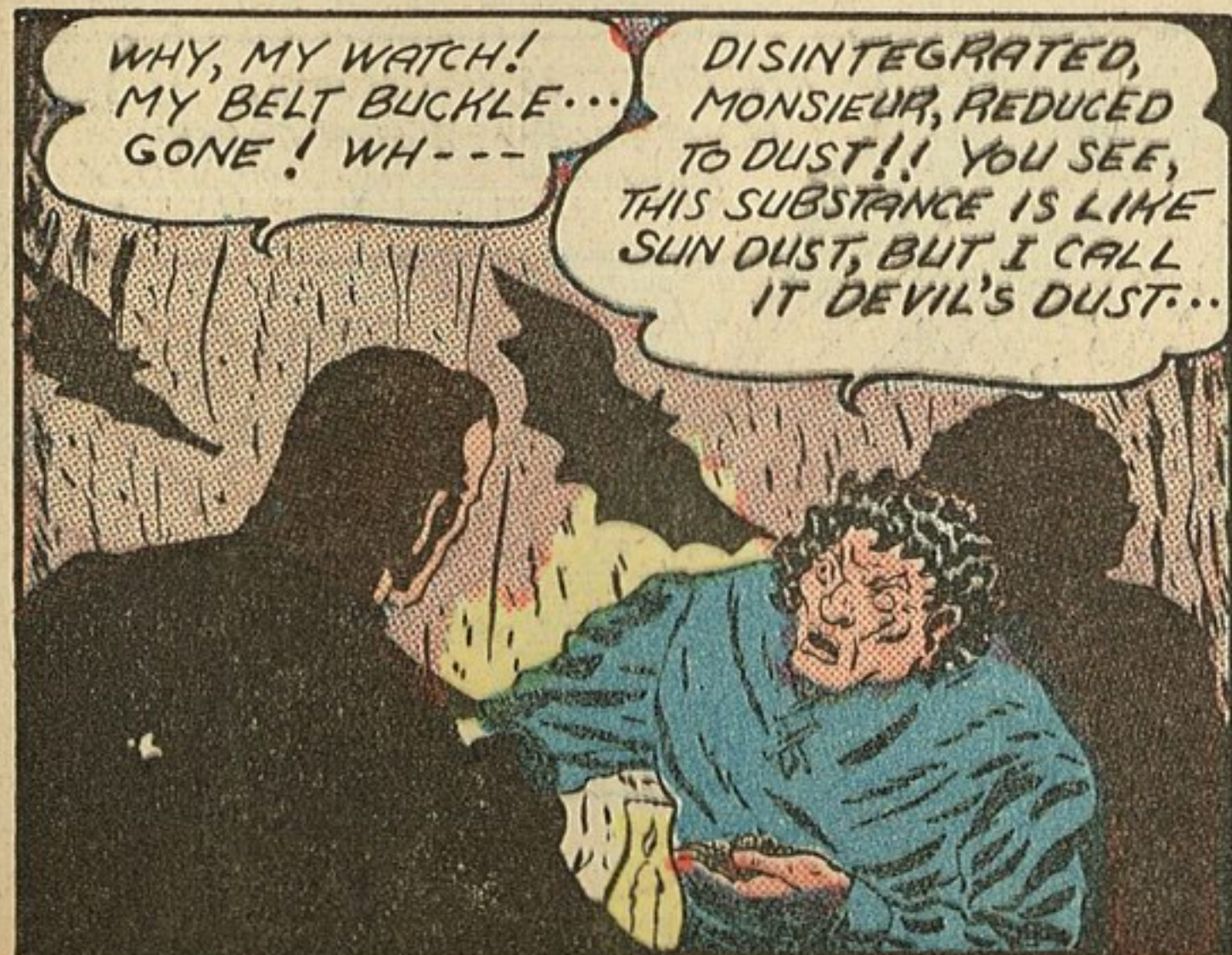
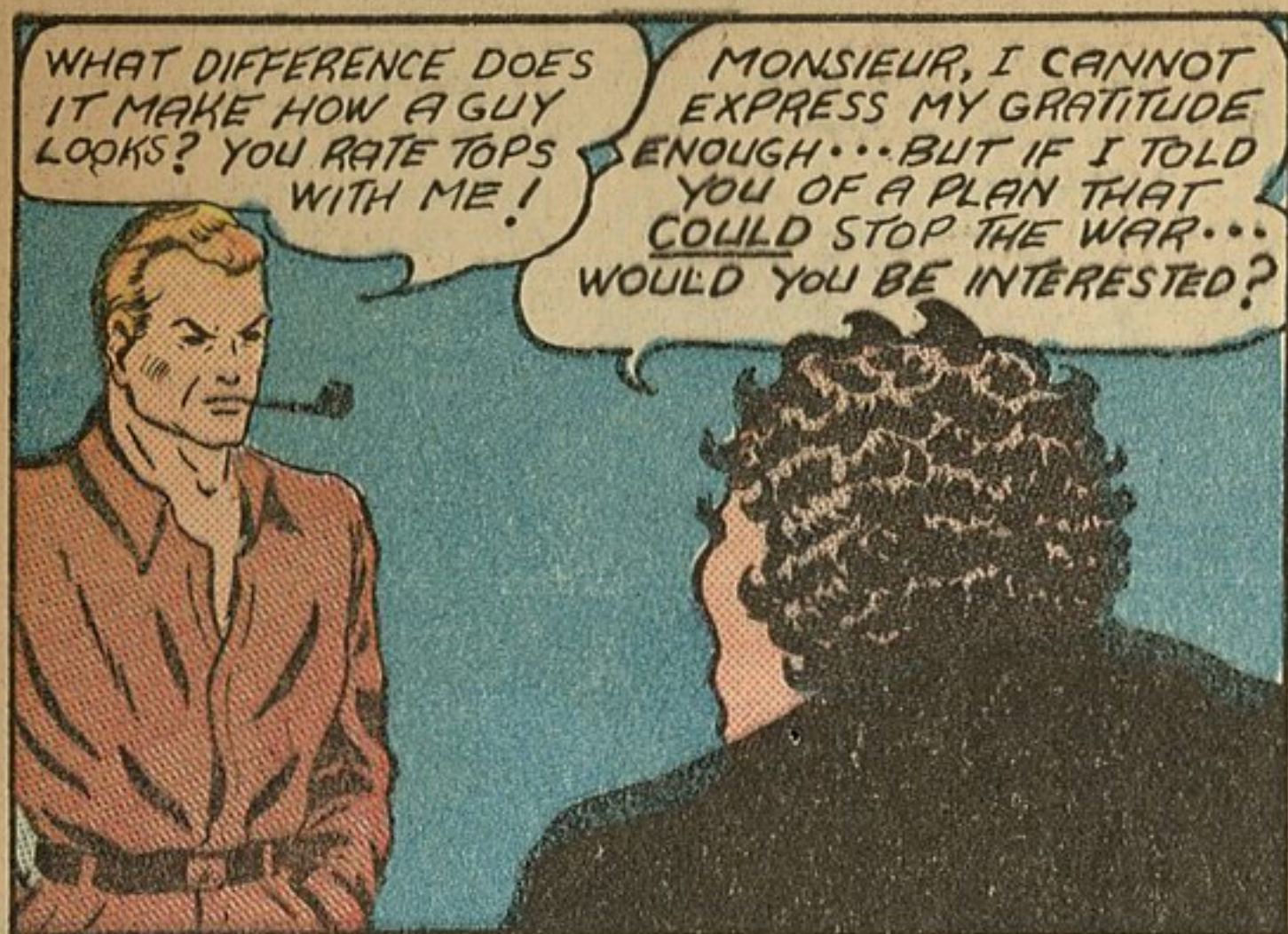
This man lives his dreary life . . . alone . . . unwanted . . . in extreme bitterness . . .

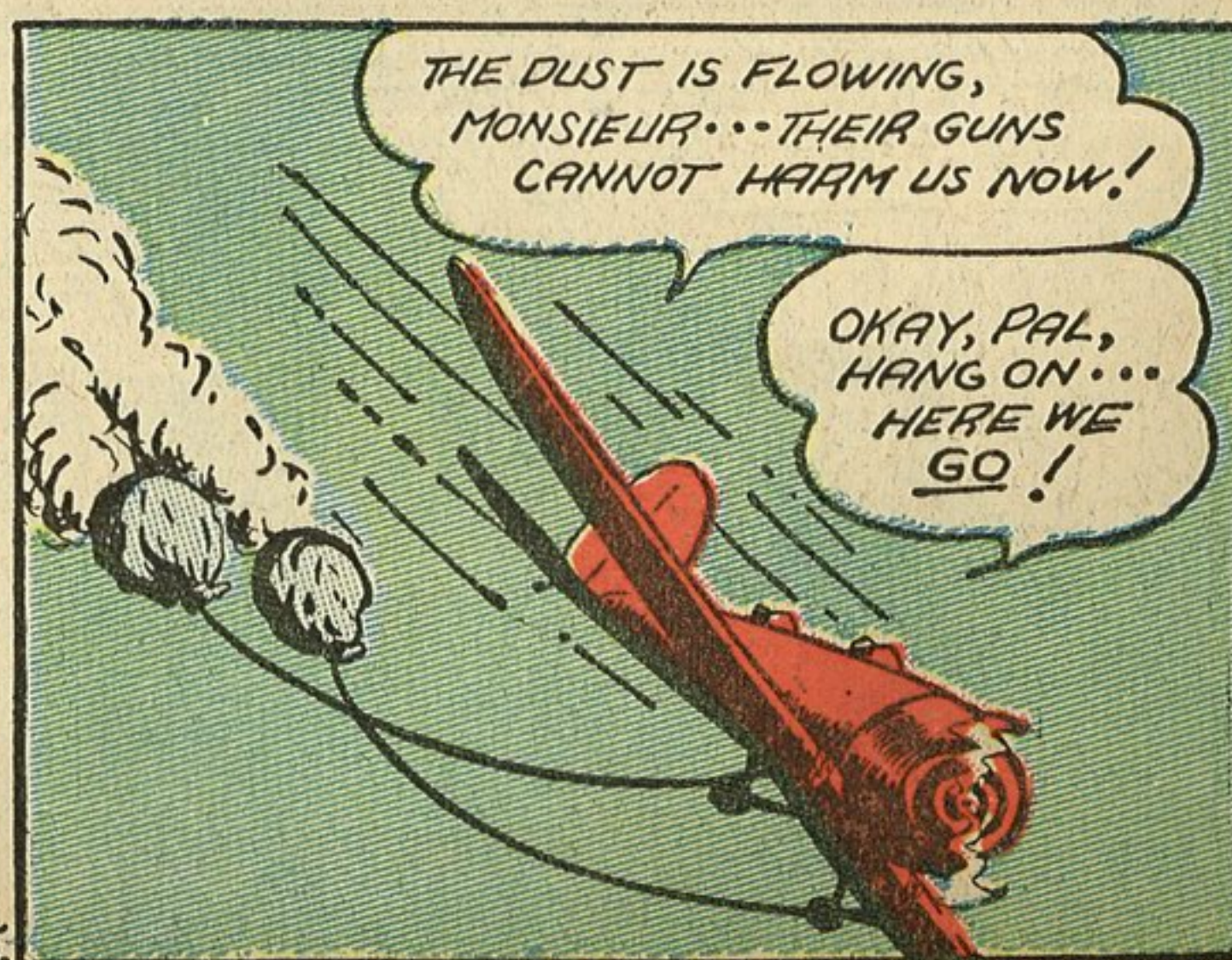
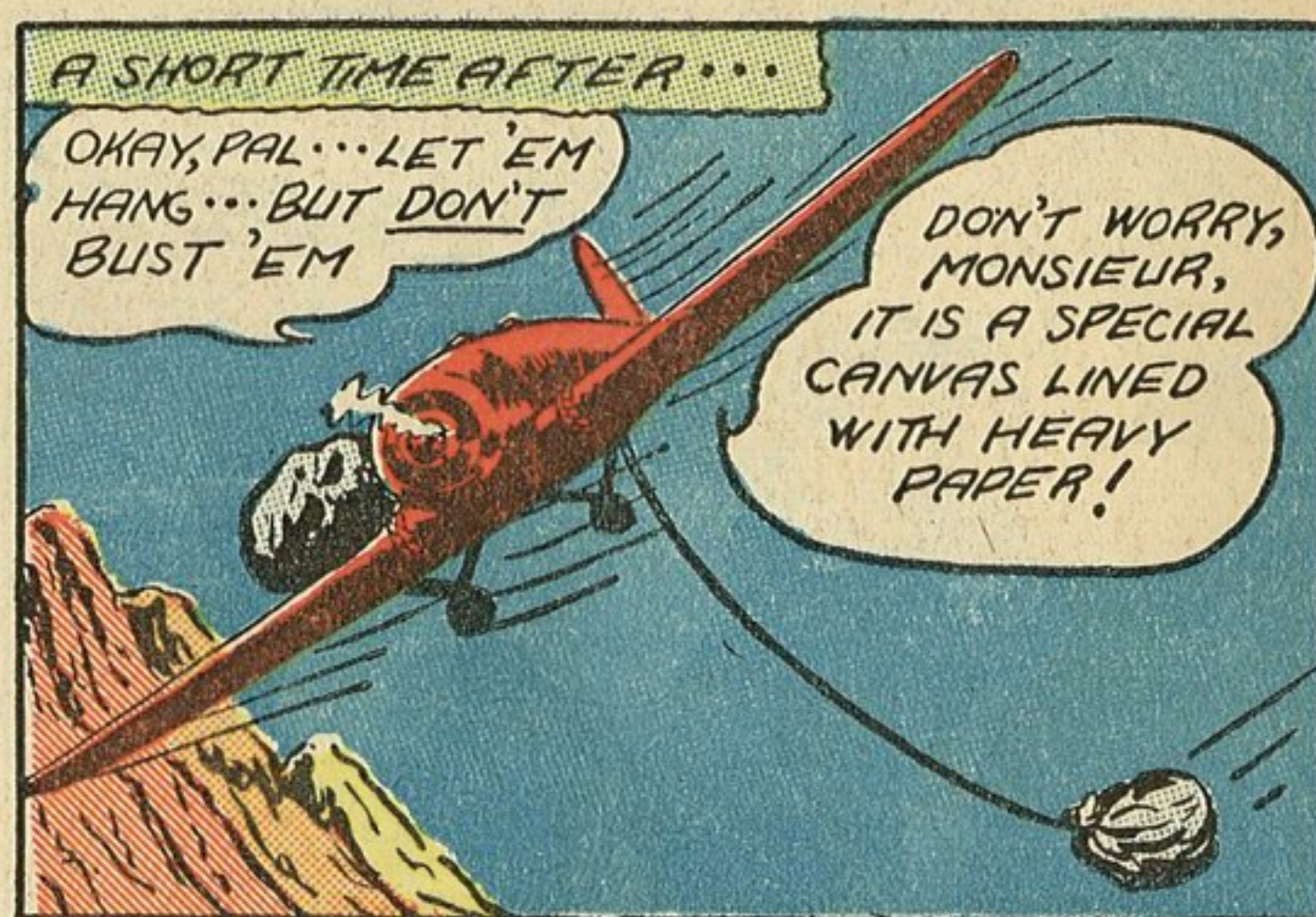
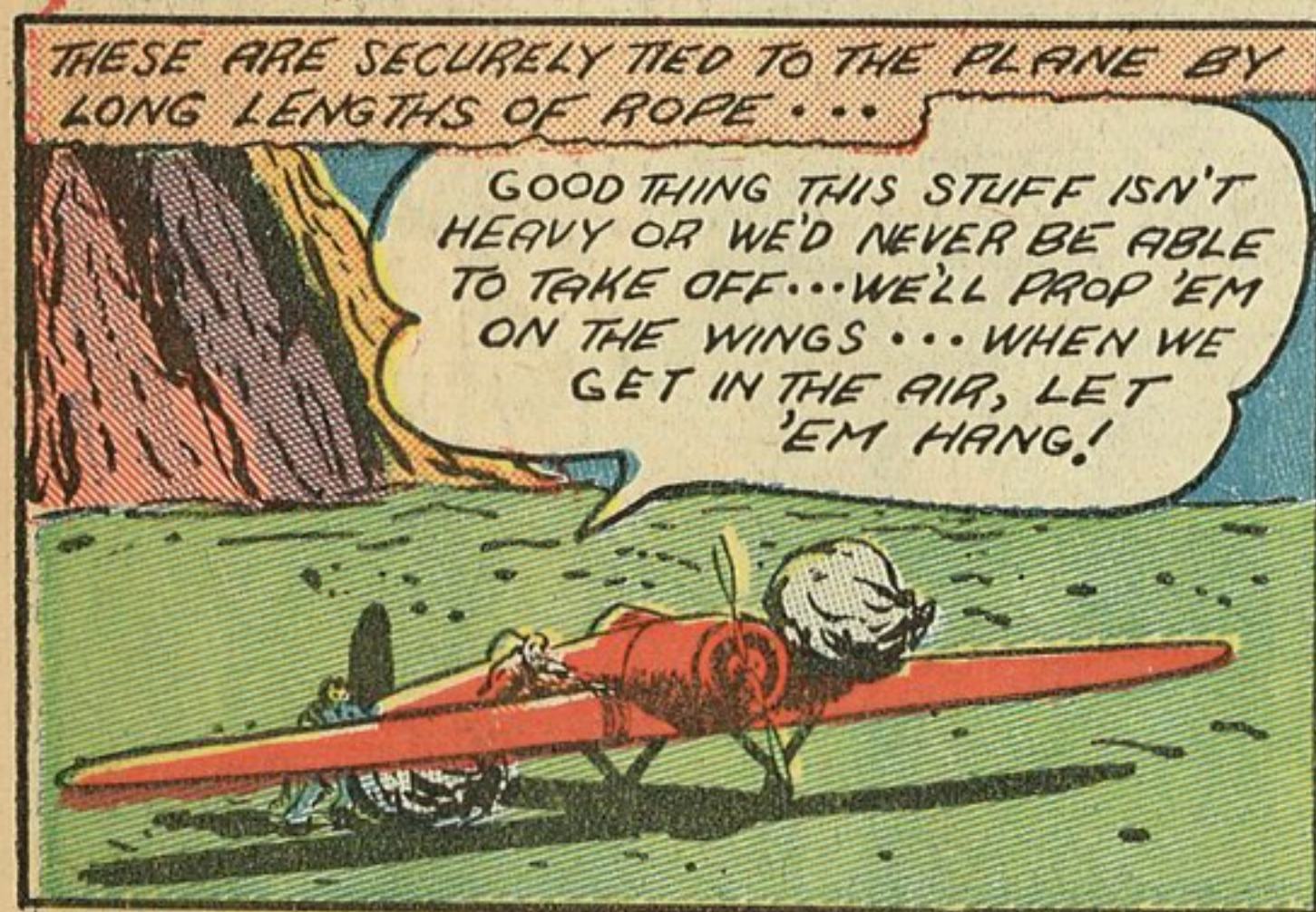
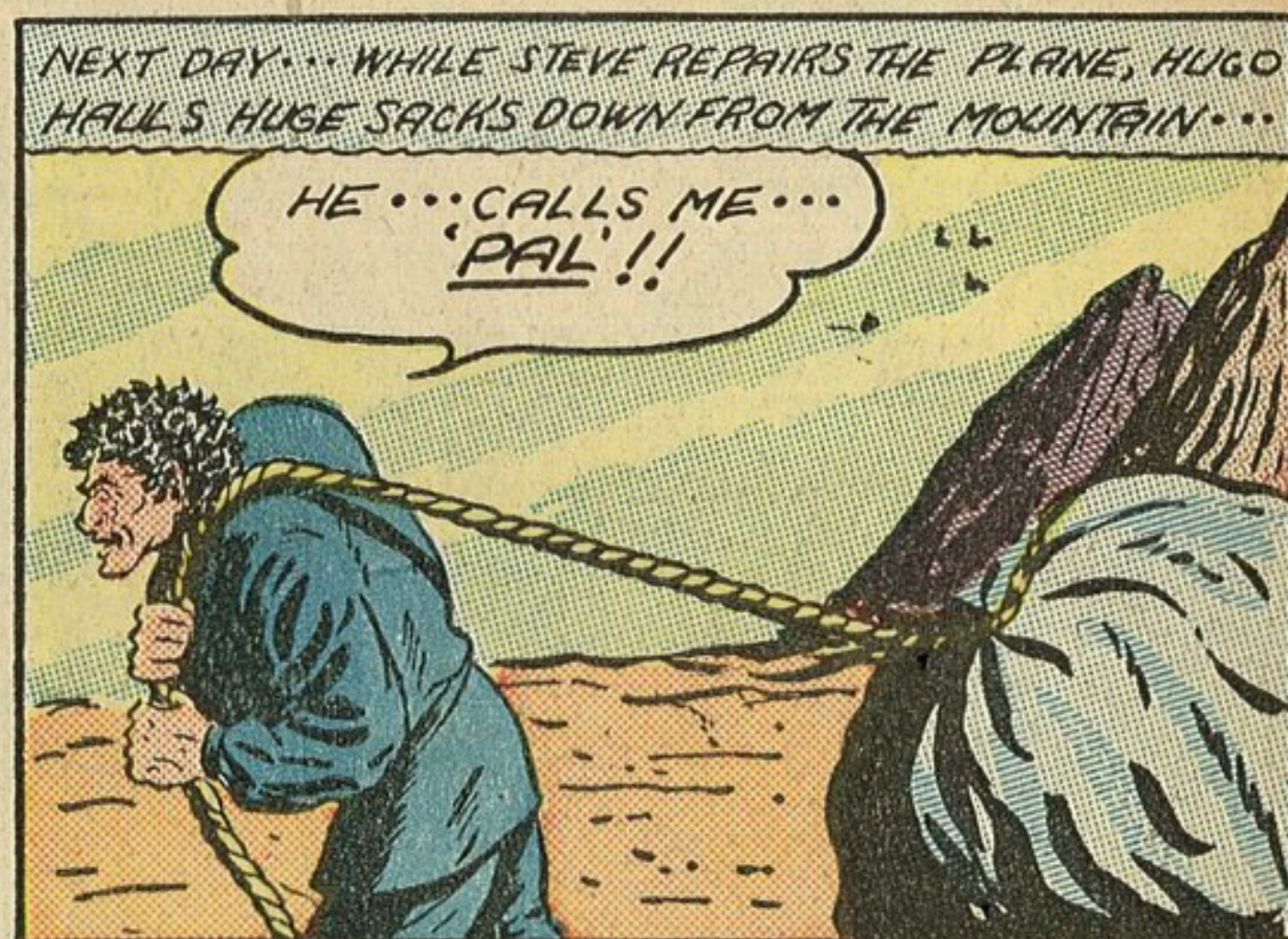
SO THERE'S WAR, EH? LET THEM WAR . . . LET THEM KILL EACH OTHER OFF . . . CURSE THEM! LET THEM BOMB EACH OTHER'S CITIES . . .



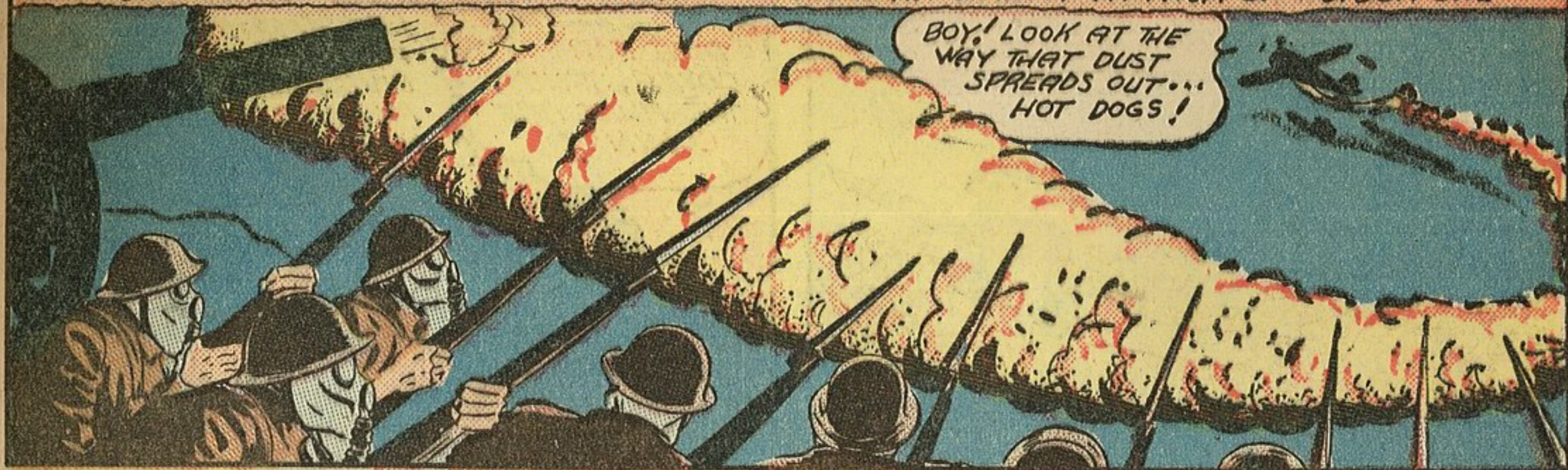








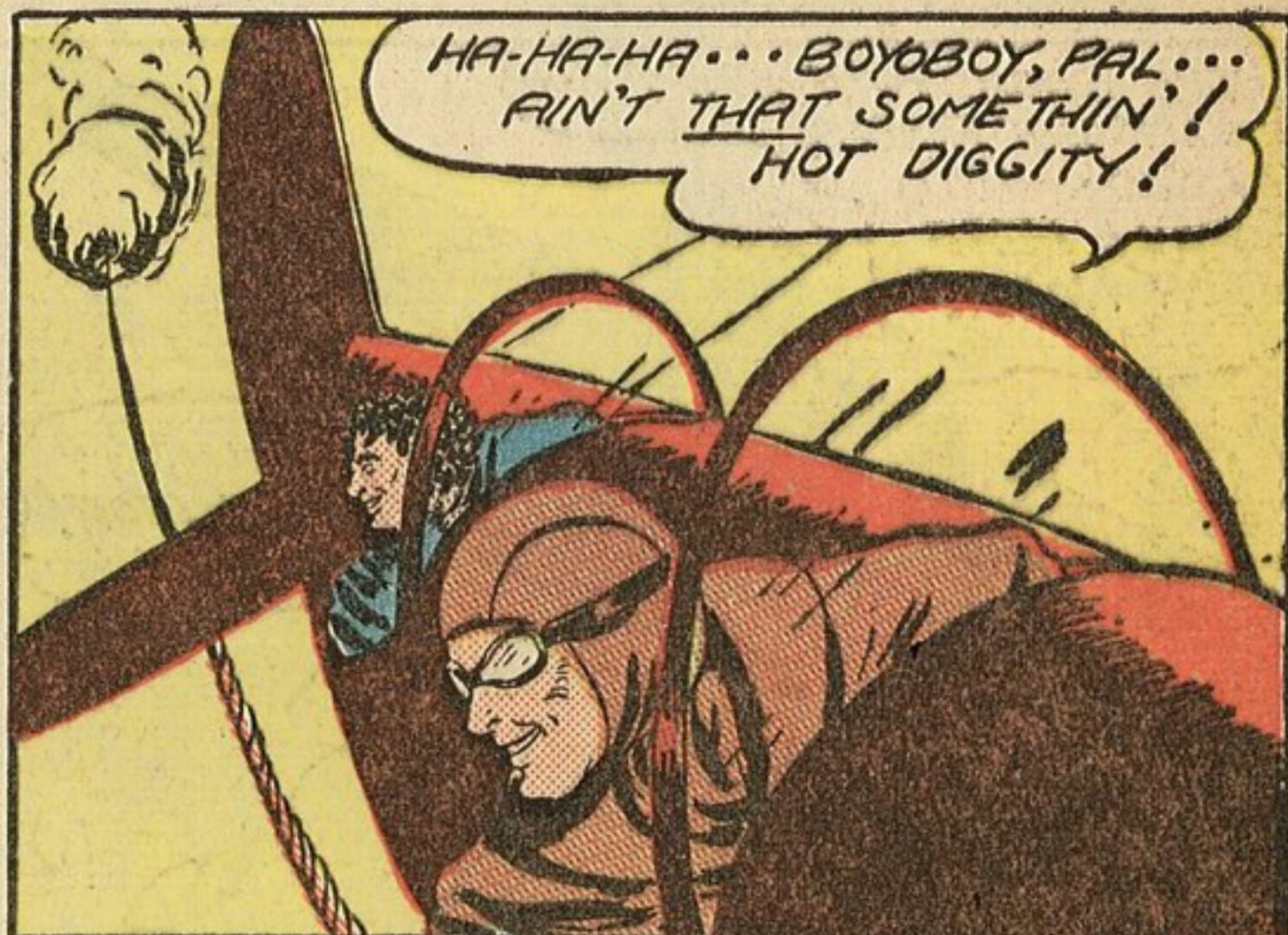
WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BLAZING, THE PLANE ZOOMS DOWN AND SWEEPING LOW OVER THE BATTLEFIELD... LEAVES A CLOUD OF FINE DUST GLISTENING IN THE AIR, WHILE SOLDIERS ON BOTH SIDES HURRIEDLY DON GAS MASKS, THINKING IT IS AN ENEMY ATTACK OF POISON GAS...



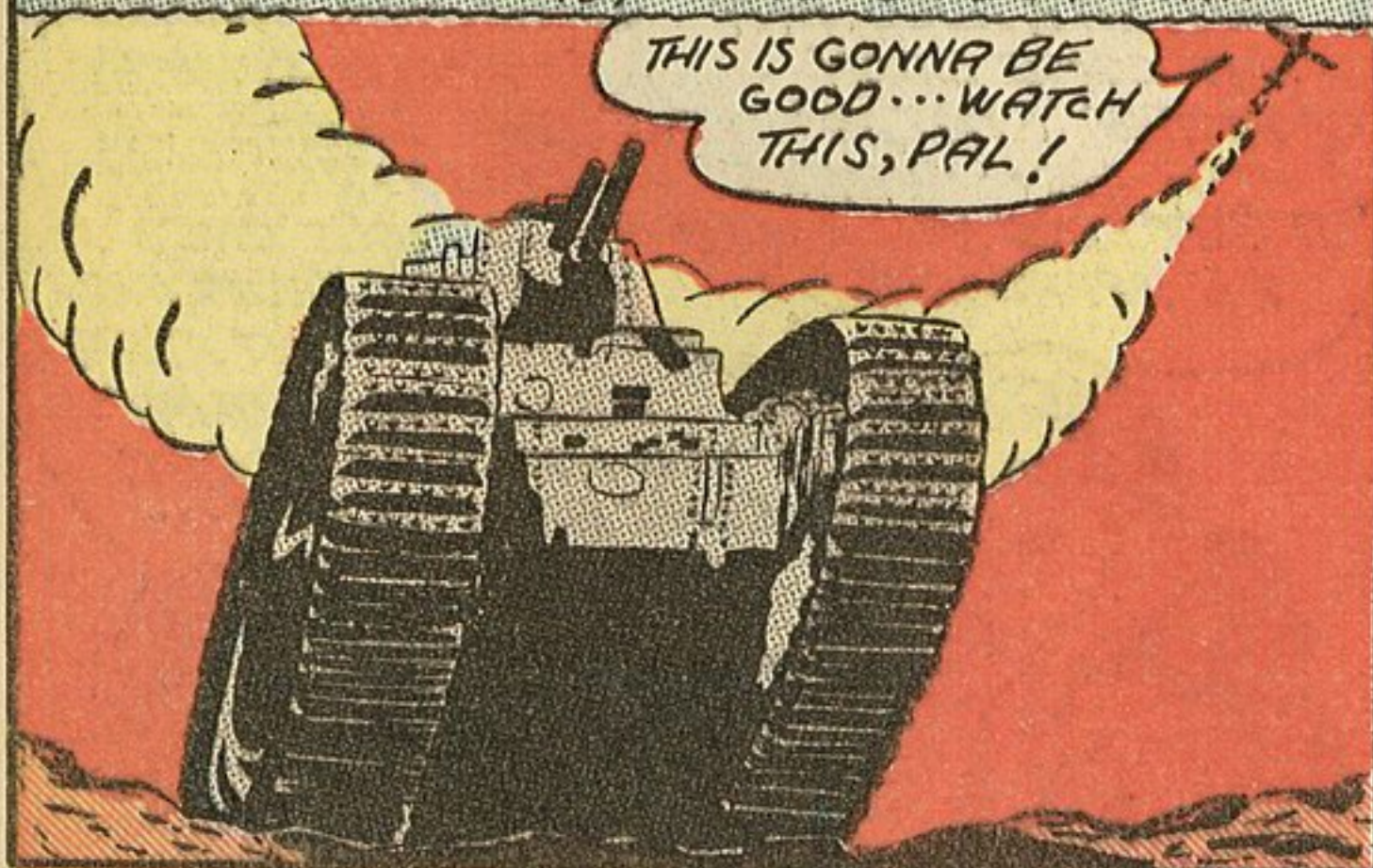
AS THE DUST SETTLES, NOT A PARTICLE OF METAL OR BARBED WIRE IS VISIBLE...



HA-HA-HA... BOYBOY, PAL... AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'! HOT DIGGITY!



SPYING HUGE TANKS, STEVE DIVES AGAIN...

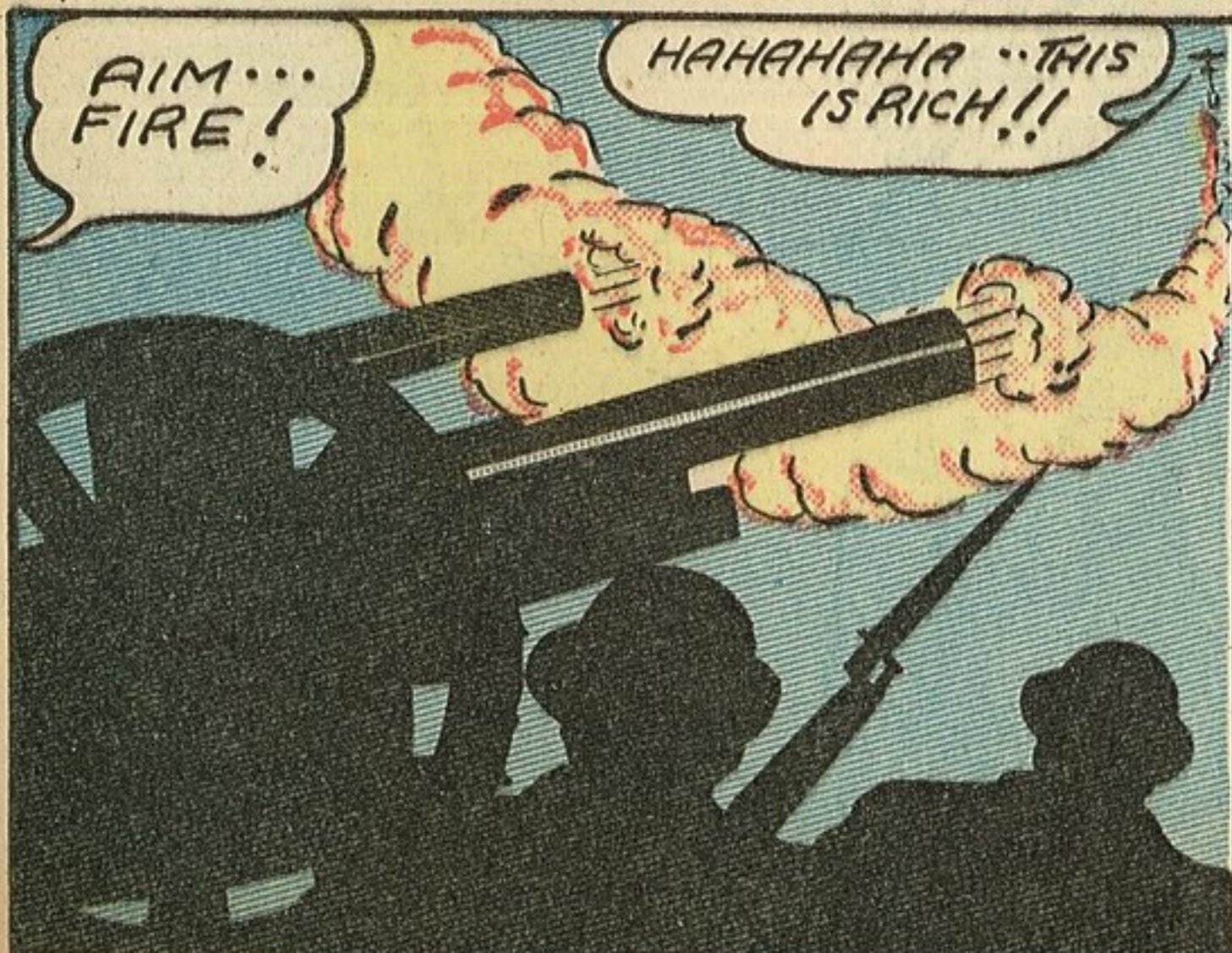


A FEW SECONDS LATER...



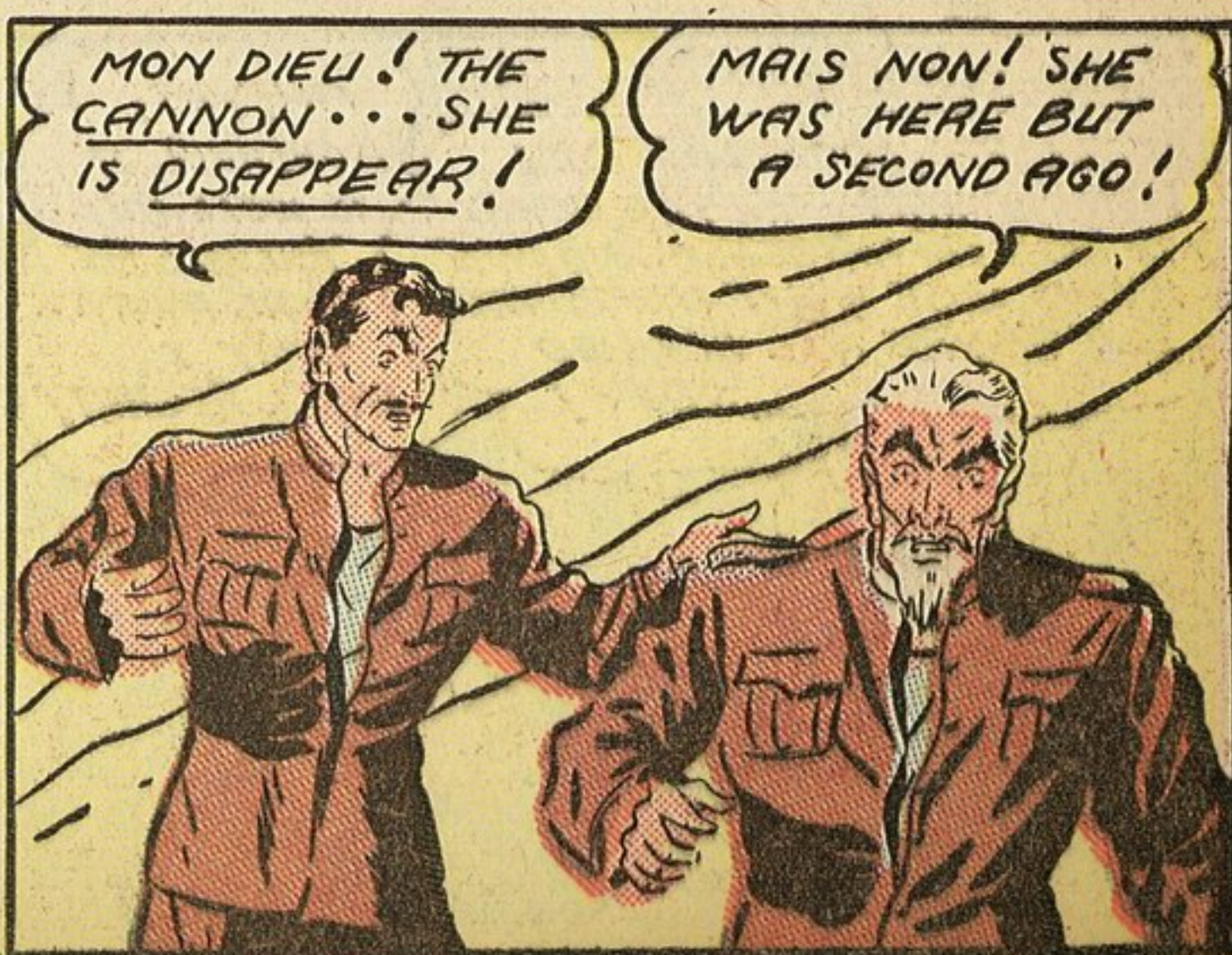
AIM... FIRE!

HAHAHAHA... THIS IS RICH!!



MON DIEU! THE CANNON... SHE IS DISAPPEAR!

MAIS NON! SHE WAS HERE BUT A SECOND AGO!



AGAIN AND AGAIN STEVE SWEEPS OVER WHAT HAD BEEN THE MOST HIGHLY FORTIFIED LINES IN THE WORLD... LEAVING THEM AS BARREN AND HARMLESS AS A BASEBALL PARK IN JANUARY...



WHILE EACH SIDE THINKS THE OTHER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVASTATION...



DIVE FOR COVER, SANDY, THE HUNS ARE COMIN'!

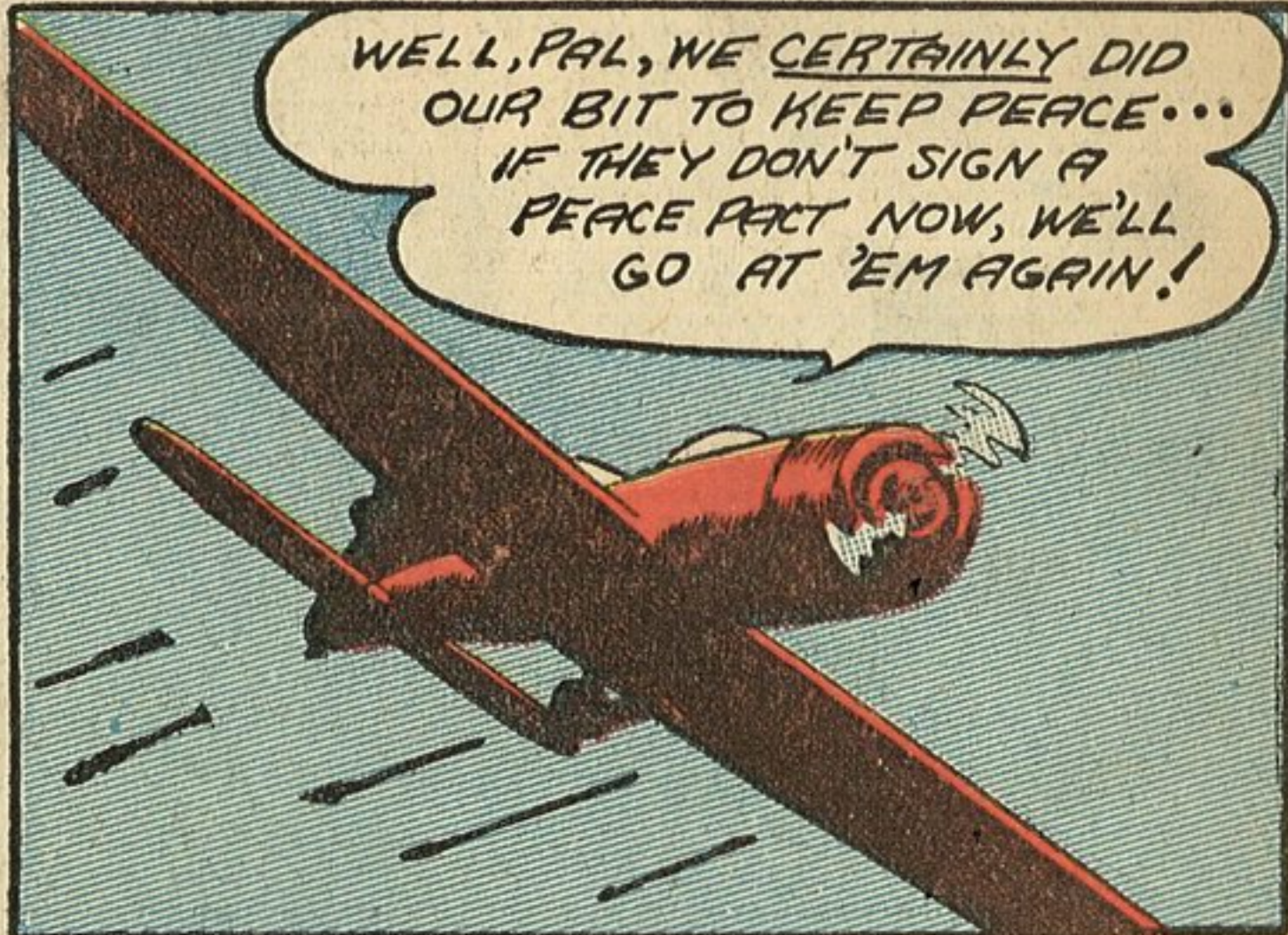
HOOT MON! LET 'EM! I'M READY FOR 'EM! THE THIEVIN' DIVILS RUINED ME GOLD FILLINGS WITH THEIR MYSTERY GAS!

THE SACKS ARE EMPTY... CUT THE ROPES, HUGO... AND WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME!



OUI, MONSIEUR!

WELL, PAL, WE CERTAINLY DID OUR BIT TO KEEP PEACE... IF THEY DON'T SIGN A PEACE PACT NOW, WE'LL GO AT 'EM AGAIN!



YOU ARE NOT STAYING, MONSIEUR?

NOT RIGHT NOW, HUGO, I HAVE JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT TO GET MY STORY IN BEFORE THE OTHER PUNKS BEAT ME TO IT!



BUT, SAY, HUGO, WHY NOT COME BACK TO THE 'STATES' WITH ME... WHERE A GUY LIKE YOU WOULD BE APPRECIATED?

MAIS, NON, MONSIEUR, I REMAIN TO GUARD THE 'DEVIL'S DUST' AND FRIGHTEN CURIOUS ONES AWAY FROM THE CAVE... BUT EVER WILL I HOPE THAT YOU MIGHT, SOME DAY, COME BACK TO SEE... YOUR PAL !!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, PAL, LOOKS LIKE YOU WON THE WAR... THEY'RE GOING TO SIGN AN ARMISTICE. NO ONE KNOWS JUST WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THEY'RE ALL SCARED STIFF!

AH, YES, MONSIEUR, IT IS WELL, BUT... YOU WILL BE GOING AWAY... THAT I SHALL REGRET!



THE END.

FREE—104 BIG PRIZES FOR A NAME!

NAME THIS NEW COMIC MAGAZINE

Very soon TARGET COMICS will have a companion — another 10c comic magazine, but as yet we haven't decided on a name. If you will help us name this new magazine you may win any one of the 104 prizes, all of which are shown below!

Think up a good name for our new comic magazine and send it to Novelty Press, Inc., 525 West 52nd Street, New York City, using the coupon below or a copy of it. Be sure to give your name and address. First prize will be awarded to the boy suggesting the best name, second prize to the boy suggesting the next best name, and so on until 104 prizes have been awarded. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. No letters will be returned. All names submitted become the property of Novelty Press, Inc. The decision of the judges will be final.

Here's a tip—Get Mother and Dad to help you, they'll be glad to. And here's another tip — limit your name to NOT MORE than four words. The shorter the better.

Mail in your suggested name or names (not over three) as soon as possible. All entries must be post-marked not later than midnight, February 28, 1940.

Use This Coupon, or Copy It When You Send In Your Names

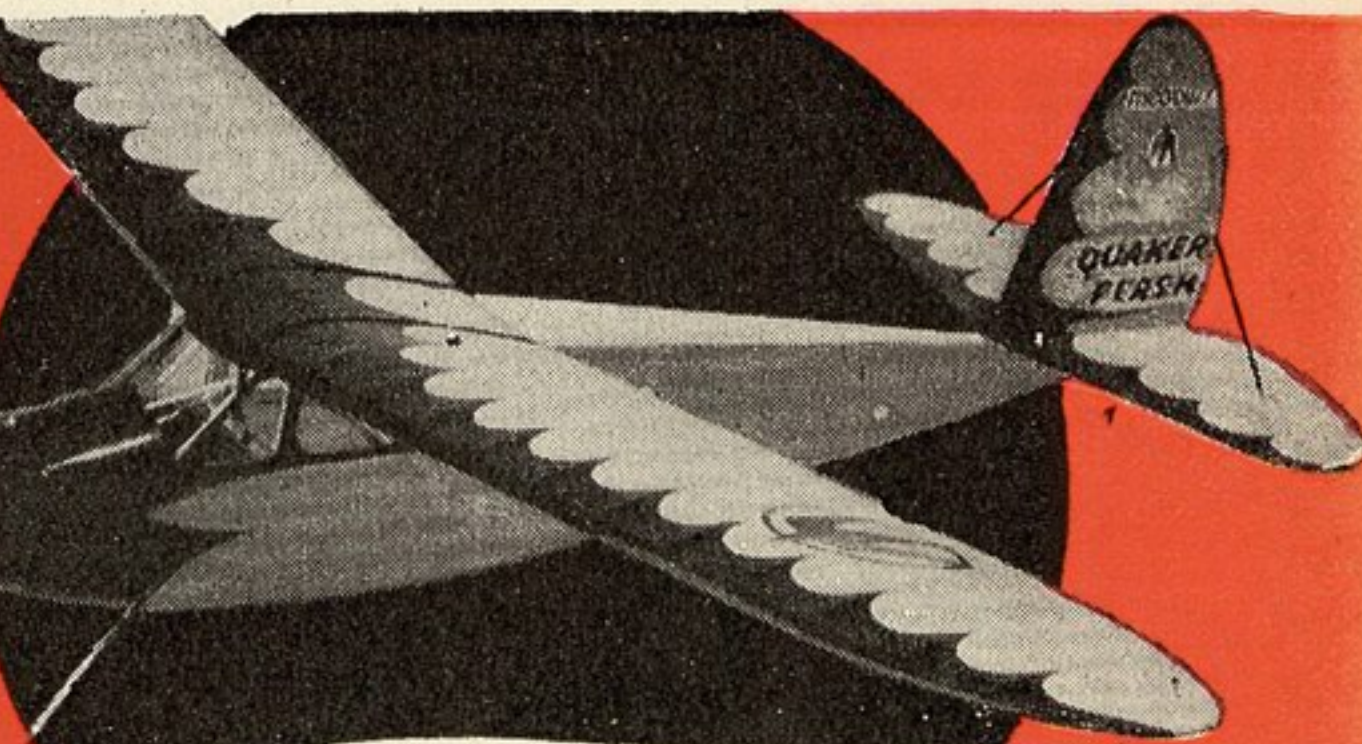
NOVELTY PRESS, INC., 525 West 52nd Street, New York City

Here are my names for the new Comic Magazine:

- (1)
 (2)
 (3)

PRINT
YOUR NAME
AND
ADDRESS

NAME.....
 STREET.....
 TOWN.....



That First Prize is a honey! A Megow "Quaker Flash" Gas Model Airplane Construction Kit, with Syncro Ace "Special" model Airplane engine.



Sister, too, will enjoy this genuine Science Craft Outfit, with three-nose microscope, biological specimens and two instrument manuals.



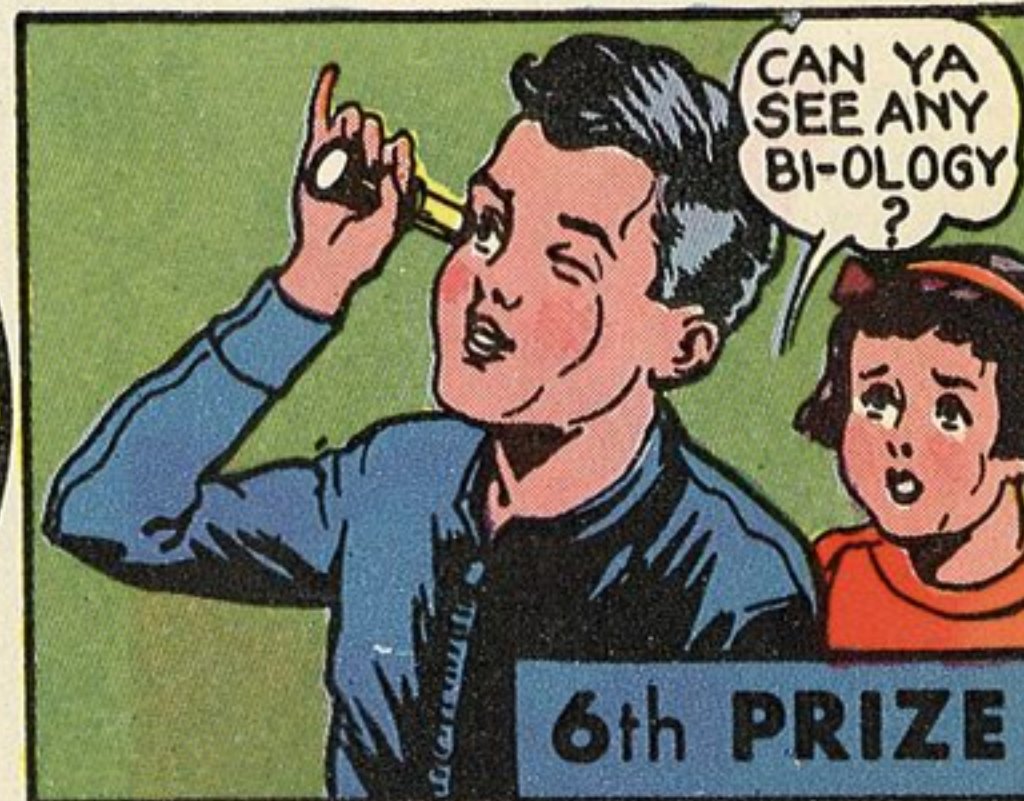
All your friends will envy you for this Prize . . . A real Western Union Tele-Recorder Set, with transformer and other necessary equipment.



A G-Man stainless Fingerprint Set with fingerprint compound, fingerprint developer, impression plate, and other equipment, also a 20-page book. 50 of these prizes will be awarded.



This genuine Remington outdoor knife with heavy drop-forged blade and leather sheath will be ideal for your Summer camping and scouting trips.



Explore your world with this Lan-Dee Pocket Telescope, only 2 3/4 inches long when closed and 3 3/4 inches long when open, giving three-power enlargement. 50 of these prizes will be awarded also.

Look! 25 CASH PRIZES!

JUST FOR WRITING LETTERS ABOUT COMICS!

THIS IS FUN,
AND EASY TOO!

WIN SOME OF THIS EASY MONEY!

CASH PRIZES

For Winning Letters!

1st PRIZE	\$10.00
2nd Prize	5.00
3rd Prize	3.00
4th Prize	3.00
5th Prize	3.00
6th Prize	2.50
7th Prize	2.50
8th Prize	2.50
9th Prize	2.00
10th Prize	2.00
11th Prize	2.00
12th Prize	2.00
13th Prize	2.00
14th Prize	2.00
15th to 25th	

Prizes, \$1.00 each..... 11.00

25 CASH Prizes in all!

BOY, THIS IS EASY
MONEY—JUST FOR
WRITING ABOUT
WHAT I LIKE BEST!

This is the second issue of TARGET COMICS, one of the newest of the Comic Magazines. We aim to keep TARGET COMICS the best Comic Magazine in the country, and maybe you can help us.

This month we are running a special Prize Contest, with *twenty-five* cash prizes! You should be able to win one of them.

These TWENTY-FIVE Prizes will be awarded to the boys or girls sending in the twenty-five best letters telling why they like TARGET COMICS, together with the coupon at the bottom of this page on which they have checked the three features they like best.

FIRST PRIZE of \$10.00 in cash will go to the boy or the girl sending in the best letter, second prize of \$5.00 in cash will be awarded to the boy or girl sending the next best letter, and so on, until every one of the twenty-five prizes have been awarded! In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. No letters will be returned, and all letters will become the property of TARGET COMICS. The decision of the judges will be final. Make sure that your name and address are clearly written on the letter and the coupon! Get your letter in the mail box no later than March 31, 1940, and send it to TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"WHY I LIKE TARGET COMICS"

Here's a check list of the features now running in TARGET COMICS. We would like to know the three features you like best. Just place a check mark in the small square alongside of the three features you pick as your favorites. Then write a letter telling "Why I like TARGET COMICS . . ." Mail this coupon, and your letter to TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y., not later than March 31, 1940, and you may win one of the prizes!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BULL'S EYE BILL | <input type="checkbox"/> CITY EDITOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE WHITE STREAK | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE PUPPET MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LUCKY BYRD | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 R |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE HIGRASS TWINS | <input type="checkbox"/> RIP RORY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> T-MEN | <input type="checkbox"/> THE SAPP FAMILY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FANTASTIC FEATURE FILMS | |
- (Pick out your favorite three only.)

PRINT
YOUR NAME
and
ADDRESS

Name

Age

Street

Town or City

State